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COMFORT

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DEVOTED TO ALL
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No 2



COMFORT

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CONTENTS

	Page
CRUMBS OF COMFORT	2
HEARTS AND WIRES Short Story Etta Webb	2 & 20
MONTHLY LESSON IN HISTORY C. B. Irvine	2
EDITORIAL	3
COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER	5, 8, 9 & 18
A THORNE AMONG ROSES (Continued) Mrs. Georgie Sheldon	6, 13 & 24
COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS Conducted by Uncle Charlie	7, 10, 11, 25
LINKED BY FATE, or, Not to Be Bought (concluded) Charles Garvice	8
AWFUL LUCK: A Christmas Wall Poem Charles Noel Douglas (Uncle Charlie)	8
TOUGHIE: Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch (concluded) Adele Steiner Burleson	9
BEN HOLLAND'S BROWNIE: A Christmas Story for the Children Edna Colomere	10
A CHRISTMAS MAKESHIFT Short Story Joseph F. Novak	11
HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS Geneva Gladding	12
FRESH WATER PEARLS Short Article	12
POULTRY FARMING FOR WOMEN Mrs. Kate V. St. Maur	14 & 21
MODERN FARMER	15 & 23
AUNT SOPHRONIA'S SAINT Short Story W. S. Birge, M. D.	16 & 22
THE COTTON STYLE SHOW Short Story Edna Mary Colman	17 & 19
PRETTY GIRLS' CLUB Conducted by Katherine Booth	19
A CORNER FOR BOYS Uncle John	20
VETERINARY INFORMATION	21
TALKS WITH GIRLS	22
MANNERS AND LOOKS	23
FAMILY DOCTOR	24
THREE WHEEL CHAIRS IN NOVEMBER INFORMATION BUREAU	25
HOME LAWYER	26
IN AND AROUND THE HOME. Fancy Work Conducted by Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson	27

Crums of Comfort

How you live is how you will die.

Don't fool with temptation; you are a fool if you do.

You build hopes on tomorrow and you may never see it.

Many a man has been saved from the devil by a godly wife.

Men's evil deeds live in brass; their virtues we write in water.

Some men ten feet away can't tell their wives from other women.

Some churches are not much more than cold-storage warehouses.

The love of gambling will corrupt the best principles on earth.

Stop trying to be decent in public and acting like a brute at home.

If it is right to steal, a man would be pleased to be called a thief.

Education and wealth are not necessary to enter the gates of heaven.

It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance as it is to display knowledge.

Every dollar you own, that you did not give honest value for, has a stain on it.

More have fallen by the edge of the tongue than by the edge of the sword.

Our vision is bad when we cannot see that real good is the good of everybody.

Many a man can't see that a whiskey barrel is more dangerous than a gun barrel.

When a man sees himself as God sees him he will not wonder that God's judgment falls on him.

Though one may become learned by another's learning, he can become wise only by his own wisdom.

It is to him who masters our minds by the force of truth, not to him who enslaves men by violence, that we owe our reverence.

Believe that in His eternal wisdom the Most High has, with His own hand, engraved at the bottom of all hearts natural religion.

Hearts and Wires

By Etta Webb

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OLD Mrs. Fife was taking the second part of her every morning journey. The first part had led from her bedroom to the breakfast-room. The second part led from the breakfast-room to her sitting-room. She was taking this second part now.

Old Mrs. Fife was very old. She never told her age but people did not have to be told to know that she must be on the wrong side of eighty. She was very fat—cumbersomely fat and of that brief stature which makes embonpoint so distressing. She had to place her feet carefully when she walked. She held her chin high and kept her hands folded before her. Her hands were beautiful—soft, small and delightfully white. These beautiful hands had survived charmingly the wear and tear of time. They hinted to you of that perfection of grace and loveliness which long ago had made old Mrs. Fife the reigning belle of her community.

The second half of old Mrs. Fife's journey flowed pleasantly over fields of Shirvan rugs, between dull mahogany tables, past a great carved davenport and a cabinet where shining shelves were laden with the interesting flotsam and jetsam of a life full of means and with a discriminating love of the uselessly beautiful. It ended at a great winged chair drawn close beside a large square table. Upon the table lay in neat order the morning letters, the newspapers, the last magazines, and journals and a row of new books in a hammered silver rack. There also was a writing tablet, paper, ink and pens if she chose to write a note. And if she chose not to write but to speak a telephone equipment stood at her elbow and she had but to lift the receiver. So you will see that old Mrs. Fife's pleasant journey ended in a still more pleasant destination. She sighed with contentment as she lowered herself into the winged chair.

At that instant the telephone-bell at her elbow tinkled an agreeable surprise. Old Mrs. Fife took down the receiver listened and acknowledged the salute of the bell.

"Hello," she said.
Over the wire came a voice as smooth and sweet and sly as the note of a violin. It tickled old Mrs. Fife's ear pleasantly. She liked music, knew it well and could determine its quality wherever heard. This voice was music. She got a vision of youth, joyous vitality, shining girlishness, sweetness in abundance. And yet all it said was:

"Here's your party!"
The voice that followed over the wire was like a discord in its abruptness and disillusion.

"Mrs. Fife," it inquired.

"Yes."

"How are you this morning?"

"Quite as usual."

"That's good news. A lovely morning, isn't it?"

"Inanity!" thought Mrs. Fife. "As if I don't know decent weather when I see it," she said:

"A lovely morning indeed!"

"I'm afraid I can't get over to see you today," said the affected voice over the wire. "I've got three committee meetings, a tea and a club banquet to attend. And I'm not feeling as well as usual. But I shall think of you, so beautifully quiet with your books and correspondence. Someday I mean to take life more easily." A sigh. "I don't like this being so much in demand but you know how that goes."

"Yes, yes," replied Mrs. Fife, impatiently, "glad to hear from you, my dear, but I won't keep you another minute, come when you can. Good by."

She hung up the receiver.

And that woman expects to get all my money someday! she thought, savagely.

"If my nephew, Fife Cameron had only lived—but what's the use in wishing for the impossible? I ought to know better at my age. He died and before he died he displeased me greatly. That

creature he married—I never saw her of course but I heard enough about her from my friends. I can't help wondering if they ever had any children and what became of her. Fife never dared get in my sight after that day I spoke my mind to him. I was angry and I had a right to be. I'd built all my hopes on him and arranged for him to marry Gwendoline Provost, a girl in his own class, with money if no great sense. And he went back on me. So I went back on him. Gwendoline's going to have my money just the same as though she had been Fife's wife, though she doesn't need it, the Lord knows. I don't love her but at least she's been true to me and her idea of Fife. She hasn't married. What if she does fritter her life out in clubs and things? She's got to have something to do. She hasn't reached the age when she can sit down and fold her hands and wait for dissolution. Ah, me!" Old Mrs. Fife sighed. She picked up a letter, scanned it, tossed it aside. Another—and tossed it aside. Another still—"Good Lord!" she exclaimed, aloud. "I know just what these people say. Haven't they been saying the same things to me for full half a century? Oh, for something new under the sun!" Her eye caught sight of a gay post-card and her face brightened. The post-card which wrote to her didn't use cheap post-cards for their correspondence. She read the post-card. It bore a brief message in a delicate, unpractised hand.

"Dear Mrs. Fife,—work is slack with me now and anytime you want me to fix that dress you spoke about I can do it. Very truly, 'Mas. Carr."

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Fife. She began to look pleased. Here was a distinct, business-like appeal. The woman asked nothing but work, and she did good work, conscientious and painstaking work. She had put the gray foulard which Madame Phantette spoiled into wearable shape. And she was a pleasant thing to have in the house—quiet, faded pretty and attentive to her own affairs. Certainly, she should have the black moire to do. She should have it now. Mrs. Fife turned to the telephone. Instantly music filled her ear, music of a single note. Central merely said, "Hello?" Mrs. Fife gave a number. After a moment more music. "Party doesn't answer. I'll try again." Mrs. Fife actually smiled.

"What a delightful voice! She must be a new girl at the central office. How I wish Gwendoline could speak like that. Ah—"

"Here's 772," came over the wire. Then Mrs. Fife heard the sewing-woman's voice.

Midway in the afternoon Mrs. Fife sat again in the winged chair watching the swift, delicate movements of the little, plump, pale woman who sat ripping seams in the black moire. She had known the instant she saw the gown on Mrs. Fife just where it was too tight. She had, it seemed a fine instinct for fitting.

"Phantette forgets that I'm an old woman and that I like to be comfortable," said Mrs. Fife. "And she charges outrageously. I've a good mind to let you make my new brocade. Mrs. Carr, I've never got over my liking for having a dressmaker in the house. If anything goes wrong you know it before it's too late, and then, I may as well confess it, I enjoy watching you at your work."

Mrs. Carr smiled.

"I'll be very glad of the work," she said frankly. "It's necessary that I should earn all I can. My daughter helps all she can but—"

"Your daughter?" exclaimed Mrs. Fife. "I didn't know that you had any children."

"I have Jessie," replied the little sewing-woman calmly. "She works in the telephone office."

Mrs. Fife's mind felt the stimulus of sudden discovery.

"Has she a pretty voice?" she asked.

Mrs. Carr sighed.

"I think she has an unusually pretty voice. She's a good girl too."

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December, 1914.

"Well," said Mrs. Fife. And she sat thinking pleasantly till the telephone bell interrupted the process. She took down the receiver and heard that voice of music.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Fife. This is Jessie Carr. May I speak to mother?"

"Mrs. Carr," announced Mrs. Fife, "come to the phone. It's your daughter."

Mrs. Carr, who was working in a flutter and answered the call. She said "hello," "yes," twice and "good by, deary." Her face was radiant as she explained.

"She's ready to go off duty and she wanted to know if she should have supper at half past six. That's all."

"So she can cook," said Mrs. Fife. She lifted a finger and spoke impulsively. "Mrs. Carr, ring up again. Ask her to come here to supper. I invite you both."

Mrs. Fife, for her stomach's sake, had her hearty meal at noon but supper tonight approached very nearly to being a feast. It was spread in the breakfast-room off her private sitting-room. There were extras of course—lots of sweets in honor of the younger guest, for Mrs. Fife remembered her long-lost sweet tooth. Jessie Carr, it was evident, had a healthy girl's appetite and appreciated everything. Mrs. Fife sat back and watched her. It was good to see anyone eat like that. She had gone at her food just so when she was Jessie's age. Nowadays folk were so fickle.

Take Gwendoline for instance with her bouillon and toast. Besides, the girl was refreshing to see. She was nineteen and her mother right over, save that every line and curve of her face and figure were strengthened and intensified. Jessie expressed vigor, will-power, good sense in every freckle on her nose, every shiny hair of her head, even the dimple that counteracted the firm set of her jaw. She had astonishingly good manners too. And her voice—it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Monthly Lesson in History

By C. B. Irvine

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DECEMBER, the last of the quartet of numerically misnamed months, derived its name from the position held by it in the old Roman calendar—Decem, meaning ten. Before the time of Julius Caesar, when the year began with March, December was the tenth month. It brings the shortest day and the longest night of the year. Marking the close of the year, it is a period of decadence or old age, cheerless, gloomy and chilly. It is the month of the yuletide and is hallowed as bringing Christmas Day, the Christian festival celebrated in memory of the birth of Christ. While December 25th was in all probability not the actual date of Christ's birth, the selection of this date by both the Eastern and Western churches was by no means arbitrary. In the fourth century the Eastern church transferred its celebration to the same day which was uniformly celebrated. The gem stone symbolic of the month is the turquoise, standing for prosperity, soul cheer; and the ruby, significant of charity, dignity, divine power. In the language of flowers the holly is the representative of the mid-winter month. It stands for domestic happiness, foresight. The approach of the death of the year is recognized by the poets who sang of old and of those who are singing today. "Hail to December, say they all. It gave to earth our Christ," but "the chill December" of Spenser, Poe's "bleak December," Keats' "dear nighted December," and Pope's "cold December" are truly descriptive of the month in most latitudes. Whittier well expressed the sentiment of the month when he said, "The Sun that brief December day rose cheerless over hills of gray." It was a tragic month in the life of Napoleon, having brought his crowning as Emperor, his first embarkation for France, his attempted assassination, the battle of Austerlitz, his elevation to First Consulship, his departure from the army, his divorce from Josephine, and finally the placing of his body in the Invalides.

Day by day some of the principal events of the month throughout the ages were:

1st—Alexander I, Emperor and autocrat of all the Russias, died 1825. December was likewise his birth month.

2nd—Hernan Cortez, conqueror of Mexico, died 1547. John Brown, executed 1859. Napoleon crowned Emperor, 1804. Battle of Austerlitz, 1805.

3rd—Frederick VI, King of Denmark, died 1839.

4th—Thomas Carlyle, born 1795. Cardinal Richelieu, died 1642.

5th—Mozart, died 1792. King George III acknowledged the independence of the United States. President Martin Van Buren, born.

6th—Feast of St. Nicholas celebrated as one of the chief ecclesiastical festivals of Southern Italy.

7th—Cicero, Roman orator, assassinated, 43 B. C. Marshal Ney, general of Napoleon, shot at Paris, 1815.

8th—Mary Queen of Scots, born 1542. Thomas de Quincey, died 1859. John Milton, poet, born, 1608.

10th—Llewellyn, the last native Prince of Wales, killed, 1282.

11th—The Puritans landed at Plymouth, 1620. Charles XII of Sweden killed, 1718. Theodore ex-king of Corsica died, 1756. Imprisoned for debt, he made over to his creditors his kingdom, receiving money with which to meet the obligation and secure his release from prison.

12th—Maria Louisa, second wife of Bonaparte, born 1791. She died during the same month, fifty-six years later.

13th—Ember day.

14th—George Washington, Father of his country, died 1799. Albert, Prince Consort to Queen Victoria died, 1861.

15th—Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of Napoleon, born, 1784. Josephine, first wife of Bonaparte, divorced, 1784. Isaac Walton died, 1683.

16th—Wilhelm Grimm, writer of fairy tales, died, 1859.

17th—Ludwig Beethoven, composer, born, 1770. Maria Louisa, Duchess of Parma, Empress of France, died, 1847. After the fall of Bonaparte, her husband, the allies made her Duchess of Parma. John G. Whittier born, 1807.

20th—Louis, the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI, died, 1765.

21st—St. Thomas day, The shortest day of the year; the longest night. The seven days preceding and the seven days following the shortest day, or the winter solstice, were by the ancients called the hallowen days. Forefathers' day, observed Dec. 21, celebrates particularly the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620, and was first brought into prominence in New England and the Congregational churches throughout the country. While in no state is it observed as a legal holiday, Forefathers' day is nevertheless revered in many states of the Union and the event which it commemorates is lauded and mentioned in schools, public meetings, banquets and other public and private functions.

22nd—Richard Plantagenet, alleged son of Richard III, died 1550.

23rd—Alexander I, Emperor of Russia, born 1777.

24th—Christmas eve.

25th—Sir Isaac Newton born, 1642.

26th—St. Stephen's day, Battle of Trenton, 1776, when George Washington made the memorable crossing of the Delaware.

27th—St. John's the Evangelist day, Charles Lamb, essayist, died 1834.

28th—Holy Innocents' day, Lord Macaulay, historian, died 1859.

30th—Titus, Roman Emperor, born 41 A. D. Richard, Duke of York, killed, 1460.

31st—New Year's eve, "Ring out the old, ring in the new; ring out wild bells, the year is dying."



Pernicious Attempt to Destroy Competition by Prohibiting the Use of the Mails

WHILE the government is making tremendous efforts to curb the trusts because of their tendency toward monopoly through restraint of trade, there is pending in Congress a bill which can serve no purpose except to destroy competition in the interest of certain large and powerful corporations.

Yet the bill is so framed that the ordinary citizen, unfamiliar with its design and practical effect, would not see through its disguise and would take it to be intended to protect the people from fraud and imposition.

This bill, introduced in both the Senate and House of Representatives, provides that no insurance company shall be permitted to use the mails to do business in any State that prohibits the company from transacting insurance business within the State.

Each State, by its own laws and its own insurance department regulates all insurance business that is transacted through agents within the State—mind you, through agents within the State—which is a proper exercise of State rights. And nearly all insurance companies solicit their business, issue their policies and collect their premiums through local agents. The agents' commissions with the fees exacted by the States for agents' and company licenses add considerably to the expense of insurance business done by this method, and go to swell the premiums paid by the policy holders, so that in the end it all comes out of the people who buy the insurance.

But there is one life insurance company, the Postal Life Insurance Company, that does all its business by mail directly from its home office and employs no local agents, solicitors or collectors, thereby saving the expense of agents' commissions and paying no State license fees. This company, which does a large and successful business in the United States, claims that in consequence of this saving of expense it can afford to sell life insurance at lower rates than its competitors which adhere to the old and more costly method. This is a reasonable proposition the effectiveness of which may be judged by the means invoked by rival companies and their agents to meet it.

It is apparent that the bill, though general in terms, is aimed at this company, and, if enacted by Congress, would put it out of business by making it subject to State laws which, in most if not all the States, require such a company to take out State licenses and do its business through licensed agents resident in the respective States.

The U. S. Post Office authorities recognize that this company's business done by mail from its home office directly with people in other States is interstate commerce and, as such, is protected by federal law from interference or regulation of any kind by the several States. Therefore, under the U. S. postal laws, as they now are and always have been in this respect, this company can not be refused the use of the mails so long as it conducts its business honestly.

The power to regulate interstate commerce and the use of the mails belongs, properly and necessarily, to the federal government. To permit each State to determine by whom and on what terms and conditions the mails may be used within its borders would destroy national unity and throw business into a chaotic condition. And yet that is precisely what the proposed bill would accomplish with respect to the insurance business.

The pretense that the bill is designed to protect the people from loss through unsound and fraudulently conducted insurance companies is merely specious. The Postmaster General already has the power to refuse the use of the mails to any person or corporation that conducts a business that is fraudulent or contrary to public policy as defined by Congress.

If the authors and promoters of this bill are sincere in their professed desire to save the "dear" people from being imposed upon through fraudulent insurance by mail-order they should drop the pending bill and substitute one that will prohibit all insurance companies from doing an interstate business, whether by mail-order or otherwise, unless licensed by the U. S. Department of Commerce and Labor after thorough examination and satisfactory proof of their sound financial standing and business methods. Such a law would be reasonable, beneficial and effective, and might well be extended to include individuals and corporations engaged in other lines of inter-

State commerce. This is no new idea, as similar measures have been advocated for some time past. But it would not rid the so-called "old line" insurance companies of the competition of their enterprising rival, for the solvency and honesty of the Postal Life Insurance Company are undoubted. This company was chartered by New York, where it has its home office and conducts its business in conformity with the laws and subject to examination and supervision of the Insurance Commissioner of that State.

There is no reason why insurance business should not be transacted by mail as successfully and satisfactorily as the sale of farm and factory products.

This company, if put out of business by the passage of the pending bill, would not be the only sufferer, for the people would be deprived of the benefit of obtaining life insurance at the favorable rates which it has established.

But there is another reason of much more vital consequence why this bill should be summarily dismissed by Congress.

A Dangerous Entering Wedge for Further Restraint of Mail-Order Trade

THERE are many other great and powerful interests in this country, besides the insurance companies, that would like to be rid of mail-order competition, and have fought hard and are still striving to bring about that result. It was one of the strong opposing forces that we encountered and had to overcome in obtaining the establishment of the parcel post, and it is met every time an effort is made to improve the service or lower the rates for mailable merchandise.

If the bill relating to mail-order insurance business should be adopted as law, it would prove but the entering wedge opening the way for the enactment of a lot of other objectionable laws limiting, restraining or prohibiting the use of the mails for conducting legitimate mail-order business.

Only last winter we received a copy of a proposed bill designed to discourage, impede and restrict mail-order business by burdening it with a heavy special tax and other troublesome incumbrances.

Every unnecessary restraint of legitimate trade impoverishes the people at large and injures the nation as a whole while enriching a favored few and tending to foster dangerous and tyrannical monopolies. That is why the government is prosecuting the trusts.

One of the principal objects of the parcel post is to facilitate and promote mail-order trade. The mail-order method of trading largely increases the shopping facilities of the people in the remote rural sections by putting them in touch with the enormous and varied stocks carried by the great city stores and mail-order houses. If the mail-order business should be cut off they would have to do without many necessary articles that the country stores can't afford to carry and don't carry in stock.

The people generally should, and we hope that COMFORT readers will, write to their Senators and Congressmen in Washington, soon after Congress assembles early this December, and urge their objections to this and any other bill proposing to refuse the use of the mails to any honest insurance company.

The "Unspeakable Turk" Goes Into the War

DEGENERATE, barbarous, bloodthirsty, bankrupt, treacherous Turkey has entered the war as an ally of Germany and Austria and the manner of her entrance is in keeping with her national infamy.

In violation of her declaration of neutrality Turkey first bought from Germany two German cruisers that had taken refuge in a Turkish harbor and added them with their officers and crews to the Turkish navy.

Later, without a declaration of war, she treacherously sent a fleet of Turkish warships under command of German officers and deceptively flying the Russian flag into a Russian port on the Black Sea and bombarded the city and sank a Russian torpedo boat lying at anchor there.

Then she apologized for this unprovoked act of hostility. Russia refused to accept the apology except on condition that Turkey should agree to dismiss the German officers serving in her army and navy, and dismantle, during the war, the two cruisers she had purchased from Germany.

Turkey refused to accede to these terms, and so she is now fighting the allies and Germany is furnishing her the money to do it. One large Turkish army is attacking the Russians near the Armenian frontier and another is attacking the British forces in Egypt, while a French and British fleet are bombarding the Dardanelles forts that guard the gateway to Constantinople.

This action on the part of Turkey will probably drive the other Balkan States, Bulgaria, Roumania and Greece, to enter the war on the side of Russia and her allies. Pretty much of Europe, Asia and Africa is now involved in the war.

Adulteration of Silks

IF the testimony of Adolph Lessig before the U. S. Commission on Industrial Relations as reported in the daily papers of June 16 is true,—and we have seen no denial of it,—we are sadly in need of protection by law against fraudulent adulterations of silks.

Mr. Lessig claimed to have had ten years' experience in a silk mill near Boston. He is reported to have testified "that adulteration is common in the biggest mills. The result was that, charged with iron, lead or other minerals, a pound of inferior silk weighed three pounds and sold as the best. After being made into garments, however, it quickly rotted and fell to pieces."

It is generally known that shoddy and cotton are commonly used to adulterate certain kinds and grades of woolen goods.

Every manufacturer of textile fabrics should be required, under heavy penalty of law, to specify on the label the nature and quantity of any and all adulterants contained in the goods.

The Vera Cruz Puzzle

"HOW to Get out of Vera Cruz?" is a puzzle that President Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan have been trying their best for the last three months to solve; but according to latest reports, although they worked hard over the problem through a three hours' recent session, they can't find the right answer.

We all know how they got in there; how the dispute with former President Huerta over the little flag incident resulted on May 21 in the forcible seizure of the city and harbor of Vera Cruz by U. S. naval forces pursuant to direct orders from President Wilson.

We know that in this action seventeen of our brave sailors and marines were killed and sixty-one were wounded, but how many millions it has cost to transport and maintain the large naval force and the army under General Funston by which we have held possession during the last six months we do not know, although the American people have to pay the bill—and sure enough it is a big one.

But what has it all amounted to? What good has resulted from it either to our own people or to Mexico?

It never brought us any satisfaction from Huerta for the insult to our flag nor for the other outrages and indignities perpetrated by those acting under his authority.

About three months after our seizure of Vera Cruz Huerta was deposed and driven out of Mexico by the successful revolutionists under leadership of Generals Carranza and Villa. Thereupon, in August, General Carranza demanded that the U. S. forces be withdrawn from Vera Cruz, which our government willingly agreed to do, and would have done in September but for the fact that before the President could make the necessary arrangements General Villa and his army revolted and began a civil war for the overthrow of the Carranza government.

Ever since August President Wilson has wanted to get out of Vera Cruz, but finds himself in this dilemma. To whom shall he deliver the city? As Carranza and Villa are at war with each other, to turn it over to either would be a breach of neutrality on the part of the United States; neither will it do for us to merely get out and leave the city a defenseless prey to be fought for and plundered by the warring factions. We have assumed a responsibility that is difficult to resign and costly to maintain, and may even draw us into war with Mexico or some part of Mexico.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



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Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents Make \$5,000 this year. Be your own boss—no capital—abundant money—your time your own. All or spare time—at home or traveling. Write E. M. Feldman, Sales Mgr., 622 Third St., Cincinnati, O., today for full particulars.

Photo Pillow Toys, Portraits, Frames, Stamps, Pictures, Photo China Plates. Rejected credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk XI, Chicago, Ill.

Agents! Draw on \$2,000,000 stocks for profit. Women's Wear, Silks, Dress and General Dry Goods. Big Catalog Outfit Free. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 17, 425 B'dway, N. Y.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x56 Imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$67; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Guaranteed Hosiery manufacturer selling direct to consumer wishes agent in every county whole or part time. Permanent big paying business. Protected territory. Credit. G. Parker Mills, 2735 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Every Household on Farm in small town or suburbs, where oil lamps are used, needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin Mantle Lamp; burns kerosene; gives eight times as bright as electric. One burner cleared over \$500.00 in six weeks; hundreds with rigs earning \$100.00 to \$300.00 per month. No cash required. We furnish capital. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory and sample lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 852 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Agents—\$25 a week for two hours' work a day. A brand new Hosiery proposition that beats them all. Write for terms and free sample if you mean business. Guaranteed Hosiery Co., 1019 Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—20% profit. Wonderful little article. Sells like wildfire. Can be carried in pocket. Write at once for free sample. H. Matthews, 1919 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

***** Earned Daily demonstrating Ever-grip children's shoes. Hundreds of samples \$25 weekly. Why not you? Pocket samples at. S. Mfg. Co., 201 Warren St., N. Y.

I Have A Contract to distribute a Million Free Packages Borax Soap Powder. Want reliable men and women to help. \$15.00 weekly. C. Waverly Brown, 730 N. Franklin St., Chicago.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 112 So. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

\$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Write for full particulars. S. Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Now Is The Time To Sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear and sweaters. Biggest money making proposition ever offered. Something entirely new. Complete sample line free. Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York City.

Don't Be An Agent—Own Your Own Business. We furnish complete practical. Low Price outfits for plating in Gold, Silver, Copper, Nickel, Etc. We furnish recipes, formulas, trade secrets. Work easy, profit enormous. Send today for particulars. Gray & Co. Plating Works, 422 Gray Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Make \$21 Next Saturday. Brand New proposition, patented Jan. 30, 1914. Amazing invention. compressed air washing machine. weighs but two lbs.; excels work of high priced machines. Customers excited; agents earning money. A sale at every house. Price only \$1.50; 200% profit. Cleans tub of clothes in 3 minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made \$21 first 8 hours. No charge for territory. Investigate. Write now. Wendell Co., 520 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Girls And Boys send dime for nice piece of jewelry. Satisfaction guaranteed. C. Palmides, 10 Cumberland St., Providence, R. I.

Agents make \$10 a day selling rugs at \$1 each, cost agents 55c. Size 36 x 58. Sell from one to six at every house. Something every housewife wants. Full size rug for sample, 98 cents by parcel post. Commerce Specialty Co., Commerce, Tex.

\$50 Weekly to deliver "Kerosafe" Lamp. Burns common coal oil. (Kerosene). 300 candle power—Low Priced. Portable light. Costs 1-3 cent per hour to operate. Every home needs one. Big profit for agents. No experience needed. No capital required. Credit given. Hinkson sold 24 first week, West 3 first night. Write today for terms of free sample. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1119 West St., Dayton, O.

\$15.00 made first day by 15 year old boy with Shomescop. Woman made \$8 first hour. Brand new—no competition. Particulars free. Shomescop Mfg. Co., 538 W. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Agents of Ability And High Character Wanted on a new household article. Large profit. Special selling plan that pulls results. Merritt & Brock, 9-65 Temple Place, Boston.

We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$200 weekly operating our "Specialty Candy Factories." Book free. William Bagdady, East Orange, N. J.

Agents are earning money selling our Big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "6000 Varieties." "Big Profits." Sell everywhere. Sample Pkg. 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1234 Van Buren St., Chicago.

I Will Start You In The Mail Order Business, furnish everything. If you wish handle my goods. Crest Co., 65, Atlantic City, N. J.

Sells Like Hot Cakes! New laundry wax perfumes clothes with lasting violet perfume; working outfit 5c, new offer. Perfume Glove, Dept. C, 13 Water St., New York.

Large Profits. Manufacture "Barley Crisp." New confection. Five cent package cost one cent to make. Machine and instructions, prepaid \$7.50. Send ten cents for samples. Barley Crisp Co., 122 Broadway, San Francisco.

Magic Ink Eraser—No blade, no acid; removes ink like magic. Sold as easily as bread in a famine. Sample 10c. Sells 35c. S. Mfg. Co., 20 W. Warren St., N. Y.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Make \$35 Weekly Selling Sanitary Aprons, Stock Pants, Bolero Shields, Sample Free. Climax Co., 710 Walton Ave., St. Louis.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Write Moving Picture Plays. \$50 each. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Correspondence course not required. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 326, Cincinnati, O.

I guarantee \$10 for first photo-play you write after taking my lessons. Obtain free booklet "How To Write Photoplays." Elbert Moore, Box 772, K.L. Chicago.

\$50 to \$100 Weekly Writing Moving picture plays. Free book. Valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Photoplaywright College, Box 274 R. Q. Chicago.

If You Have Ideas For Photoplays and stories, we'll sell them on commission. Don't waste money trying to acquire literary ability. Story Revision Co., 8 Main, Smethport, Pa.

REAL ESTATE

Farms Wanted. Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Assn., 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Profitable Little Farms in Valley of Virginia, 5 and 10 acre tracts, \$250 and up—good fruit, vegetable, poultry and live stock country. Large list of other farms. Send for literature now. F. LaBaume, Agt., Agt. N. & W. Ry., 269 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

POST CARD CLUBS

You'll have friends and sweethearts the world over. Membership 10c. The Quality Club, Terre Haute, Ind.

POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

64 Var. Poultry, Hares, For sale first-class stock. Eggs for hatching. Prices reasonable. Val. cat. free. H. Y. Roth, Souderton, Pa.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Will pay reliable Woman \$250.00 for distributing 2000 Free packages Perfumed Soap Powder in your town. No money required. A. Ward & Co., 218 University Pl., Chicago.

Women With Tender Feet Should Wear our unlined kid Pillow Shoe. Fits and feels like a kid glove. Soft, durable, handsome. New shoes easy as old ones. No breaking in required. Write for free catalog and self-measure blank. Pillow Shoe Co., 184 Summer St., Dept. P., Boston, Mass.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, dialogues and entertainments; catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies send stamped envelope for particulars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly. No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 6, Phillips, Pa.

Tea aprons by dozens. Will buy all you can make. Send dime, returned if dissatisfied, and stamped, addressed envelope. Kenwood, 442 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.

Cultivated Lands in the United States

"When you look around you, or when you try to get a piece of land and find the price that is wanted for it," said a young man in a confident tone of voice "you would hardly suppose that only about twenty-seven per cent of the tillable land in this country is actually under cultivation, would you? Well after careful estimates by the Department of Agriculture made from 35,000 reports received from all sections, that's the answer. We have in our country, that is continental United States, one billion, nine hundred million acres, and of this one billion, one hundred and forty million acres, or sixty per cent are tillable. This includes all already under cultivation, or that may be made tillable by clearing, drainage, irrigation, etc. Then there are 361 million acres, or nineteen per cent, which cannot be tilled, but are valuable for grazing and fruit-raising. The amount of land that is worthless for agriculture of any kind is estimated to be 369 million acres. By the last census returns there were 311 million acres in crops, which is, say, sixteen per cent of the total land area, or about twenty-seven per cent of the tillable area. With something over eight hundred million acres of land not yet under the plough it looks like land ought to be cheap enough for every man to have a farm, but the cost of getting most of this unused land into farm shape, or getting means of crop transportation to it even if a man had the land free, make it fully as expensive as the cultivated land, though at present is practically worth nothing."

Consolidated Schools

"The Little Red Schoolhouse which has been so much praised in this country," said a man who might have been a school teacher, "is becoming played out in many sections where education of the young is receiving education itself in how to do educational work more efficiently. This work is being done by the consolidated school system, that is, instead of having a lot of little schoolhouses, none of them as good as they should be, one really good school building with all the modern appliances of education and with efficient teachers is erected and the pupils attend school there under the most favorable auspices. Many of the pupils live too far away to walk to this building, so they are brought to it in conveyances at the public expense and taken home after school. With all these advantages the cost is no more, if as much, as by the old system of many little schoolhouses, showing the

MALE HELP WANTED

Government Farmers Wanted—Age 21 to 60. \$75 to \$125 monthly. Ozment, 8-F St. Louis.

Railway Mail Clerks, Carriers and Rural Carriers wanted. I conducted exam. Can help you. Trial exam. Free. Ozment 8-F St. Louis.

Free Illustrated Book tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-1450. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Men To Give Away Premiums advertising Rogers 20 year Silverware. \$52 monthly and commission. Chance for advancement. Work spare time if preferred. A. A. Cline, Adv. Manager, 359 Rogers Bldg., Philadelphia.

Railway Postal Clerks, Wanted. \$75.00 Month. Life Job. Write immediately for full particulars. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 9, Rochester, N. Y.

Be a Detective—Earn \$150 to \$300 monthly. Easy work; travel; we show you. Write Wagner, 1243 Lexington Ave., New York. Dept. 365.

A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

MAGAZINES

Do You Read Magazines? Our big money-making club catalog. Free. Write to day. War Map of Europe, in colors, almost 2x3 ft. in size, 25c. Send coin or stamps. J. M. Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency, 223 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN WANTED

Wanted. Hustlers to take orders for made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from \$30.00 to \$22.00. Elegant large book outfit. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. H, Sangamon St., Chicago.

POSITIONS WANTED

Stout young German, (21) expert agriculturalist (Frisian) very practical in stock breeding, and general farm work, desires position of good sized farm, anywhere in the States. Address, Hinrichs Arjes, care of German Consul, Havana, Cuba.

POST CARDS

25 Xmas, New Year & Greeting Post cards 10c. 100 for 30c. German Am. Post Card Co., Dept. 78, Burlington, Iowa.

Special: Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted Post Cards; One Flag Rug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Elegant Penmanship In 6 Lessons to those following my instructions, for \$2. No circulars. B. C. Bedinger, Stillwater, Okla.

FARM LANDS

Productive state and deeded lands, crop paying or ready to plant, along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. No isolated pioneering. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 446 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Lack of thrift in household buying is generally considered a cause of the high cost of living. The old-time grocer never expected to sell less than a whole ham or a shoulder or a side of bacon, a bushel of cornmeal, a peck to a bushel of beans, a peck of dried apples. A ten-gallon keg of molasses was a common sale, almost never a sale of less than a gallon and when the smaller quantity was purchased buyers always brought their own jugs. Now people buy 10 cents' worth of corn syrup and must have it in a tin can that costs 3 1/2 cents to make. In place of bringing a jug and getting a gallon of vinegar for 20 to 30 cents, they buy the same sort of vinegar in bottles so it costs them 20 cents to \$1 a gallon. They must have their ham and bacon cut in certain sort of slices, regardless of the waste, buyers taking only enough for a single meal, say, 10 to 25 cents' worth. Another thing, people now buy the hard staples of living in what we may say are infinitesimal quantities. The storeroom in the home is a rare thing. Many families now make separate purchases for every meal; they send or telephone to the grocery a dozen times a day. It costs the grocer almost as much to sell and deliver each 10-cent sale as a \$5.00 one. If the boys and girls in the public schools could be taught the elementary facts in regard to marketing, as well as the importance of saving and depositing in the bank, it would be a great national benefit.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

We pay \$1 to \$1,000 for numerous rare coins to 1909. Many of great value in Circulation. Get Posted. Send only 4c for our New Large Ill. Coin Circular. You have nothing to lose. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6 Ft. Worth, Tex.

\$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1896. Keep all money dated before 1896, and send 10c at once for New Ill. Coin Value Book, 427. It only means a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 29, LeRoy, N. Y.

I pay from \$1 to \$1500 for thousands of rare Coins, Books, Paper Money, Stamps to 1901. Certain Mint Marks bring over \$100. Get Posted quickly. Ill. Circular for 2 stamps. Vonbergen, (Est. 1885) Dept. 9, Boston, Mass.

HELP WANTED

\$25 Weekly collecting all kinds names and addresses. No canvassing. Send stamp. Superba Co., A, Baltimore, Md.

Men—Women, Get Government Jobs. \$65.00 to \$150.00 month. 2,000 appointments monthly. Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 12, Rochester, N. Y.

Easy Work; all or spare time. Addressing, Mailings, Distributing, etc., for Mail Order House. Established 17 Yrs. \$5.00 to \$20.00 weekly opportunity. No canvassing. For sample catalogue, particulars, postage, etc., send 10c. Monroe, 655 Ohio Bldg., Chicago.

Investigators Work In Every County in the United States. Be One. \$15 to \$75 per week to start. Write, Fidelity Secret Service, Dept. 17, Wheeling, West Va.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Make Money Writing Short Stories. Big pay. Free booklet tells how. Address: Dept. C, United Press Syndicate, San Francisco.

Posts—Authors! Good Money Writing Short stories, poems and other articles. Nat'l Literary and Public Bureau, 64 Hannibal, Mo.

HOW TO GET PATENTS

Idea Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FOR THE HOME

Factory Prices Direct To You, Favorite Washer, \$2.99, with ball bearing wringer, \$5.25. Favorite Washer Co., Honey Creek, Ind.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Have You A Camera? Write For Samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. P. R. Prairie, 659 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

SCHOOLS

Telegraphy—Wire & Wireless & Station Agency Taught. Largest School. Catalog Free. Dodge's Institute, 1 St. Valparaíso, Ind.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Guaranteed Boy's Watch or Girl's Gold-plated Bracelet given boys and girls for placing sample packets with friends. Outfit free. P. Peoples Co., B-76, York Haven, Pa.

Boys And Girls, you can make money. Send me your name and address and I will tell you how. C. Salak, 6410 S Robey St., Chicago.

local appropriations of various kinds. These appropriations aggregate about 151 million dollars, not counting about 15 million dollars in the form of labor by road-workers in country districts. New York is spending ten millions a year by law on improving its roads and shows a larger increase than any other state. The average cost per mile of the four kinds of roads in use are: Sand-clay, \$723; Gravel, \$2,947; Macadam, \$4,899; Bituminous-macadam, \$10,348. When a good sand-clay road can be built for \$723 a mile it is a shame that millions of people in the United States use the awful roads they do, year after year."

\$25 for Each Child

The parliament of Australia has passed a resolution to the effect that the parents of each child born will now receive \$25 as a prize. However, Asiatic residents and black natives are barred from these prizes.

Its First Earnings

From reports just received, the Panama Canal, in the first week of its use, earned about \$150,000. This is a good showing as the war in Europe is operating to reduce the traffic through the Canal because it is keeping many ships out of active service.

Sale of Goods by Heliograph

Harley Heath, manager of the grocery department of C. E. Blackwell & Co., of Tonasket, Wash., has initiated a method of selling goods by use of the heliograph. Mr. Heath was formerly in the forest service, and by the use of an automobile headlight called the Anceas Mountain lookout of the United States Forest Service, a distance of fifteen miles. Mr. Heath had no difficulty in getting in communication and after a little chat received an order for groceries.

California Has Arsenic Springs

Arsenic in quantities surpassing the percentage of the only other spring of its kind in the world has been discovered in the waters of the springs at Arrowhead, north of San Bernardino, Cal., by Dr. F. C. Sanders at Berkeley, and as a result the resort in the local mountain foothills is expected to become one of the most famous spots in America. According to the analysis made by Curtis & Tompkins of San Francisco, analytical chemists, as a result of Dr. Sanders' discovery, the water at Arrowhead was found to contain one-twentieth of a grain of arsenic to the gallon, while that of the only other known spring in the world at Bourboule, France, contains 1-67 of a grain to the gallon. This latter percentage of arsenic is found in steam caves in Waterman Canyon.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, dear sisters and how I wish it were possible for me to extend that greeting in person, into the many homes I seem to know through your letters. I cannot understandingly express to you what your letters mean to me. As I read them I get tantalizing glimpses of so many happy homes that I long to know you all personally but since that cannot be, I shall have to content myself with letting COMFORT carry my good wishes to each and everyone of you at this joyous Christmas season when all hearts are filled with the loving Christmas spirit. It is of that much abused Christmas spirit that I wish to speak. It has become but a farce with the average person who regards it merely on a commercial or give-and-take basis, forgetting the beautiful significance of the day and all that it should mean.

Mothers, instead of spending time over a too elaborate dinner, tell your children the story of Christ and all that His coming meant to mankind. The impression received then will have a lasting effect and who knows but that the remembrance of the Christ story as learned at their mother's knee, may be the means of keeping them from temptation later in life!

As to gifts, we are too apt to give with an eye to outward appearances, are we not? If, instead of wearing your nerves to a frazzle and consequently upsetting the harmony of the home, over the making of a pair of embroidered guest towels for Cousin Jane, who has but little time for plain sewing even, you were to present her with neatly hemmed, serviceable towels, do you not think she would appreciate them more? No, possibly she would not appreciate them more for she would recognize the love that prompted the gifts but she would find them much more useful. Use good sound judgment in selecting gifts.

With the "Peace on earth, good will to men" refrain echoing over the land, stop and seriously consider what it means. If there is a slight misunderstanding existing between a once dear friend and yourself, forget your false pride and be friends once more. Be generous with those who have less of this world's goods than yourself, but whether or not you are able to give of material things, bear in mind that genuine love and sympathy are priceless gifts, and to the greatest giver of Gifts, bring what is most pleasing to Him, "an humble and a contrite heart," and midst your prayers do not forget the homes over the sea that are saddened by this most terrible of all wars.

Again, a Merry Christmas, and to quote Tiny Tim of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," "God bless us every one."—Ed.

Will the sisters kindly send us the names and addresses of any poor, unfortunate, worthy neighbor, friend or acquaintance who would wish to read COMFORT regularly but cannot afford to pay the subscription price? By means of our charity subscription fund we could supply COMFORT free to a number of such unfortunates if we had their names. It comes about in this way. From friends who appreciate and wish to help in extending the good work that COMFORT is doing we frequently receive cash contributions for the purpose of paying for COMFORT subscriptions to be donated in charity to such persons as our publisher may choose. Just now we have a fund on hand for that purpose, and we will distribute subscriptions to the persons whose names the sisters send us, until the fund is used up in this way. Send the names and addresses, with a brief explanation of your own, to Mrs. Wilkinson, care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE, and I will see that they are attended to in due order—first come first served.—Ed.

MOUNTAIN HOME, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please permit a stranger direct from the Ozark mountains of Arkansas to enter your circle?

I have been a reader of COMFORT for some time and think it grand. I am nineteen years old, but will not describe myself as I am only a plain looking girl, no attractive features at all.

I wonder how many have lived in our state, Arkansas? I presume a great many have and many would like to see the country.

We have been here only two years. There is beautiful scenery and one from the prairies thinks it wonderful but they soon seem to tire of the scenery and pine for their home on the prairie. But so many of us are not satisfied with any place when we should be contented with our lot. As the old adage goes, "A rolling stone gathers no moss" is most true.

We have traveled a great deal, having lived in the states of Kansas, Missouri, and in the northeast part of Oregon, among the Blue mountains. Every country has its faults. I believe in staying where you are reared if possible. I am also for the movement "Back to the farm." And to all who are thinking of leaving the farm, don't be in a hurry to go. The city has many attractions, but think of its vices and sins. Stay on the farm a while longer. Don't be in a hurry to go.

Sometimes I get so lonesome here that everything seems dismal. How many have the same feelings, when they ought not to? But it seems impossible to avoid them sometimes. I heartily sympathize with all who are lonesome.

"If you are on the wrong line, get a transfer. Get off the line of doubt and gloom. Get on the sunshine track, there's room. Get a transfer."

Here are a few lines which I think would promote happiness, although they seem rather difficult.

"Forget"

"Forget the faults of other people. Forget your enemies and remember your friends. Forget all gossip as soon as you hear it. Forget your own failures and remember your successes. Forget the pin-pricks, slights and trivial offences incident to all life. Forget to do anyone an injury, but remember to do everyone a kindness."

And now girls, how many are of my same age and birthday, the sixth of April? And here I am, still lingering, and I can see you all frowning at me. I shall be delighted to hear from everyone who cares to write. With best wishes to one and all,
MISS CLEO CHRISTINE COCHRANE.

MENOMINEE, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for years and no one knows how I enjoy the paper; the only thing I do not like is that it does not come oftener. The months seem long when I am anxious to get it.

I will say a word about the farm and the city. I have lived in both, but just now I am living in the city. I think one is just as good as the other. The city is a good home for a family who like it but if one is not satisfied there, they will never make a success of it. We did not like the farm so we moved to the city and are doing fairly well, but I think a very large family will find it easier to make things go on the farm than in the city because on a farm a child from nine years up is a great help whereas a child in the city must be sixteen years old before he can be of any help.

My husband has four boys so you see I am stepmother to them and we get along very well.

I read Mrs. Baker's letter and will say that I hope the children love her; if they do it is very easy to get along and if they do not why all a person has to do is to return good for any slight they may give her. I take as good care of them as if they were my own. I join in their games if they are not rough, and help them out of any difficulty which puzzles them. If they quarrel among themselves I stand by the one in the right and tell which is right and which is wrong. In that way they cannot do wrong, and I think if they are cross a kind word will go a hundred times further than scoldings. I am not a wise person but I will cheerfully give a kind word where I can.

I trust you will admit another sister to your happy circle and that my letter is not too long.

I wish all the sisters God's richest blessings and learn to go to Him in our hour of need and pray to Him for help in all our earthly trials and troubles.

A true COMFORT sister, MRS. G. A. STURDY.

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

DEVILED HAM.—One pint of boiled ham, chopped fine, with a good proportion of fat, one teaspoon of dry mustard, one teaspoon of flour, one half cup boiling water. Press and when cold cut in slices.

BAKED CODFISH CAKES.—Shred finely enough salt codfish to make one and one half cups, cover with cold water and let soak six hours. Put three cups of sliced raw potatoes in a pan, spread the fish over the top, cover with cold water and boil until the potatoes mash together, then add one tablespoon of butter, two beaten eggs, half a cup of milk or cream and a little white pepper. Beat the mixture well together, and when light spread it on a pan, cut it in squares, brush over with beaten egg, sprinkle with crumbs and bake in the oven.

FRENCH FRIED SWEET POTATOES.—Peel raw sweet potatoes, cut in thin strips lengthwise and fry in deep boiling lard until brown. Sprinkle with salt while still hot and serve at once.

STUFFED SWEET POTATOES.—Bake large sweet potatoes and when soft make a slit down one side, scoop out the inside and beat it with salt, pepper, a half cup of cream and a teaspoon of lemon juice. Fill the shells, return to the oven to brown.

SWISS EGGS.—Spread the bottom of a dish with two ounces of butter, cover this with grated cheese. Break eight eggs upon the cheese without breaking the yolks. Season with salt and pepper. Pour a little cream on the surface. Strew about two ounces of grated cheese on the top and set the eggs in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes. Brown on top.—Ed.

TOMATO NOODLES.—To one half can of tomatoes, add salt, pepper and butter; let boil hard and while boiling, mix in a mixing bowl four eggs beaten real stiff with flour, roll out in cakes let dry, cut, put in to tomatoes while boiling, be sure and have plenty of water on tomatoes before putting noodles in.

SALMON AND EGGS.—One can salmon, three eggs beaten light, three crackers crushed fine; mix all together fine with butter the size of an egg; fold in hot grease and let fry until eggs in salmon are done.

MRS. A. S. GLAZIER, Mt. Carmel, Ill.

UNCOOKED CHILI SAUCE.—One half peck ripe, solid tomatoes, chopped, one half cup salt, one half cup sugar, two cups celery chopped very fine, two cups finely chopped onions, two small red peppers, also chopped, one cup white mustard seed, one tablespoon each black pepper and ground cinnamon, one quart vinegar. Mix all together. Put in a stone jar and cover with a cloth only. Celery can be omitted.

SANDWICH FILLING.—One cup chopped seeded raisins, one cup walnuts chopped, whip one cup cream, add one tablespoon sugar. Mix all together lightly. Spread between thin cookies or unbuttered crackers.

MRS. I. D. GRAY, Weeser, Idaho.

PREPARED MUSTARD FOR TABLE USE.—Mix four tablespoons of sugar with four tablespoons of mustard and one tablespoon of flour; beat in one egg until perfectly smooth, then stir in one cup of good vinegar, added very slowly to prevent curdling. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and add one tablespoon of butter.

RHUBARB JAM.—Six pounds rhubarb, five pounds sugar, two lemons, one pound figs or strawberries. Cut rhubarb in small pieces, mix with sugar and let stand overnight. In the morning cut figs or berries and lemons in small pieces, add to rhubarb and sugar and cook slowly four hours.

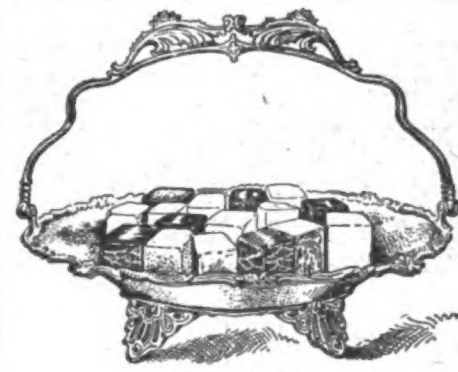
MRS. EVA R. RICHTER, Walkerville, Mich.

CHAM APPLE JELLY AND JAM.—Remove stems and blossoms from the apples; let them scald and pour off the first water; next put them in enough water to cover nicely, and let them cook slowly; as they begin to soften, dip off the juice for jelly, straining it; one pound of juice to a pound of sugar. It needs careful cooking and stirring.

GRAPE JAM.—Separate the skins from the pulp, keeping them in separate dishes, put the pulp in your preserving kettle with a teaspoon of water; when thoroughly heated, run them through a colander to separate the seeds; then put your skins with them and weigh, to each pound of fruit add three quarters of a pound of sugar, and merely water enough to keep from burning, cook slowly three quarters of an hour. These two jams are delicious and worth the trouble.

MRS. W. L. WOOTERS, Reid Hill, Alta, Can.

SPONGE SQUARES.—Four eggs, one cup sugar, one cup flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon vanilla. Beat the eggs thoroughly, beat in the sugar



SPONGE SQUARES.

and add flour and baking powder. Bake in hot oven. When cool cut in small squares. Ice these squares with chocolate and white icing.—Ed.

GREEN TOMATO MINCE MEAT.—One peck green tomatoes chopped fine, pour boiling water over, let cool; drain and scald again, let cool and drain and put in preserving kettle with five pounds of brown sugar, two pounds of raisins, one large cup suet, juice of three lemons, four cups of chopped apples, one cup of vinegar, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon allspice. Cook all together until tender for about twenty minutes and seal hot.

MRS. CLARA SCHOPPER, Juanita, Pa.

GROUND CHERRY BUTTER.—Two gallons ground cherries, one pint of water, one half gallon of well-cooked apples, two lemons sliced, teaspoon of soda and sugar enough to sweeten to taste. Cook half hour or until stiff enough to spread well. This is good. Ripe or green cherries can be used.

MRS. ESTEL THOMASON, West Graham, Va.

BRAN BREAD RECIPE.—Two cups bran, one cup corn meal, one half cup white flour or whole wheat flour, two and one half teaspoons baking powder, one half cup molasses, one egg, pinch of salt. Beat egg and add one half pint sweet milk. Mix dry ingredients then pour in molasses, add milk and egg and stir quickly. Bake in a cup of seedless raisins. Bake in slow oven one and one half hours, if in loaf; if one wants muffins bake in quick oven. The loaf is more satisfactory, it can be sliced and eaten as bread. Always sprinkle greased pan with corn-meal to prevent sticking. This is excellent for constipation.

MRS. L. H. HAGGARD, Norwood, Ohio.

SQUASH ROLLS.—One egg, one large tablespoon sugar, butter size of an egg, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream of tartar, two cups flour. Beat together, add one half cup sifted squash. Drop in roll pan.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.—One cup butter, one cup molasses, two cups of milk, two teaspoons of soda, four eggs, two pounds of raisins (chopped), one pound currants, one half pound citron, salt and all kinds of spices, flour to make a batter thick as pound cake. Steam five hours. Serve with hard sauce, liquid, or cream.—Ed.

LITTLE BROWN PUDDING.—One quarter cup sugar, one quarter cup butter, one quarter cup New Orleans molasses, one half cup sweet milk, one egg, one and one half cups flour, one half teaspoon each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and soda. Steam one hour in buttered basin or dish. Serve with following sauce.

SAUCE.—Cream one half cup sugar, one quarter cup butter; take one cup boiling water and thicken with one tablespoon corn-starch. When ready to serve add creamed butter and sugar to the warm cream, flavor with one teaspoon vanilla.

MRS. I. D. GRAY, Weeser, Idaho.

SCOTCH COOKIES.—One pound flour, one pound brown sugar, two eggs, one ounce of cinnamon, teaspoon of baking powder, one quarter pound of butter. Roll thin.

SNOWBALLS.—Boil a cup of rice in water without breaking the grains; pare and core some good cooking



SNOW BALLS.

apples; spread some of the rice on pudding cloths, just large enough to cover an apple; set on apple in the center of the rice carefully, and boil and steam for an hour; when done serve with lemon sauce.—Ed.

NEGRO CAKE.—Three eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, one half cup chocolate, two and one half cups of flour, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream of tartar. Bake in two tins.

FILLING.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of cream, one half cup of chocolate, boil until thick enough to spread.—Ed.

DEMONSTRATOR'S CAKE.—One half small cup butter, one cup sugar, cream together; three quarters cup milk; two eggs. Beat separate, adding whites last thing before baking. Two cups flour sifted four times, two teaspoons baking powder and one teaspoon vanilla.

ICING.—One cup powdered sugar, enough milk to make real stiff dough, add one tablespoon butter melted, one quarter teaspoon vanilla.

This is one of the recipes used to demonstrate electrical stoves and gas ranges, and if directions are followed it never fails.

MRS. IRA D. GRAY, Weeser, Idaho.

OATMEAL MACAROONS.—Two tablespoons of butter, two eggs, one teaspoon baking powder, one cup sugar, one half teaspoon table salt, three cups rolled oats. Bake in hot oven until crisp and brown.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE.—One cup sugar, two eggs, one and one half cups flour, two squares unsweetened chocolate, one half cup butter, one half cup milk, one half teaspoon baking powder, one half teaspoon vanilla.

MRS. C. E. PARKS, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

BURNT SUGAR CAKE.—One cup of granulated sugar put in a granite basin and burnt until nearly black, stirring constantly. Then add three quarters cup hot water, one and one half cups of sugar, two thirds cup of butter, two eggs, one cup cold water, two teaspoons baking powder and two cups flour.

MAHOGANY CAKE.—One and one half cups of sugar, one half cup of butter, three cups of flour, one half cup of cocoa, one half cup of sweet milk, three eggs, one and one half teaspoons of soda and one teaspoon of vanilla.

REKA ABELS, Grundy Center, Iowa.

EXCELLENT CAKE.—Two cups light brown sugar, creamed until light with one cup butter; yolks of four eggs beaten with one teaspoon sugar, add to sugar and butter beat all; add one cup of rich milk, stir well then add one half teaspoon of salt and strawberry flavoring. Sift flour twice, the last time add one and one half teaspoons of baking powder, stir in cake until as thick as any ordinary cake. Then beat hard until creamy; bake. Beat whites of eggs for filling and covering of cake.

MRS. A. S. GLAZIER, Mt. Carmel, Ill.

LEMON CHEESE CAKE.—Two cups granulated sugar, one half cup butter, three quarters cup sweet milk, whites of six eggs, three cups flour, three teaspoons baking powder.

SAUCE OR FILLING FOR LEMON CHEESE CAKE.—Grate rinds and juice of two lemons, add yolks of three eggs, one half cup butter, one cup sugar, mix well together. Cook till thick as sponge. Be careful not to scorch. This is excellent.

MRS. C. W. FREEMAN, Glendale, Arizona.

SPICE CAKE OR VELVET LUNCH CAKE.—One half cup butter, one cup sugar, one cup sour milk, two cups flour, one egg or yolks of two, one teaspoon soda dissolved in the milk, one cooking spoon syrup, one teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg, one quarter teaspoon allspice. Nuts or fruit added to this makes a good fruit cake.

MRS. ATTA BEACH, Graylin, Colo.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—One cup molasses, one cup brown sugar, two heaping teaspoons soda; one cup each of lard and warm water, one teaspoon each of allspice and ginger. Roll out as soft as possible.

MRS. HARRY KLINE, Kimball, Minn.

PLAIN FONDANT.—Boil without stirring, two and one half cups sugar, one and one quarter cups of water and one quarter teaspoon cream of tartar to the soft ball stage; that is, until when dropped into cold water it forms a soft ball. Remove from fire, let stand until cool, then beat until creamy. Turn out onto a large platter and knead until free from all lumps and soft and smooth in texture. From this may be made many different kinds of candy.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—Mould fondant into any shape desired. Let stand in a cool place until firm. Melt plain or confectioner's chocolate over hot water. Lay each cream on a fork, dip into the chocolate and slide onto oiled paper.

TAFFY.—Boil together without stirring, one and one half cups sugar, one quarter cup water, one eighth teaspoon cream of tartar and one quarter teaspoon vinegar to the brittle stage. Pour into buttered plates and when cool enough to handle, pull until white and glassy, adding any desired flavoring. Pull into a long, thin strip and cut immediately with scissors into small pieces. Lay on buttered paper.

BROWN TAFFY.—Boil together one cup brown sugar, one teaspoon butter, one teaspoon molasses, two teaspoons water and one teaspoon vinegar to the brittle stage. Pour into buttered tins and proceed as above.

STUFFED DATES.—Cut dates lengthwise, remove the seed and fill with nuts. Roll in granulated sugar.

CHRISTMASS FRUIT.—Boil two cups of sugar with a cup of water and one quarter teaspoon of cream of tartar. Test it by dropping a little in cold water; when brittle, remove from fire. Dip into it, sections of orange from which all skin is removed, white grapes, cherries or fruit of any kind. Spread on waxed paper to harden.

DELLVALE, KANS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been reading in our corner of quite a number of mothers whose babies have constipation. Our little

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boy is now eighteen months old and has been constipated more than half of his life, the last six months so badly that his bowels would very seldom move without the use of an enema (suppositories did no good). We consulted a good doctor and this is what he said to do: Feed orange, prune and apple juice, plenty of water (some the first thing after rising in the morning), oatmeal and other cereals and plenty of butter. Then massage the bowels for fifteen minutes each day with olive oil, beginning at the right side low down, moving up and around to starting point. I did not have all the things mentioned and was so busy I neglected to massage the bowels quite so long but I did as near as I could and now he is doing fine. I have been a mother for more than a month. I wish all who have trouble in this way would try it.

We live in Sunny Kansas. Crops are pretty good in our parts this year. This is a healthy climate.

We have two little ones, Ruth, age three and one half years, and Elbert, eighteen months.

Best wishes to all. MRS. CLARENCE GOLDSBY.

WEESER, IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been reading COMFORT for the past ten months as my sister sent it to me for my birthday. Each department of COMFORT is so good I have no particular preference.

I, for one, am in favor of farm life as it has been the means of improving my health, although I am far from being well. Three years last March, my husband and I with our infant daughter, left the city to live on Government land. I was reared on a farm but my husband had but little experience in that line as he is an electrician, and had lived all his life in large cities so farming is no easy matter for us, although we hire most of our work done and my husband works at his trade. With my dear husband and little Ella Elizabeth, am happy except for my poor health, but we are doing all that can be done for it, practically living in the open air.

One sister asked what to do to correct the habit of thumb sucking. Wrap the thumb with adhesive plaster one inch wide. The habit is very dangerous, as it elongates the upper jaw and at about the age of three years you will notice the upper teeth will extend about one quarter to one half inch in front of the lower ones. There is no way to correct it until they lose the teeth and the new set should be shaped in place by a competent dentist. But adenoids will cause the lower jaw to recede, and this mistake costing for us, although I am enclosing three of my choice recipes and if Mrs. Wilkinson doesn't tire of this, will try and give some helpful information later. Before leaving I wish to ask if any know either song: "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," and "Baby's Left the Cradle." My mother used to sing them, and I would like the words. With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters, and to Uncle Charlie, I am, ever a sister, MRS. IRA D. GRAY.

Mrs. Gray.—Your letter will come as an answer to a question that is uppermost in many minds. "What shall I give for Christmas?" Why not a subscription to COMFORT? You certainly cannot get more for the same amount of money and its coming every month will be a reminder of the giver and a renewed source of pleasure to the recipient.—Ed.

PLEASANT VALLEY, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for quite a number of years and certainly enjoy reading it, especially the letters from you sisters. They are cheerful and encouraging and help us to see that other people have even more troubles than we have. After when I read the letters I wish I could see and speak to the sisters that write them.

Mrs. DeMonburn, your letter was certainly inspiring.

Mrs. Conrod, I can sympathize with you. I have lived in the country almost all my life. Last year I was in the city for three months and how I did long for the country. Man made the city and God the country. In the country we are brought closer to God. While in the city I was taken sick and had to go back in the country to my parents. I think there is no place like the dear old farm. The following is a verse

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

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A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Alice and May Weston receive an invitation to a farewell reception, given to William Curtis Marchmont, the adopted son of Roland Fletcher, who is engaged to Alice, and is to enter Yale College. Alice is to study law with Judge Ashburton, whose daughter was the wife of Roland Fletcher. Her health failing, their daughter Olive is sent, when a half-sister to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, living then in Philadelphia. Imogene Ingham's mother, Mrs. Farquahar, marries Judge Ashburton. She dies, and Imogene, as the widow of Robert Ingham and homeless, is invited by Judge Ashburton to accept a home with him and care for Olive. She conceals the birth of her child.

Roland Fletcher, assisted by Olive and Imogene on his left, Judge Ashburton and Will on his right receive their guests. Imogene and Olive, jealous of the attentions given to Alice, ignore her half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives her most cordially and welcomes her to Castleview. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor. Stopping before a painting Alice learns it is the portrait of her father. He wishes nothing better for her, than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Olive and Imogene out driving. Olive proposes they call for her grandfather. Imogene orders Buxton to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines, Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache, shall ride home. A newspaper caught in the wind, frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Olive drops the lines and Alice, with rare presence of mind secures them and controls the horses. Judge Ashburton and the driver take the home. He reproaches Imogene and Olive for their indifference and failure to thank Alice and realizes a phase in Imogene's character, hitherto concealed. Mr. Fletcher calls upon Mrs. Weston and Alice and expresses his gratitude.

Will's last vacation comes. Judge Ashburton arranges a little excursion which includes Alice and May Weston. Arriving at their destination, they meet Arthur Stamford, Mr. Tom Radcliffe and his sister, Miss Grace. Tom Radcliffe proposes a visit to the caves. Alice Weston and Grace Radcliffe become separated from the party. Alice stopping to tie her shoe Grace goes on. Alice's candle goes out. She feels a grip on her arm and a gruff voice inquires if she knows a woman by the name of Ingham who lives at Castleview and requests her to send a letter, which she thrusts into her hands. Arthur Stamford returns to find Alice and asks her to be his wife. She admits her love for and engagement to another. In the meanwhile Sir Arthur evinces unusual interest in Will Marchmont and learns to his astonishment that his middle name is Curtis.

CHAPTER VII.

A VERY THRILLING STORY.

HIS cigar dropped to the ground and lay there unheeded, while the judge, hardly less excited by the man's strange questions and demeanor, deliberately threw his away and bent a curious look upon the pale face beside him.

Again there was an awkward silence. But at length Sir Arthur turned and looked his companion full in the eye.

"I owe you an apology for being so persistent in my questions," he began, "but I have been impressed, ever since meeting Mr. Marchmont this morning, and I am convinced now that we are on the verge of unravelling what has long been, to me at least, a hopeless mystery. May I trespass still further by asking—do you know anything about young Marchmont's parentage?"

"I am bound to confess that I do not," replied the judge, in tones of repressed excitement. "Are you willing to tell me how this child happened to become the ward of your son-in-law?"

"Certainly, if it will lead to the proof of his identity. I will tell you—in confidence."

"Of course I will so regard it," said Sir Arthur, as his companion paused.

"Mr. Fletcher found his charge in the slums of New York City, in America," the judge proceeded, as if he had not been interrupted. "He was selling newspapers—a keen, bright, honest little chap who appealed to him because of a streak of veracity which is very unusual in boys of that class. He was very small for his age, dirty, ragged, barefoot. On questioning him my son found that he really belonged to nobody; but that he lived with—was, in fact, the slave of a disreputable old woman, whose only interest in him was what she could make out of him, either honestly or dishonestly. What chiefly touched Mr. Fletcher and prompted him to rescue this wretched humanity, was the fact that this woman tried to make him steal some article for her every day, on penalty of being 'licked,' as he expressed it, if he did not. Almost invariably the brave little fellow took his 'licking' for, he said, 'It hurt him in here to steal,' and the judge laid his hand over his heart. That innate honesty was his salvation, for Mr. Fletcher at once sought the woman and bargained for his freedom. He has never regretted his act, for Will is one of the noblest fellows alive, and bids fair to do honor to the man who befriended him."

"But did not Mr. Fletcher learn anything of his origin?" eagerly questioned Sir Arthur.

"No; nothing at all satisfactory. All that he could extort from the old woman was the fact that her daughter, who had been a waiting maid in some aristocratic family, suddenly returned to her and bringing a baby about which she would say nothing. She had money to support herself and the child, but would not tell whence it came. At last her remittances ceased, though she still cared for the child as long as she lived. When she was dying she gave her mother a certificate of baptism and made her promise to guard it most sacredly until the boy arrived at a suitable age, when she stipulated it should be given to him. The name inscribed upon this certificate is William Curtis Marchmont, and also bears the name of a clergyman—Cyrus Hamlin."

"Great heavens! Judge Ashburton, your story solves one of the most wonderful mysteries the world has ever known!" Sir Arthur Stamford burst forth in great excitement as the judge concluded.

Judge Ashburton himself was scarcely less excited.

"Don't keep me in suspense!" he exclaimed, "how can you know anything about this boy's history?"

"How? Because—his mother was my second wife," replied the baronet, in a tremulous tone.

His companion now sat erect and regarded him with undisguised amazement.

"That cannot be possible!" he said, with paling lips.

"I will soon convince you that it is an incontrovertible fact," said Sir Arthur, wiping the moisture from his brow, for his recent agitation told upon his strength.

"Then go on—pray, go on," pleaded his companion, with an impatience that was wholly foreign to his usually calm, dispassionate temperament.

"Well, then," began the baronet, "my second wife's maiden name was Mabel Randal Curtis and her father was a wealthy railroad magnate of New York City. The family lived in affluence on one of the finest avenues of the city and, of course, Mr. Curtis entertained very high-toned views regarding his only child's future. But, as often happens, fate took the matter into her own hands and Miss Mabel fell madly in love with a young English subaltern, whom she met, one summer, at Newport. This young man, William Marchmont, was the nephew of one of England's peers; but, being the son of a second son, he was, of course, regarded as a nobody at that time. Mr. Curtis, upon learning of his daughter's penchant, became very much enraged, although the young man was both morally and intellectually worthy to become the husband of the New York

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heiress. He cut short their season at Newport, and, after an extensive tour through the Canadas, returned to New York for the winter. But Cupid is a very persistent little god, as we all know, and during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, who were called to Washington for a few weeks, young Marchmont suddenly appeared upon the scene. The lovers gave themselves up to the joy of being reunited, but in the midst of this the young man was suddenly recalled to his regiment, which had been ordered to India. There was a clandestine marriage—a few days of tempered joy before the vessel sailed, then an agonized, though by no means hopeless, parting. But the young husband was shot in his first battle. He lived just long enough to give his wife's address to a comrade; bidding him write and break the news of his fate to her, and then expired. This was only about five months after their marriage. The blow nearly killed the young wife, but a worse trial awaited her, for her husband had thoughtlessly taken the only proof of their marriage with him and she had no means of proving herself a legal wife, even if she had possessed the courage to confess the fact to her father. But she knew that she would soon become a mother and something must be done to shield her good name and the displeasure of her parents."

"Poor child! what a fate for a young woman in her position!" murmured the judge, in a sympathetic tone, as his companion paused an instant.

"As good fortune decreed, however, the Hon. Mr. Curtis decided, just about that time, to treat himself and family to a trip abroad with the intention of remaining a year or two," Sir Arthur continued. "This proved to be his daughter's opportunity and salvation. She refused to accompany them. She claimed that she was afraid to cross the ocean—she did not feel able to travel, and as she had not seemed well for some time, her parents finally consented to allow her, with her maid, to go into the country to board at a quiet place, where they had been many times when they wished to get away from the whirl of city life, and with the understanding that she would join them abroad when she became stronger. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis departed, leaving Miss Curtis to dismiss the servants and close the house before her departure for the country. She dismissed the servants and closed the house, all but a few rooms in the rear where, instead of going into the country with her maid, the two settled quietly down and lived by themselves, never going out except at night, or under the utmost secrecy, and no one knew that they were in the city. There Mrs. Marchmont's child was

about her which one does not often see in society women; an honesty of opinion and a directness of speech that strongly appealed to me, and I sought her constantly after making her acquaintance. Mr. Curtis appeared to be pleased by my preference for his accomplished daughter, and when I sought the privilege of addressing her with the purpose of winning her hand in marriage, he gave me his hearty consent. I had already become quite sure that Miss Curtis herself was favorably disposed toward me; we were congenial in many ways, and now, and then, I thought I detected a vein of tenderness in her manner when we were together. You can, perhaps, imagine my astonishment and dismay when, upon asking her to be my wife, she kindly but firmly refused me. But I had no intention of abiding by that refusal, for I loved her with the strong and abiding affection of the mature man. I pleaded my cause with all the eloquence of which I was master; but it was all of no avail, until something prompted me to ask her this question: 'Is it because you do not love me well enough to be my wife, Mabel, because you feel that you could not be happy with me? If you tell me that, I will not press you further—I will at once go back to England and try to bear my disappointment with what fortitude I can command.'

"To my amazement she burst into tears and wept as I have seldom seen a woman weep. I waited until the storm had spent itself, and then, with dawned hope, I pleaded again:

"Must I go, Mabel?"

"With wonderful self-command, she sat erect and faced me, her clear, sad eyes meeting mine with a pure and steady look.

"I cannot tell you to go, Sir Arthur," she began, "until I confide to you that which will throw upon you the responsibility of deciding this question—deciding whether I am worthy to be your wife. I had thought that I should never marry, that my life would be spent with my father, as long as he shall live, and, after that, alone—as far as any domestic ties are concerned."

"She then related to me in full detail all that I have told you, and, of course, my heart went out to her with even greater tenderness and deeper sympathy, upon learning what she had suffered, and still must suffer, in view of the uncertainty of her child's fate. It was all told simply and without any attempt to excuse or palliate her fault—if marrying the man she loved could be thus regarded, and when she concluded she sat with downcast eyes and quivering lips awaiting my verdict.

"I simply said, 'I cannot go, even now, Mabel,



Everyone in the room could trace a strong resemblance in his own face to the one looking down from the canvas upon him

born, and there she continued to live for more than a year, when her mother was taken suddenly ill, and Mr. Curtis cabled to his daughter to come to them immediately. Of course, during this time, she had arranged to have all letters and messages remailed to her from the office in the country. This was a message she dare not disobey, although her heart was nearly broken over the thought of being separated from her child. She deposited a generous sum in a New York bank, settled the maid and her little one in some comfortable rooms, and then left for Berlin to join her parents. She also confided to the care of her maid the baptismal certificate of her child and charged her that if anything happened to her she was to go to Mr. Curtis on his return, confess everything to him, and beg him to read and educate the boy; but the girl was sworn to absolute secrecy under all other circumstances. In spite of her physician's decree that she could not live, Mrs. Curtis rallied and continued very comfortable for nearly a year longer, finally passing away at Cannes. Mr. Curtis and his daughter returned to America immediately after this event, and Mrs. Marchmont's first thought after landing was, of course, for her child. She sought her maid in the simple home she had arranged for her, but the girl was not there, and she could obtain no intelligence regarding her. She went to the bank where she had deposited money for her; but was told that she had drawn out the full amount that had been placed to her credit. Impossible, Mrs. Marchmont insisted, for she had remitted a large sum on a certain date from Europe to be placed to her account. It was never received, they told her, and the poor young mother was rendered nearly frantic in view of her unexpected bereavement."

"I can well imagine she might be," Judge Ashburton sympathetically remarked.

"She sought for the missing ones for months, but without gaining any clue to their whereabouts, and she finally came to the conclusion that both must have been stricken with some disease and died; for she believed that the maid must have seen and responded to some of the numerous advertisements which she inserted in various papers, if she had been living. But, during all this season of anxiety she was, of course, obliged to conceal her feelings from her father. He realized that she had long been unlike herself, but attributed the change to her grief for her mother and the new responsibilities that devolved upon her because of her loss. For two years she made a recluse of herself, and then Mr. Curtis insisted that they should resume their proper position in society. She pleaded that she had no heart for the old life of gaiety, but he was firm; and they began by opening their house in Newport, where they entertained throughout the summer as they had been wont to do in former years. On their return to New York, in the winter, they reappeared among their friends there, and a brilliant season followed. It was during this season that I met Mrs. Marchmont—or Miss Curtis, as she was known to the world—for the first time. I had lost my wife some two years previous, and had been for some months traveling in America—leaving my son, Arthur, with his grandparents. I was introduced to Miss Curtis at a reception given by one of the Vanderbilts, and was at once charmed with her. To me she seemed a rarely beautiful woman. There was a sweet sincerity

unless you tell me you do not love me well enough to be my wife. My love for you is only intensified by what you have told me."

"She did not tell me to go; she owned to an affection deeper and stronger than that of her first love, and, three months from that time, she was my dear and honored wife, and no one save we two was any the wiser regarding the secret of her previous marriage."

"We made many efforts to find her little one before we left the United States, but failed, utterly, to obtain the slightest clue, and finally came home to England, resolved to make the most of our happiness in each other. But a most remarkable thing happened after we had been married some fourteen years. We were visiting in Surrey—it was a hunting party, and our host, the Earl of Belmont, had a house full of visitors. Among them was Lady Marchmont—the Marquise of Leith."

"What!" suddenly interposed Judge Ashburton, a shock like that from an electric battery pervading him.

"You will remember," said Sir Arthur, "that when I began my story I told you that this William Marchmont, whom Miss Curtis clandestinely married, was the son of a second son, and the nephew of an English peer."

"Yes—yes."

"Well, that peer was Lord Clement Marchmont, Marquis of Leith. He died in 18— His wife didn't survive him three months; and, leaving no children, the second son, John Marchmont, succeeded to the title and estates. He lived to enjoy his inheritance just five years, then joined the silent majority, leaving his widow to reign as mistress of Marchmont Court. This woman, the present Marquise, still survives and lives there alone, having no children. During our visit, of which I have spoken, to the Earl of Belmont, my wife became quite friendly with her, attracted by the name and a vague hope that her ladyship might be a relative of her first husband. During a confidential chat one afternoon, the Marquise told Lady Stamford something of her history, and in so doing revealed the fact that she was the mother of William Marchmont, whom Mabel had married and who had been shot in India. She also confided to her that when her son's effects were sent home to her, she found, pinned between the leaves of his Bible, a certificate of marriage, showing that he had married an American girl during his visit to the United States. You can but faintly imagine the sensation this revelation produced, and which resulted in further mutual confessions and a clearing of the whole story. Lady Marchmont at once took Mabel to her heart, but was bitterly disappointed on learning that there had been a son and the story of his mysterious disappearance. She invited us to Marchmont Court, where we had a most charming visit, and when we returned to our home Lady Stamford bore with her the certificate proving her marriage to William Marchmont, who, if he were living, would today be the Marquis of Leith."

"By all that is remarkable! this is the strangest story I ever heard in real life," Judge Ashburton exclaimed, excitedly at this point. "Is Lady Marchmont still living?"

"She is, and a beautiful old lady she is, too— hale and hearty, and beloved by all who know her; while I am sure that, after what I have

told you, I do not need to inform you that she is the grandmother of this young man whom your son-in-law, Mr. Fletcher, has reared and educated."

"Yes—I can understand that," returned the judge, in a tone of great satisfaction, "and also that he is today the only heir to Marchmont Court and the title of his father—he is Lord William Marchmont, Marquis of Leith."

"I am sure there cannot be the slightest doubt about the matter," his companion observed.

"But," continued the judge, with sudden thought, "it seems strange to me that the comrade, who was commissioned to notify the young wife of William Marchmont's death, should not also have made his family acquainted with the fact of the marriage and given them Mrs. Marchmont's address. Such a measure must have resulted in the proof of her marriage."

"Yes, and that matter was fully discussed with the present Marquis during one of our visits to her, when we learned that the comrade also lost his life in the very next engagement. Lady Stamford had faithfully preserved his letter to her, and, of course, that was additional proof of her marriage," Sir Arthur explained.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WILL.

"Great Scott! It does not seem possible!" continued Judge Ashburton, who seldom allowed himself to lapse into slang even in a mild form; but his excitement may be excused in view of the startling facts he had learned. "Our Will a titled gentleman!—a peer of England! I can scarcely credit my senses, and yet I have always contended that there was good blood in him, for he has ever been innately refined and noble. But will it be possible to establish his identity?" he concluded, turning to Sir Arthur, a shadow of anxiety, flitting across his face.

"Certainly, if that certificate of baptism has been preserved," the baronet responded, confidently.

"It has been most sacredly preserved," the judge assured him. "I am very glad, very, very thankful, to know that this long lost son will at last come into his rightful inheritance," Sir Arthur observed, but in a tone that was somewhat husky. "Lady Stamford grieved for a long time after learning the truth. 'Oh,' she would often exclaim, 'why cannot I and my boy? What cruel fate has decreed that this mystery must enshroud his life? We advertised extensively in American papers, seeking tidings of him and the maid, to whose care he had been committed, but we did not have a single reply.' 'How long ago was this—when were those advertisements inserted in the papers?' the judge inquired.

"Immediately after learning Lady Marchmont's story—some eight years ago."

"Ah! that was about the time we came to England to reside, or some of us must have seen those advertisements. How strange is life—at what cross-purposes we seem to live," sighed the judge. Then he added: "But the discovery of today will be glorious news for Lady Stamford."

Sir Arthur lifted a quick, pained glance to his companion. "Lady Stamford was taken from me more than five years ago," he remarked, in an unsteady voice.

"Forgive me, Sir Arthur, for recalling a grief like that," said Judge Ashburton, in a tone of deep regret, and with an awkward sense of embarrassment.

"Of course it was but natural for you to refer to Lady Stamford in that way, as I had given you no reason to believe that she was not living," the baronet returned. "But it does seem as if the world and life are all wrong, as you have said, when a revelation like this of today occurs too late to bestow happiness upon those most deeply interested."

"It is a subject that is puzzling many of the deep thinkers of this age," was the thoughtful reply; "the problem of this mortal life has always been an unattractable one. But I cannot think of anything just now, but this wonderful story about our Will. Do you imagine that the Marquise of Leith will be easily convinced of and willing to acknowledge the relationship?"

"I have not the slightest doubt in the world regarding that matter," Sir Arthur confidently asserted. "She became very fond of Lady Stamford, and has never ceased to grieve over the mysterious disappearance of her child and the fact that there is no heir to perpetuate the family name and title. I firmly believe that if Mr. Fletcher can produce the baptismal certificate and give the name of the maid who took him to the slums and left him with the old woman, her ladyship will receive him with open arms and immediately acknowledge him as the rightful heir of Leith. By the way, do you know the name of that girl?" he concluded, turning sharply upon his companion.

"I did know at the time," said the man, reflectively, "but I do not recall it at this moment. I am inclined to think that her first name was Maggie, but Mr. Fletcher can tell you."

Sir Arthur nodded his head with an air of satisfaction. "There isn't much doubt," he said; "I know the name, but I shall wait for Mr. Fletcher's proofs."

"Well, I certainly feel as if I had been asleep and dreaming a wild, romantic tale, and was liable to suddenly wake and find it all a myth of the imagination," Judge Ashburton observed, after a few moments of silence, and glancing eagerly towards the woods, for he had caught the sound of voices and knew that the young people were returning.

Presently they came in sight, and a gleam of pleasure shot into the old gentleman's eyes as they fell upon the stalwart figure and fine face of Will, who was a young man of whom he might well feel proud.

"I am sure it will prove to be no 'myth of the imagination' to Mr. Fletcher's protégé," said Sir Arthur, whose glance had followed him, and judging from what I have seen of him today, he will do honor to the brilliant position awaiting him. I was instantly impressed the moment he told me that his name was William Marchmont, that he would prove to be the heir to Leith. But," he added, rising, "it is getting on pretty well towards sundown, suppose we make a start for home, and"—lowering his voice—"don't you think it might be as well to communicate with Mr. Fletcher before saying anything to the young man about this revelation?"

"Yes, I am sure it will be best to communicate with my son first," said the judge. "I will telegraph him this evening, and I believe he will leave everything and return at once, when we will come to you and talk more of this."

Thus the matter was left, and half an hour later the party were on the way home, all expressing themselves as having passed a most delightful day.

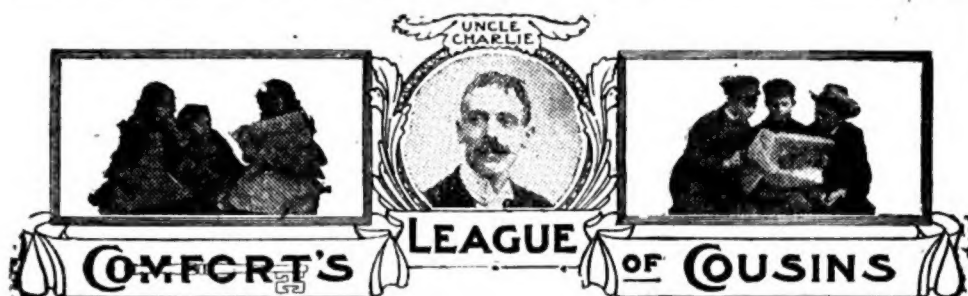
Arthur Stamford alone carried a heavy heart home, although he tried bravely to conceal all evidences of the crushing blow which he had received; but it seemed to him as if the sun had been suddenly blotted out and that an empty and dreary future lay before him.

Judge Ashburton kept his word, and immediately upon reaching home sent the following telegram to his son-in-law: "Wonderful and important revelation regarding Will. Can you return immediately?"

The following morning brought this reply: "I will be with you on the twenty-third."

The twenty-third would be only three days later, but it seemed to Judge Ashburton as if he never could wait that long before revealing his secret.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

WELL, here is the month of Christmas once more, and the ending of another year, one of the most memorable years in the world's history. It is not the most memorable year which has seen our so-called Christianity and the squalid civilization we have attempted to build upon it, shattered to dust. I've been not a little amused at the astonishment of some good, but very dull and unimaginative people that war on such a tremendous scale could be possible in these "enlightened days." It is extraordinary how people are deceived by outside appearances. Because we have airships, wireless, motor cars, beautiful cities, fine churches and porcelain bath tubs, etc., we jump to the conclusion that the world of today is on the whole civilized. It's only in the externals and the material things of life that the world is changed to any great extent from what it was two thousand years ago. "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." Put the much heralded German culture to the test and you find blazings churches, devastated homes and mutilated bodies and wholesale vandalism. Jump on a Frenchman and you are in the embrace of a wild cat. Arouse the Britisher and you are mauled by the fangs of a lion. Disturb an American and—well Colorado and Ludlow will give you the answer. And so it goes nearly all the world over. I had a minister whom I was trying to convert to Christianity to see me the other day (and by the way there are no people on earth that need converting to Christianity more than the individuals who hold down the pulpits in our churches) and he told me he didn't think that human nature had changed much in the last two thousand years, and that men were pretty much today what they always were, and he didn't think that the much longed-for race of supermen (that is nobler and superior men that will some day inhabit the earth) would ever arrive. Note what little faith and less vision he had. When I got through with that minister he had nearly made him a useful citizen. I'd like to tell you all I told him, and he'd give worlds if I could tell you, but though the constitution is supposed to guarantee free speech, you've got to keep a padlock on your tongue these days or you are liable to wake up and find yourself resembling a cream puff that has been trodden on. You who read your Bibles (and not half of you who read these words know anything about that great old book, and those who do know it have the very faintest idea of making use of its teachings), will recall these words of the Master: "Every one that heareth this teaching of mine and doeth it not, is like a foolish man who buildeth his house upon the sand." . . . and it fell, and great was the fall thereof." All the worth-while world knows that Christ was the Master teacher of all the ages. He wanted humanity to build, not upon the sand, but on the impregnable rock, the rock of love and brotherhood, righteousness, justice and peace. The boreferring with blindness and stupidity to build a tawdry structure, outwardly beautiful but inwardly a charnel house, on the sands of greed, hate and all uncharitableness, and has had the audacity to call this structure, not only civilization, but a Christian civilization. Suddenly comes the usual terrible war, and every form of mechanical device that devilish ingenuity and perverted genius can invent is turned loose for the destruction of human life. Young men and old are dragged from their firesides and hurled into the cockpit and are backed and torn to pieces, their pitiful corpses scattered on the bloody sod like autumn leaves after an equinoctial gale, while wives and mothers are left at home with weeping little ones, to starve. Down with a crash goes your so-called civilization, and in a second to the winds flies all your Christianity. And people wonder why? And why should they wonder? There is nothing to wonder about. What you saw that is what you will reap. You cannot sow bayonets and reap corn; you cannot sow militarism and reap fraternity; you cannot sow greed and love and comradeship. Men have been trying and are still trying to do the impossible. They have been sowing one thing and expecting to reap another. They have been trying to rear a solid structure on a false foundation, and the church, false to its Master, has approved of both the foundation and the structure, of the tree and its bitter fruit. Then when the cataclysm comes, and the earth rocks like a palsied man, people wonder why such things can be. You hear them say that Christianity is on trial and that it has been found wanting, or that it and civilization have collapsed. This is not so. Christianity could not possibly have failed for it has never been tried. Civilization could not collapse for we are not civilized. Humanity has not failed, for humanity in the mass has never had a show. What has broken down is not civilization, but veneered barbarism, a savage industrialism, a cannibalistic commercialism and un-Christian churchianity. Humanity has done wonderfully well, marvelously well when we take into consideration the fact that it has been attempting the impossible and has had no solid groundwork to build upon, nothing but the shifting sands of greed, ignorance and all-round exploitation. We talk of war as though it were a hateful thing. We see millions of men locked in a bloody conflict and stand aghast with horror. We say again that war has no right to be in these "enlightened days." We froth at the mouth, call mighty meetings and scream for peace, and this in spite of the fact that we are always at war, that life is one long battle, that peace being a thing that humanity except in spots, has never known.

There are more people killed, wounded, maimed and injured, more homes destroyed and hearts broken on the industrial battlefield than there are on the bloody fields of military combat. On the battlefield man is cannon fodder, in the mine, mill, factory and on the railroad he is divided fodder (if he is lucky enough to get work) and starvation fodder if he is unemployed. Don't let us be hypocrites, let us look this matter squarely in the face. Wars waged by military powers are comparatively rare but industrial warfare, the struggle for bread, clothes and a roof never ceases. The soldier who dies upon the battlefield is a hero. If we can get his body home he lies in state and is given a public funeral. He who dies on the industrial battlefield goes to his grave unwept, unhonored and unsung. Nobody notes his passing, or grieves over his going, for are there not plenty to take his place? Slaughter a few hundred thousand men to the booming of cannon and the waving of flags and humanity stands aghast, slaughter millions and break their bodies on the wheels of industrialism and nobody thinks or cares a rap. The taking off of our fellow be-

ings either by slow starvation or sudden death, makes no appeal to our sympathies, stirs no righteous wrath. So brushing sophistry and humbug aside the whole matter can be summed up thus. We don't mind about slaughter as long as people are killed in dribsels. Instead of in masses, and go to their graves without making a fuss about it. It is only when men get killed to the blare of trumpets and the beating of drums, thousands in a day that men come to realize that Christianity is breaking down, that real civilization does not exist, and the world is all out of joint.

What must we do to make human life and human rights sacred? What is the remedy for the revolting conditions under which most of us have to exist? We must build our civilization upon the rock of justice, co-operation and brotherhood, and must make these vital principles the universal law. If we plant love and justice, we shall reap love and justice. If we give humanity, civilization and Christianity a chance there will be no greed, no desire to exploit and no blood lust in the hearts of men. If you dress children in white and wash and primp them until their faces shine like the moon, they will be as black as the ace of spades in five minutes if you send them to play in a coal cellar. Put them in the parlor clean and they will stay clean. It is the same with humanity which gets spruced up on Sunday only to be thrown into the ash barrel of greed, to come out at the end of the week vile, filthy and evil. What man needs is an environment that will bring out the best that is in him. Instead of as at present, an environment which develops all that is worst. We do not have to look to Europe to see that churchianity is a fizzle and civilization a farce. Look around you in this glorious land that is waiting to sing a song of joy and happiness, a song of brotherhood and love, to ten times the people who occupy it now, and you will see tens of thousands of men denied the privilege of making a living. Grown men, on the sidewalk, women and little children in the mills. Prisons, poison shops and white slave dens, riotous luxury cheek by jowl with the most appalling poverty; culture and learning side by side with ignorance and superstition, a hodgepodge of violent contrasts; disgusting and horrible, those who sow reaping little, those who sow not, garnering all.

And why is this? Once more let the Christ whose birth we celebrate this month, the Christ who is yet to lead dehumanized humanity back to humanity, the lost sheep back to the fold, free His church from commercialized pollution and attune the voice of the weary of earth to the music of the spheres. The explanation is summed up in these words of the Master: "A man built his house upon the sands; and great was the fall of it."

Do not despair my brothers and sisters because we have erected our "civilization" on the sands for we can move to a sure, certain foundation as soon as we quit fighting each other and go to helping each other. This war will be worth every cent it has cost, and every drop of blood that has been spilled, if it only brings home this tremendous truth to mankind and that is that our ways have been hog ways and not God's ways. Our civilization has been built on the sands, and we must right about face out of the muck and mire in which we have been wallowing, and get upon that solid rock where kings and exploitation shall be a thing of the past and love alone shall rule in the hearts of men.

Now let me ask you something. How many of you ever heard of Nietzsche? Not more than a score of you possibly are familiar with his name, and yet if it had not been for Nietzsche and babies (poor innocent little babies) the frightful war in Europe might have been averted. You've got to know about Nietzsche, a German professor, for he is the idol and god of the military caste of Prussia. Nietzsche's abominable philosophy of force, a doctrine anti-social and anti-Christian, a doctrine that teaches men that only might is right, gentleness, humility, compassion, tenderness and sympathy, signs of weakness and decadence, has naturally made an irresistible appeal to a military caste committed to the worship of blood the rule of iron. It is the doctrine that inspired the blasphemous Kaiser to address his soldiers thus: "On me, on me, as the German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon. His sword and His vice-regent. Woe to the disobedient. Death to cowards and unbelievers." Not since the days of Mohammed have such words found public utterance. The Kaiser's god is the god of battles—Nietzsche's god—a brutal deity of lightning and thunder bolts, cannon and sword, a cathedra smasher, torch burner, a plunderer and a pillager. Nietzsche died insane, and those who worship at his shrine (and millions are being influenced by his teachings) quickly develop signs of mental derangement. Nietzsche was an atheist. He scoffed at the Christian virtues, scorned Christian faith and morals, and incited the strong, the "overman" to trample underfoot the weak and humble in spirit. Now you can see the better understand why the Kaiser crushed poor little Belgium; now you can understand too, those two crazy tooth-brushes that stick up at each end of his mouth; now you can understand the diet of blood and iron that he is determined to force upon the world; now you can understand why his armies have gone into battle shouting "Deutschland Ueber Alles." (Germany over all). Germany over all by the way means the Kaiser, the goose step, the brutal Prussian military mania, the spiked helmet, the iron heel, the mailed fist, crushing heavily on every nation on earth, ourselves included. The German people are just as much under the heel of this military caste, just as much the victims of this Nietzschean philosophy as you are or I am. Nietzscheism is militarism in full, and bloody irruption. It is the influence of this wicked doctrine that has made the Prussian officers assume the airs of demi-gods as they parade the streets of their native cities, sweeping civilians and their wives into the gutters as though they were dogs. The Zabern incident illustrates my contention to a dot. The doctrine of force is as old as the hills. Christianity has held it in check, but Nietzsche has revived it, and you who have seen the way force has been used in this country, the force of gold and privilege and at times the force of gun and bayonet can gather from these sinister exhibitions that Nietzsche has his followers here as well as abroad. Next month I will tell you how the babies have innocently helped to plunge Europe into bloodshed. For the present I must be content with telling you of this new, old force which is working such devastation in the world. Men must choose between the Prince of right and the Devil of might, between brutality and idealism, between force and love, Gallilee and Berlin, Nietzsche and Christ. And

surely there is no better time than now to make the choice, when the God of Love and not the god of war is calling a battle-scarred, weary earth, to heed again the divine message pregnant with promise of golden days yet to come. "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," and to turn again to the cradle of the Divine Messenger, the Prince of Peace through Whom we shall yet secure both heaven here as well as beyond.

Before bidding you adieu for this year I want to thank from the bottom of a very grateful heart, all those who wrote me on the occasion of my birthday and especially those who wrote in answer to my request in the August issue for suggestions and criticisms of my methods of conducting this department. I was just tickled to bits to find by the hundreds of enthusiastic letters that came to me as a result of that request that you are all with me heart and soul and to the last ditch, in my work of putting the masses wise to the thousand and one wrongs and abuses and the many evil conditions, which have grown like festering sores on the body social and political, deep-seated wrongs, which the people regard as inevitable, but which must be torn up by the roots if our nation is to survive and democracy be given a new birth. I always knew you were with me, but I wanted you to tell me all over again that you were, and your roar of endorsement which came like a thunder clap has rejoiced my heart. God bless you! Of course everyone knows what the people want, what they need and what they ought to have, but privilege and greed muzzle our law makers, who are glad to wear the muzzles—at a price. If the public ever woke up, exploitation would cease, robbery would end and the people would come into their own. But very few will be allowed to indulge in the luxury of waking up because there is more money to be made out of dull than wide-awake people, as the former are more easily fooled, for the world is still committed to the crazy doctrine that it is more profitable to fool the people than to be honest with them. Now that the people are going to hold up their hands, I shall endeavor with more vigor to assault those hoary wrongs which keep most of us at the grindstone of want and on the rack of hardship, care and worry 365 days a year. The letters sent not only heartened me, but many of them touched me so deeply with their love and tender sympathy that I was all choked up with emotion as I read them. It only shows how the great heart of humanity will go out like a flood to anyone who just tries to do his duty and who strives to be—well—nothing more than just human.

Many people have written to know if there is anything they could do to make life a little brighter for me. The only thing I can suggest, as none of you are Rockefeller's, is to see that one of the Uncle Charlie books goes into every Comfort home. This will help not only to keep my memory alive in your homes in after years, when you have some other uncle to take my place in your hearts, but will also brighten and make happy your Christmas as well as mine. Send me all the loving thoughts you can on Christmas Day, for I feel closer to you at that time than any day in the year, and though I can only look on while others feast, I can feast with you in spirit, and I will drink the health of everyone of you at one o'clock, in a glass of boiled milk, and I will pray God to give you happiness for that day at least, and to grant that in spite of increasing bodily infirmities I may be spared to be with you not only for another year, but for many years.

Christmas is almost here, and as you all want to give presents that will make everybody happy, don't forget that Uncle Charlie's two wonderful books, one of poems and the other of songs, a source of endless joy and merriment which should be in every home, can still be had free; the poems for a club of four, the songs for only two subscriptions. See full particulars at end of this department. Don't miss it. These are the books that will make your Christmas joyous.

Also Uncle Charlie's Story Book can still be had as a free premium in paper covers for a club of two subscriptions, or bound in ribbed silk stiff covers for four subscriptions. Beautiful new edition recently brought out and in either binding would make a most acceptable Christmas gift.

Now for the letters.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I feel so sorry for you but yet indeed too I feel proud. I have written to you before, but you say you get so many thousands of letters each month and I know but few of these can ever get into print. This makes my third attempt to write to you.

Oh, say, dear Uncle, what do you say about young boys and girls kissing each other good night when the boys take the girls home. In one way I consider it an improper thing to do and again I don't. Uncle Charlie, you please excuse all the mistakes and poor writing and incorrect spelling. I have only gone to school six years.

Oh, Uncle Charlie, please pardon me but I would like to have you write on the white slave traffic. I am a girl that delights in knowing the facts and true conditions of things for I am trying to keep myself informed on all matters of importance. I love COMFORT and most of all enjoy the cousins' letters and good Uncle Charlie's most laughable and screaming answers.

Just one more question dear uncle. What does a boy mean when he likes to hold a girl's hands, and also when the girl likes to hold his hands too? I hope to see this letter in print.

P. S.—Please dear Uncle if this letter is published do not publish any of my name or address.

Rose, as to the kissing business between boys and girls, let me say this to you girls. I don't mean kids, but girls who are making headway into their teens. When you start in the wholesale kissing business, you are holding yourselves mighty cheap, and that is the worst thing a girl can possibly do. A girl's greatest protection is the armor of modesty that she rears about herself. Young people are full of animal spirits, both boys and girls, but there is a vast amount of difference between the sexes, and whereas nine girls out of ten are pure-minded, the majority of boys are just the reverse. Indiscriminate kissing is the first step on the downward path for any girl. Most girls hold themselves too cheap, and young men with the eyes of hawks are ever watching the slightest lapse on a girl's part, the slightest rent in the armor of her modesty, to rush in and overthrow the citadel of her virtue. It is the boast of some boys that they have kissed every girl in the community. Later on when the girls get married, some of these boys who have graduated into the loafer's class, stand on the street corner and point contemptuously at a young married woman as she passes by and brag of the many times they have slobbered her lips. Young men soon learn which girl can be kissed and which girl cannot be kissed, and they all make a dead set at a kissable girl. If young men were content to stop at kissing there would not be so much danger in it, but the fellow who has the freedom of a girl's lips in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is not going to stop there. If you give him an inch, at some time when the opportunity presents itself, he will take a yard. It's easier to be safe than to be sorry. If you keep out of temptation there will be no sorrows and no regrets. Must girls overrate their powers of resistance, but it isn't wise to allow these powers to be put to the test for too often, when they are tested they break down utterly. It is a queer thing in human nature that young men will shoot to kill to avenge the honor of their own sisters, but they have no respect for the honor of other boys' sisters. There are boys who are as clean minded, honorable and decent as any girl, but you do not find this class of boy pestering a girl for kisses. He prefers to wait until such time as those kisses are legitimately his by virtue of the engagement ring which his fiancée wears upon her finger. When a young man really idolizes a girl he will treat her with the utmost deference and respect. He knows that one false move might bring about the shattering of all his hopes. The girl who is won too easily is usually not worth winning at all. It is the fish that gives us a terrible struggle to land that we most prize, not the fool thing that comes and jumps on the hook, and signals to be hauled in.

This Rich Black Seal \$4.45 Plush Trimmed Pony CLOTH LADY'S COAT

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FREE DRY GOODS CATALOG
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The man who is worth while doesn't care to marry a girl who has passed her face around for every fellow in the village to nibble and chew at. You can take it for granted that when a girl allows herself to be kissed the first time she meets a fellow, that she is going to be insulted at the second or third meeting. If you girls only knew what was in the minds of most of your escorts, it would be a hand shake good night for them and nothing else. Let me tell you this little story about a girl I knew. An admirer of hers took her to dinner one night in one of New York's swell lobster palaces. She saw the dinner check which amounted to a little over five dollars. When he took her home and was bidding her good night he wanted to kiss her. "Oh," said my friend, "so you want pay for my dinner do you?" and she opened her pocketbook and took out two dollars and a half and said: "When I have to pay for my meals I prefer to pay for them with cash." Mr. Swift Guy was quite overcome and after apologizing vanished into the night. If you girls can't get home at night without giving your escort pay for his trouble, take my advice and stay at home. You will find it pays in the long run, and the short run, too. You ask me, Rose, what a boy and girl mean when they like to hold each other's hands. It means that they are just beginning to feel foolish and need careful watching by their parents to see they don't make idiots of themselves. It is quite true there is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream, and also nothing quite so dangerous, and certainly nothing quite so foolish. Sex attraction makes these affairs inevitable. They are a part of the afflictions of childhood and youth, just as are measles. If they are watched and proper attention is given to the sufferers while the attack is on, both boy and girl will recover without any damage being done to either. Some day, when we get civilized and all have to go to school until we are twenty or twenty-one, a part of our training will be in the school of chivalry. Here the mysteries of sex will be explained, and the appeal of sex will be guided into proper channels. Here girls will learn what men really are, and not what they think they are. Here girls will learn with horror that half of the men who were worshipped as heroes by the girls of a previous generation were diseased libertines and scarce a one would escort a girl three blocks in the dark without exacting some sort of payment for the service rendered. Love, like Christianity, has not had much of a show in this world. The merciless system we live under takes no heed of any man. It gives him a salary on which he cannot support a chicken, let alone a wife, and so he is forced to remain single and become a menace to the womanhood of the land. In the future we shall learn the lesson of self control, and terrible indeed will be the punishment meted out to those who fail to respect the chastity of the gentler sex. I have no space to discuss the white slave trade just now, but will say this: If you girls refrain from indiscriminate kissing and the mauling that generally accompanies it, and keep the armor of your self-respect unbroken and untarnished, the white slave trade will get the biggest smack in the eye it has ever received yet.

AMEY, Wis.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
I am ten years old, five feet tall, have light brown hair and blue eyes. I go to school and am in the sixth grade. I can iron, cook, sweep, scrub and do all kinds of sewing. I can also embroider and make cakes (CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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Linked by Fate; or, Not to Be Bought

CHAPTER XXVII.

A TRAGEDY OF LOVE.

By Charles Garvice

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"DECIMA!" screamed Polly when, with the merest apology for a knock, Nina entered the familiar rooms in Percy Street, the room in which she had found loving shelter in her time of need, the room in which she had trimmed hats and bounnets, and afterward—oh, great achievement—written plays for the members of Mr. Harcourt's company! "Decima!" and Polly, with the tears in her eyes, hugged her dear friend, never dearer than in this moment of her return. "How well you're looking, and how—how—Decima, something has happened to you! Something that's altered you in a way that I can't describe. You never looked so happy, and with such a light in your eyes, nor even on the first night of the play! Sit down! Take your things off! Let me give you another kiss, you dear, sweet thing! And now tell me all about it! The voyage! The adventures you hinted at! Did you find that mysterious island—why didn't you tell me more about it? Did you find it, and is that what makes you look so heavenly radiant and running over with joy?"

"Yes, I found it, Polly," replied Nina, "but it was something else I found that makes me so happy. You'll never guess! Come closer and I'll tell you!"

Polly knelt beside her, and Nina, blushing like a schoolgirl, whispered one word, at which Polly shrieked:

"What! A husband! Decima! Who—who is he? Tell me quick, quick!"

And when Nina had told her that, and a great deal more—in fact, the history of the wreck and her strange marriage—Polly, all a-heap on the floor, could only stare at her, open-mouthed with wonder, delight, and awe.

"Married—married all the time! And to an earl! And you are a countess! Lady Lesborough! Oh, poor Lord Sutcombe! Nina laid her hand on Polly's lips. 'A countess! And been one all the time! And here was I treating you as if you were a mere nobody, just like myself! And yet, somehow, I always suspected—'

"That I was a princess in disguise! 'Changed at my birth with the rightful owner,' as the Irishman said. You dear, foolish Polly! As if it made any difference who and what I am! And—and I think you will like my husband, dear."

Polly emitted an "Oh! Like him, I shall be afraid. An earl, a real English earl. De—I mean, Lady Lesborough!"

"You dare say 'Decima,' if you please. Oh, no, you won't be afraid of him. What nonsense! You are not afraid of Lord Sutcombe!"

"Oh, but he's only a viscount, or whatever it is, and yours is a real, belted earl!" explained Polly, with delicious naïveté. "What is he like, Decima?"

Nina laughed softly, and her eyes grew dreamy and fond.

"He is tall and very straight, with broad shoulders; and he is very strong and good-looking; quite bronzed and tanned, with eyes that—She broke off with a laugh at herself. "Oh, he is a son of the gods—not our galleys gods, Polly, but the Olympian ones; a model of grace, and full of virtue; but his chief one is that he condescends to love poor little me!"

Polly looked up at the radiant face, the graceful figure, and, laughing, tossed her head scornfully.

"As if he could help it! I'd like to see any man who could! Married!" Then she sighed. "You'll write no more plays, Decima; that's sure and certain! It's a pity."

"It's not at all sure and certain," said Nina. "Why shouldn't I? No one will know that 'Herbert Wood' is Lady Lesborough; and if they did! But you must talk it over with my husband when you meet him tonight."

"Tonight!"

"Yes," said Nina, laughing at her tone of awe. "Here is a note from Lady Vivienne. She wants us all to go to the Momus tonight, and come back to supper with them. I am looking forward to it so much!"

The play went splendidly that evening, and Nina sitting well behind the curtain of the box, was all aglow with pleasure and honest pride in her work. It was sweet to see Vane applauding and looking over the delighted audience with glowing eyes.

As if he were saying: "Clap away; shout your hardest, good folk; my wife wrote this play."

They went home to Everleigh Court, where the Sutcombes had provided a supper, which, if it had not been so substantial, would have been suspiciously like a wedding breakfast; and, at Vane's warm greeting and the friendly look in his frank eyes, all Polly's awe and nervousness fled.

"I little thought, Miss Balfour, when I was watching you act, with the greatest admiration, that I was looking at my wife's dearest and best friend," he said, as he held her hand in his warm grasp. "I can't tell you how often she and I have spoken of you, or how much I have wanted to see you and—thank you! I hope you will share your friendship for her with me. Will you?"

It was a very happy little party, though every now and then a shadow stole over Vane's face. He could not altogether get rid of the memory of Julian—of the white, livid face, with its black eyes gleaming from their dark hollows.

"What do you think will become of him?" he had asked Letchford and Sutcombe earlier in the evening.

"He'll leave England," said Sutcombe. "Has gone already, no doubt."

"And will drink himself to death or get killed in a drunken row in the slums of Paris or Vienna," Letchford had suggested.

"He must be found, Vane had said quietly. "He must be found and—provided for."

"We'll put Tressider onto him," was Sutcombe's idea. "He will know better how to track him down than you can."

Vane tried to get his unhappy cousin out of his mind, and, as the supper progressed, had nearly, in some measure, succeeded, when Sutcombe's man came to his master's side and said something in a low voice. With a murmur of apology Sutcombe rose and left the room, and presently he returned, and quietly beckoned to Vane. Vane went out to him, and Sutcombe shut the door and drew him toward the library.

"I'm afraid something's amiss, Lesborough," he said. "Poor old Chandos Orme is in there. He tells a rambling, incoherent story. He wants to see you, and, hearing you were here, has come on after you."

They entered the library. Sir Chandos was seated at the table, a glass that had contained brandy, which Sutcombe had given him, already empty. He rose and held out a shaking hand to Vane.

"How d'ye do, Vane?" he stammered uncertainly. "Thought I should find you here. I say, you—you—know—"

"He paused to shuffle his false teeth into place. "What's the meaning of all this? I—I don't understand it, don't you know?"

"All what, Sir Chandos?" said Vane gravely. "Is anything the matter?"

"Anything the matter? Dash it all, you ought to be able to answer that question! Sutcombe, for God's sake give me another drink! I'm—I'm so upset and shaky that I can scarcely know what I'm sayin' or doin'! Thanks! A little more. I—I like it strong. No—no water. Water's no good; it's the brandy I want!"

They watched him as he drank the neat spirit—he reminded Vane of Julian—spilling some of it on his quivering chin and down his shirt front; then he turned to Vane and, in a somewhat firmer voice, repeated his question:

"What's it mean?" he demanded. "Must say it's a damned queer kind of business; not at all

the kind of conduct befitting a gentleman, to say nothing of—personal friend, and a fellow one has trusted—"

"Tell me at once what you mean, Sir Chandos," said Vane.

"I'm talking about Judith; you know that well enough," retorted Sir Chandos.

"About Judith?" Vane's heart began to sink with a dark presentiment. "What about her?"

"Where is she? What have you done with her?" asked the old man, in a peevish tone.

"I—I Vane started. "I can't tell you. I've not seen Judith since—for many months."

"Oh, that's all tommy-rot, you know!" snapped Sir Chandos, with impatient irritability. "That dog won't fight. You sent for her—"

"I—I," said Vane. "No, no; you're mistaken!"

"No, I'm not!" snarled the old man fiercely. "It's no good your standing there lying about it. I've—"

"I've got the proof in my possession. You sent for her; you know where she is! And I shay it's not the straight thing between gentlemen, between you and me, who ought to be father-in-law—"

son-in-law—"

He looked helplessly round and began to feel

recognized it at a glance—and found it apparently empty. The heavy door at which they knocked remained closed to them.

Vane hailed a policeman.

"There is nothing else for it!" he said. In a few words he explained his fears, and the policeman, climbing to the lower window, forced an entrance. He opened the door to Vane and Sutcombe, and, by the light of his lantern, they rushed up the stairs. As they did so, a strong odor of chemicals met them.

Vane groaned. He knew that odor!

"There's a fire somewhere, sir!" said the policeman. "Curious kind of a smell! quite suffocating! Seems to come from this room. Door's locked!"

"Force it, force it!" cried Vane hoarsely.

They set their backs to it, and presently the lock gave, and they almost fell in. The lantern was raised, and its light flashed round the somber room in which Vane had eaten his first meal with Julian Shore. The room was so full of the pungent smoke, the horrible mist, that for a time they could not discern anything; then, as some of the fumes escaped by the open door, they saw two

excepting the Letchfords and the Sutcombes, those friends of friends, whose lips are closed, know the whole of the story of her life. Few, for instance, are aware that Lord and Lady Lesborough, before they came to live at the Court, were remarried quietly in the quietest of country churches; few know the real story of Julian Shore's crime, and the tragedy at the gloomy house in Chelsea. And, though they know that the Lesboroughs and Sutcombes draw vast wealth from the Great Fairy Isle Gold Company, they do not know the real reason why the earl and countess, nearly every year, spend some weeks, in the island from whence the gold comes, or that those weeks are perhaps the happiest of their happy lives.

It is good to be at the old Court, served by willing servants, and surrounded by the tenants, who regard the earl and countess with affection; it is good to be in London, where Nina reigns as a queen, by right of her beauty and her grace; it is good to be with the true and tried friends whose love and sympathy are so precious to Nina and Vane. But it is best of all to stand alone, side by side, husband and wife, upon the beach above the strip of golden sand, over which ripples the tide that washes the Fairy Isle. To know that, though all else were to vanish like the airy fabric of a dream, their love would still remain, and with it the memory of the days when, without their knowing it, their hearts were drawing together never to part while the life beat in them.

It was Lady Fanworthy who summed up the case of Vane and Nina so neatly.

"You see," she said to Vivienne one evening when they were seated on the terrace at Lesborough, and both the ladies' eyes were half absently watching the earl and countess as they strolled to and fro across the lawn, talking together like sweethearts, "you see, they are so old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned?" echoed Vivienne, waking from her reverie.

"Yes. That's why they are so happy. It is very old-fashioned to be in love at all; it is hopelessly old-fashioned to be in love with your husband or your wife; and, if you are so unfortunate as to be so, it is, so I am told, criminally old-fashioned to own up to it. I myself prefer the old fashion to the new; but, then, I'm eccentric—so I hear. Nina! Come off that grass; it's damp. Vane, bring her in at once."

THE END.

Awful Luck! A Christmas Wail

By Charles Noel Douglass (Uncle Charlie)

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Christmas Day is here again. Wond'rin' I ain't glad?

Wouldn't wonder if you knew just what makes me sad.

Sandy Claws has been and gone, vanished out of sight,

Didn't bring me what I wanted; I could cry outright.

He came down the chimney, but only got half-way,

Chimney wasn't big enough, stayed there half the day,

Slid down to the middle, and there poor Sandy stuck;

Tore house half down to get him out—Awful Luck!

Dinner was a fizzle, thought I'd get a treat,

Beats the Dutch the silly things some folks like to eat.

Fool around a-swallerin' soup; always wondered why

They would waste so much good space, an' leave no room for pie.

Folks seemed to enjoy themselves, but Jim and Sister Nell

Chewed up the cranb'ry sauce, and didn't leave poor me a smell.

Then Mother cooked a turkey, while I just wanted duck.

Six back teeth got aching too—Awful Luck!

Presents going round the house since the early morn;

Uncle Bill presented me with a three foot horn;

When you blow and blow it good you can have some fun,

Folks for sixteen miles around all get up and run.

Off I went to Grandmama's to wake her up a bit,

Give her some Christmas music, thought I'd make a hit.

Blew the horn in Grandma's ear till my lips got stuck,

She's deaf and didn't hear a note—Awful Luck!

Dad's looked kinder blue today, though he's stuffed with pie,

Got a yearning, longing look gleaming in his eye.

He's quite forgot to whistle, and he's quite forgot to hum;

When he does that, just bet your life Dad is feeling glum.

You see dad's brother, Uncle Jim, he's a kind of sport;

In his pocket I could see a flask that held a quart,

I saw him wink at Dad and say: "Have some old Kentucky,"

But Dad swore off a week ago—Awful Luck!

Aunt Samantha came last night, I was dreadful good;

Had a pile of gifts for me, so I understood;

Acted like an angel, let her kiss me twice,

Hate to have folks slobber me, but told her it was nice.

After breakfast, Aunt, she went and brought her presents out;

When I saw 'em coming, say, I sent up a shout.

Gave brother Bill an airgun, also an auto truck,

While all I got was Gospel hymns—Awful Luck!

Uncle Ned, who's bald of head, no hair on his dome,

Sandy Claws presented him with a brush and comb,

Grandmama, who for years had had no teeth within her mouth,

Had a tooth-brush sent her from a friend who lives down south.

Uncle Jeff, born stone deaf well say, I had to laugh,

Dropped dead almost, for parcel post brought him a phonograph.

I got a bob sled and some skates, best I ever struck;

Move to Florida next week—Awful Luck!

for the empty glass. Vane caught his arm.

"For God's sake, try to explain what you mean!" he said earnestly. "You say that Judith is—missing. When—where—how did she go?"

"Oh, drop it, Lesborough! You've got the gel, right enough. If you mean well by her, if you want to marry her, why not say so—why not do the whole thing in an open and proper manner?"

Is there any more brandy in that decanter, Sutcombe?"

Vane still held him by the arm.

"Presently, presently," he said anxiously. "Sir Chandos, on my honor, I do not know where your daughter is—"

Sir Chandos drew himself up with the shadow of his old dignity.

"That's a lie!" he said. "And this proves it!"

As he spoke, he fumbled in the pocket of his dress coat, and drew out a telegram, and extended it with a shaking hand. Vane seized the telegram and read it, aloud:

"I am alive and well," it ran. "Forget and forgive the past! I want you. Come to me at 24 Ponson Street, Chelsea, this afternoon, five o'clock."

VANE.

He stared at the words in silence, and uncomprehendingly, for a moment; then he uttered a cry and drew Sutcombe out of the room, closing the door after them.

"My God!" he said, in a whisper. "I did not send this! Don't you see who did! He asked for a telegram form, wrote this message, and must have sent it from the station. We must go at once—at once! Send Letchford in to keep the poor old man quiet, till we return! Come! There's not a moment to lose! Five o'clock! Hours ago! Time for—for anything to happen! The worst!"

In five minutes, or less, they were in a cab and on their way. They reached the house—Vane

figures. One was that of a woman lying back in one of the antique chairs. The form was motionless, the face white, the eyes wide open and staring. At her feet was stretched out the figure of a man, his face white as hers, his eyes staring upward at the face of the woman he had loved and—slain!

They bent over these two awful objects in silent horror, then the policeman shook his head.

"Lady's dead, gentlemen," he whispered.

The man lying at her feet was dead also, his fingers closed in a steellike grip on her skirt.

Vane staggered to the door of the laboratory. A small flame was still flickering in the spirit furnace, and the deadly fumes were still issuing feebly from the last dregs of the infernal compound in the iron crucible.

Sick and faint, half choking, as he had choked in the Wizard's Room, Vane knocked the pot from its place and, staggering to the window, broke some panes of glass. Then he sprang back to the two motionless figures in the vain hope that the policeman might be deceived.

But the policeman would not let him touch them.

"No use, sir," he said, with a shake of the head. "They're both dead—dead as they can be. Awful kind of death, too! An accident, I suppose, in the other room."

"Yes, yes!" Vane got out hoarsely. "I—I know the man—the lady. It is an accident while experimenting with chemicals—you can see them there."

The Policeman nodded, and, going to the window blew his whistle.

"I must have some help, gentlemen. You'll stay here, please, till my mate comes, and we can send to Scotland Yard."

The friends of Lady Lesborough—and how numerous they are—are never tired of dilating upon the romance of her life. And yet none of them,

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

some of us need. It has been a great help to me. My husband's work calls him to the city to live while I prefer living in the country.

What Christ Said

I said, "I will walk in the fields."
God said, "Nay, walk in the town."
I said, "There are no flowers there."
He said, "No flowers but a crown!"

I said, "But the fogs are thick
And clouds are veiling the sun.
He answered, "But hearts are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "But the skies are black,
There is nothing but noise and din."
And He wept as He led me back,
"There is more," he said, "There is sin."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me they say."
He answered, "Choose ye tonight,
If I must miss you or they!"

I pleaded for time to be given,
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not be hard in Heaven
To follow the steps of your guide."

We are apt to think or please ourselves too much instead of God and others.

I had the opportunity of hearing a gentleman speak at a lodge of International Order of Good Templars of which I am a member. He told the following incidents. I think they are worth repeating and may help some person.

A little boy was sent to bed in the dark, for his mother told him he was large enough to go alone and she didn't want him to carry a light. His sister felt sorry for him and went ahead holding the candle so he could see. He wanted to carry it and she said:

"No, mamma said you shouldn't carry it."

Then he asked: "Do you think it will shine in my room?"

She answered, "Yes," and remained in the brother's room holding the candle until he fell asleep. Years later, when they were both grown, the boy went away and became a great drunkard. For a long time, the sister wrote to him and prayed for him but after a while she became discouraged and gave up. One day she received word saying her brother was very sick and when the sister went to see him he said:

"Do you remember how you held the light for me when I was small? If you hadn't given up praying and writing to me, I wouldn't be in the condition I am today. But promise me this, that you will help other boys before it is too late."

She promised and he passed away. We often become discouraged just as this girl did and we give up. This has certainly been a lesson to me. I will write another good incident he gave.

A school teacher went every Sunday afternoon to the city to teach some children of the slums. While she was sitting in their midst she couldn't think of anything to say so asked the children what she should talk about and one of them said:

"Tell us how to be happy." The teacher thought "how can I tell these little children how to be happy. They are scantily clad, have very little to eat and such poor homes. My pupils I teach at school have everything to make them happy." She prayed over the matter and then she said:

"I will tell you how I try to be happy. Promise me you will keep my rules every day for a week and then next Sunday you can tell me if they made you happy. The first thing I want you to do is to learn a verse of some poem or a verse in the Bible; second, look at something beautiful and think of something for somebody else; these rules I will give you every day."

Next Sunday one little girl ran up to the teacher and said:

"Teacher, I kept the rules but it was very hard at times. One day I was very tired and everything went wrong and I didn't see how I could be happy, but I looked out of the window and I saw a bird taking a bath and it made me feel happy. Then, too, I often looked at my pretty brother I couldn't help it for I took care of him."

This gentleman's theme was, "Do something for somebody and it will help you to be happy." Just as this child found it hard at times to be happy, we too will find it hard, sometimes. If we try to do anything say in our own strength we will fail but if we ask God to help us He will. Some sisters may say God doesn't give me what I ask for. I will give you a verse of a poem in explanation.

"If our prayers were always answered,
Many, many times we'd fail.
Thus we learn to know Him better,
For His way is best of all."

"So my friend when doubts assail you,
And you know not how to pray,
Simply trust Him, learn to praise Him,
Wonderful will be God's way."

This poem has three other verses. I have another lovely poem entitled, "Give your sunshine to the living," which I shall send some time for the benefit of Comfort readers.

I want to talk about one thing more and that is a smile. We never know how much a smile may mean to somebody else. Here is one instance. A young lady (this is a true instance), was working in a candy store and she never had much to say but no matter how tired and busy she was she was always smiling. One day a gentleman came in the store; he had been working hard, and he said: "How nice it seems to see a smiling face after working hard all day. It rests a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

TOUGHHEY

Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

"Toughy" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her three children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rusticating on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, was inherited by Mrs. Burleson from her father, Dr. Steiner, who as surgeon in the U. S. army served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States.

In mentioning herself and her husband (now Postmaster General, but then member of Congress) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering," which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for Mr. Burleson's great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house and the owner's summer cottage there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life.

According to the habit of the family, the two younger girls, with only a year's difference in their ages and being fast friends and playmates, are named under the generic designation of "the children." The eldest daughter, who, though only twelve years old, is several years their senior and bears herself toward them with a patronizing air of elderly dignity and wisdom that at times is somewhat galling to the little girls, is nicknamed "Toughy." This pet name had been conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl aunt in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

Len, the manager's son, is a bright boy and proves a faithful and efficient guide and assistant on excursions and outdoor sports.

CHAPTER III.

BREAKING THE PONIES.

THE sun was high in the heavens the day when old Isum was seen approaching Pecan Hollow in charge of a bunch of ponies. They had arrived the Christmas before in the little girls' stockings and, differing in color, shape and blood, it was easy for each child to single out her own from the rest.

"That's mine," cried Toughy pointing to a bright-eyed bay mustang.

At the same moment the children claimed a stocky gray, plainly showing its Shetland blood, and a leggy sorrel of Arabian ancestry.

The others were black and unbroken.



THE CHILDREN FIND IT PLEASANTER TO RIDE DOUBLE ON DAISY.

"Ours are the prettiest," said the children, looking slyly at Toughy, evidently feeling that to say so first would establish the suggestion as a fact. Toughy surveyed them and the ponies coolly and said:

"Oh, well, it's all right for you to think so!" The emphasis irritated, as Toughy intended that it should.

"You know they are, yourself," they insisted.

Toughy shrugged her shoulders and again viewed the ponies critically, her head on one side.

"That little milk-sop is very nice," she said, "and so is the sorrel if he didn't look quite so much like a long-legged spider."

This was too much!

"We wouldn't have your old pony!" they exclaimed, on the verge of tears.

Mamma, coming out on the gallery just then to see the ponies, the contest was suspended, but Toughy, whose vindication of her natural supremacy over the children was always followed by special acts of grace towards them, was soon busy, with the boy's help, saddling, bridling and trying their ponies as well as her own.

Daisy, the little gray, was found to be so easy and gentle, and could be mounted with so little difficulty from the ground, and the sorrel, though without vices, had so few virtues in comparison that the children by common consent turned him over to their mother and confined themselves to Daisy. A community of interest and habit also made it pleasanter for them to ride double, and although there was no lack of debate as to whose turn it was to ride in front or who should open the gates to be met on all sides during their rides, their differences were never too sharp for speedy and amicable settlement, and never had the edge that distinguished their troubles with Toughy.

It was surprising how readily they all learned not only to ride but to become really at home in the saddle. Even Mrs. Deering's nervous fears were in time allayed and she came to regard their rides as a matter of course and not something to be worried about.

As the weeks passed and Toughy learned better the temper of her mustang and felt herself his master, she began to rejoice in his roving eye and quick nerves. Every ride was a tonic, every gallop quickened hand and eye, braced and hardened her spirit.

"Let's break Bruce," she proposed one day to the boy. She wanted to conquer, to subdue. Bruce was the largest of the three unbroken ponies.

Papa said that those ponies would hardly need breaking, that they were just as gentle as house-cats," argued Toughy, seeing the doubtful look on Len's face.

"That Arabian blood is very gentle, papa says," she concluded, anxious that Len shouldn't think her suggestion wild or impractical.

"I'm ready," the boy hastened to say, stiffening a little with the thought that she might consider him afraid.

"You must rope him," decided Toughy. She had never seen anything roped.

"I reckon I'll have to if I get him," said Len quietly. Toughy blushed.

"I thought—," she stammered.

"That Bruce really is a house-cat?" Len interrupted with lifted brows.

"Papa said the ponies were all so gentle," she repeated doubtfully and then stopped.

Len made no reply to this and set about looking for a rope. His own lariat, usually tied to his saddle, had been borrowed that morning by a guard, and Pecan Hollow, after a rummaging search in which Toughy joined, seemed to afford no kind of substitute.

"Take the swing," exclaimed Toughy suddenly, her roving eye catching sight of the children's suspended from an elm bough.

Without a word Len climbed the tree, unknotted the rope and together they walked to the little pasture adjoining the enclosure in which the house was set and where they could now see Bruce quietly cropping the short mesquite grass.

Approaching slowly they were hardly within roping distance when the pony bounded away to the other end of the pasture and disappeared behind a small thicket. Cutting through this thicket, Len and Toughy tried to come quietly upon him, but they found him with lifted head evidently on the lookout, and they had no sooner come into the open before he was off again. Once more they tried to slip upon him and once more the pony put the length of the pasture between them.

"Let's run him down," suggested Toughy.

"What! run down a house-cat!" exclaimed Len with grim surprise.

Toughy gave an embarrassed laugh and then said rather pertly:

"I didn't expect him to trot right up to us, but I don't consider him exactly a man-eating tiger."

Len made no reply; he shut his lips tightly as if to keep back the words, and renewed his efforts to capture the pony. Up and down the pasture the little brute led him and Toughy until at the end of half an hour they paused breathless and crimson from exertion.

"It's no use," said Len, "I'll never get him this way; I'll saddle Daisy and drive him into the lot."

As the little gray dragged a foot of chain from one of her forefeet, Len caught her without difficulty and with Toughy's help in opening gates and heading off they soon had Bruce penned in the small calf lot. Here Len roped him without trouble, and to Toughy's satisfaction the pony submitted to his bondage with grace, permitting them to lead him to the house with only the smallest amount of coaxing. He was led around and

about and showed so much gentleness that even the children were allowed to help in this part of the breaking process.

"This is the first step," exclaimed Len. "We'll tie him to a tree now and see how he'll stand that."

Len secured the rope to a little elm whose branches extended over the roof of the porch, and Toughy and the children stroked the pony's soft nose.

"I never saw anything so gentle," Toughy could not forbear saying with a glance at Len.

Just then Bruce's ears flattened, his eyes showed white, and throwing his weight against the rope it snapped like a thread and he trotted briskly away.

Toughy gazed after him with open chagrin. Len smiled.

"I'll get a new halter at the store this afternoon that he can't break," he said.

True to his word, Len made the trip across the river and the same afternoon arrived with the halter at Pecan Hollow.

Bruce was driven into the calf lot, as before, and easily captured within its narrow limits. In addition to the halter Len put on him a light saddle to which the pony made no protest.

"I'll ride him if you'll lead him," said Toughy to Len. The boy hesitated.

"We must go slowly," he remarked.

"I'm not afraid," said the girl stoutly. She wanted to prove that she believed the pony to be gentle and that she was willing to do quite as much as she expected of Len.

Without waiting for him to object, Toughy mounted quickly. The pony quivered a little and then quietly followed Len's lead.

"Don't put your feet in the stirrups," warned the boy, "and be ready to jump if he's ugly."

Toughy tried hard not to smile but she did and Len saw it. His face clouded and he bit his lip.

"You don't know all that an unbroken horse can do," he said gravely.

This time Toughy laughed outright.

"I declare Len," she began gaily, "you talk as if Bruce was an ordinary pony. Why he's half Arab and they are just like—like—kittens," she finished.

Bruce lowered his head and bolted. Len swung to the halter—it tore like a ribbon. Then he threw himself back on the lariat which he had taken the precaution to fasten around the pony's neck. It began to slip swiftly through his hands in spite of his efforts to hold it.

"Jump," he shouted to Toughy.

For a moment the girl hesitated and then half jumped, half tumbled to the ground. Rising quickly she stared after Bruce as he tore madly across the creek bottom and into the thick grove of trees until she could no longer see him.

Then she walked slowly towards Len who was running to ask if she were hurt.

"Not the least bit," she said shakily, and then she saw something that made her burst into tears.

The boy's hands had been cut and lacerated by the rope as it burnt its way through them.

"Oh, Len, Len!" cried Toughy in an agony of remorse. "It's all my fault!"

"No, I'm to blame. I knew better and you didn't."

Mrs. Deering bound up the injured hands in cotton and Toughy helped with a quivering face.

When Len was leaving for Camp, Toughy said humbly:

"I know now, Len, that breaking a pony is not quite like picking up a kitten."

The boy smiled gratefully, but after that Bruce was always called "Toughy's House-cat."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

person." This wasn't said as a compliment but was meant as one.

I could think of plenty to write but I am afraid my letter is too long already, so will bring it to a close with best wishes to all the sisters.

MRS. LILLIE O'BEIRNE.

Mrs. O'Beirne. While you do not say so in so many words, I take it for granted that you do not yield to your desire to stay in the country, since your husband's work necessitates his living in the city. Do you not think your duty lies in being with him, to aid and cheer him? So many wives regard their husbands as mere meal tickets that I often blame the women for a large percentage of the divorces. Perhaps I may incur the enmity of some of my fair readers by thus speaking, but on the whole, do you not agree with me? If you do not, I shall be glad to hear your defense.

Your rules for happiness are very good and could be followed advantageously by all. I recommend the last particularly, try to do some kindness to someone. It may mean a slight sacrifice on your part at the time, but you will feel well repaid in the end. Then again, we are too prone to let the beauties of Nature pass by without notice. Fortunately the person who can find pleasure in a beautiful sunset, the vivid coloring of an autumn wood, a snow-clad landscape or in the thousand and one things we see, with unseeing eyes, every day. Beside them, the petty worries of the day seem small.

I, for one, shall cut out your poems for my scrap book. The words,

"Simply trust Him,—learn to praise Him!

Wonderful will be God's way."

are a sermon in themselves and will find a ready response in many hearts which at this holy Christmas-time, of all times, should be filled with God's love.—Ed.

SUMMERTOWN, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a Missourian into your circle? You may have to "show me" around some, but I don't suppose any of you will mind that in the least for I believe you are a good-hearted set.

I've been watching the Comfort Sisters' Corner for some time to see if there were any stepmothers who had courage to write. At last I've seen two, Mrs. J. W. Courard and Mrs. Rosa E. Baker. Brave women. I call them brave because I think any woman is brave that will step in a home to become a mother to one or more children.

I will not describe myself, but will give a short sketch of my life. Born and reared on a farm, I married at the age of twenty-three and lived in Kansas City one year. Then my husband was sent out on the road, as he was an iron worker. I have entered seventeen states of the Union and made three trips into old Mexico. My husband assisted in putting in the wharf at Manzanillo on the Pacific Coast that the American gunboats blew up. The saddest part of my story is that my husband, Scott Jones, was killed while in Mexico and was buried at Guadalajara. So if any sister should see this in print that lives at Guadalajara I would be delighted to hear from her. After my husband's death I returned to the U. S. and married a man with three girls, ages nine, eleven and fourteen. Sisters, I never realized what being a mother was until I had unshouldered my gun and was in the midst of battle. I won. But won with love and good advice given to them by good neighbors. Some people think that if a stepmother corrects a child she is mean to it. Sisters, didn't our mothers correct us? Most surely they did, and if they had not, what kind of a world would this have been? The first day I entered their home each greeted me with a kiss and from that day up to the present time, almost six years ago, I have taken the greatest interest in them.

I take an interest in selecting and making their clothing and in educating them. They go to school eight months out of twelve, never miss a day unless weather or health prevents. I also take an interest in what company they keep, and I go with them to church and Sunday school, for I am interested in the saving of their souls. Not every woman is fit to be a mother, not every woman that has a well-furnished home and plenty to keep a child will make a good mother. Unless we have that mother love and are willing to make a sacrifice for children we had better let them remain where they are even if they are in an orphan's home, and this being a mother we should consider well, before we take a child in our home to be a mother to. I would like to hear from every stepmother that reads this. Please give your experience in being a stepmother and I'll answer all if I don't receive over fifty.

May God bless you all is my prayer.

MRS. BESSIE MARTIN.

Mrs. Martin. Whether you are from Missouri or not we are glad to "show you" and, as you say, I think we are rather a good-hearted set. You must have had some interesting experiences in your travels with your husband and we sympathize with you in your past sorrow as much as we now rejoice with you in your present happiness. The three girls are indeed fortunate to have gained such a good mother and I am sure they appreciate all you do for them—if they do not now, they will later. What we would like though is the story of some stepmother who has had real difficulties to surmount in the manner of interfering relatives or unruly children for I know there must be some among our number who have been confronted by that problem. Won't you tell us the secret of your success?—Ed.

LAKE BAY, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

With your permission I am coming to greet you once more. Whether or not it will be the last, I cannot say; as healthwise I am to say the least, very "poorly," often unable to write at all.

I would like to say: I have always advocated that a girl if born sound mentally and physically, and allowed to develop her strength and muscles as nature intended, in the fresh air and sunshine, to romp, climb, run, play, and work more or less, according to her age, to share equally the outdoor life with her brother, she would be his equal in strength.

The letter in September COMFORT from Miss Bessie Gress is surely one proof of the correctness of my belief. Her labors on the farm do not seem to have demoralized her in any way. I should judge her to be intelligent, moral and refined.

Some say there are certain obstacles the female sex has to contend with that prohibit her from doing the same as the other sex. I do not believe, however, that the natural functions of life would thus interfere. About twenty years ago, in Inyo county, California, quite a large number of Piute Indians were one day on a trip to the next town and stopped to rest, and refresh themselves near our house. I chanced to go a short distance in the rear of one of the chicken coops to look for eggs and found there one of the squaws alone. "Papoose!" she said, holding up her new-born babe for my inspection.

A short time later they resumed their journey, the Indian woman with her babe in her arms. I invited her to come in and remain until the others returned, but she laughed at me saying:

"Me no white squaw, and walked off apparently as strong as the other women."

Her life, and that of her foremothers, as well as fathers, had been in the open air. There she had played as a child, and later toiled. She was actually as strong as a man, as I later learned. Living and sleeping in close rooms, with a diet of rich food, and candies at any time, corsets, tight, high-heeled shoes, and habitual late hours are not conducive to health and strength, to either physical or mental vigor.

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At the risk of making my letter too long, I am going to add a few lines in reply to "Grandma." I disbelieve not merely in corporal punishment, but in any punishment whatever.

When living in my old Vermont home, one day in early spring I missed my little girl of six years, and from a window saw her running back and forth, in high glee, through a large puddle in the street, caused by melting snow.

I called her in, removed her soaked footwear, bathed her feet in warm water, and dressed them in warm, dry shoes and stockings. Meanwhile I said to her:

"Dearie, if you waded in that cold snow water it will probably make you very sick. You might even die like papa and little brother, and mamma would be left alone with no one to love her. Do not do it again."

She did however later in the day. I again called her in, and gave her a repetition of the treatment, and talk. The latter somewhat emphasized.

There must have been something extremely fascinating about it, for I never knew her to be so persistent before. I called her in the third time, put the last pair of dry shoes on her feet, tied her ankles together, saying nothing.

"Why do you punish me this way mamma?" she queried.

"My dear child," I returned, "I am not doing this to punish you, but to save you from great suffering if nothing more. You did not heed what mamma said to you, and I knew I must do something. Now that you cannot walk for a while I want you to sit here quietly and think about all mamma said to you, and remember that she is many times older than you are, and understands better what is best and right for her little girl to do and not do."

About an hour later, with her arms around my neck she said: "I have been thinking mamma, I've been awful naughty. I'll try to think first, before I do things next time, and be your little comfort just as you want me to be."

Now, really, was not that better than if I had whipped her, or managed what I did in such a way as to cause her to think it was a punishment?

I am not quite seventy-eight years of age, but am often called grandma. I enjoy it, and greatly wish I was a "truly" grandma.

There is much I would like to say, but must not this time. If I live, and am able, I will come again "another day."

SADIE MAGOON GIEVE.

Mrs. Gieve. You have opened up a subject that admits of much discussion. Many people contend that a woman does not need as much actual strength as a man, though we all admire the athletic type of girl who can display muscles equal to those of her brothers, better perhaps, for the average man of today is inferior to his forefathers in strength. It would seem that a revival of the simple life would do much good, though we can hope for better things of the coming generations now that attention is directed toward eugenics and proper child culture. Don't you think you really punished your little girl? To children of a certain temperament, what you did would have a more lasting effect than any other form of punishment. No matter how large the family, each child must be considered as an individual and governed according to his or her nature.—Ed.

43 Marshall St., WATERTOWN, MASS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Dear old COMFORT; how I love you and those connected with it. We all look forward to your coming and welcome you gladly (even my husband).

This is a beautiful morning. It makes sunshine in our souls to see the sunshine around us, and we thank the Lord that we are alive this glorious day.

How I enjoy reading the sisters' letters. Some of you would make good preachers. Well, my gift is not preaching (I am sorry to say). I sometimes wonder what my gift is. It is being content with doing the little things, I think, because there has been no great opportunity offered me unless it is the rearing of five blessed children whom I would give my life for if necessary called.

It is a great responsibility. I do think mothers should get together and talk things over more and try

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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Ben Holland's Brownie

A Christmas Story for the Children

By Edna Collamore

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THE Holland family was so large that it filled a big farmhouse almost full. There was Grandma and Grandpa Holland, Father and Mother Holland, Uncle George and Uncle Joe and Aunt Ethel and Roger and Charles and the baby. Oh, yes, there was Ben, too, only Ben didn't seem a bit like the others.

They liked to be together, but he liked to be by himself. Indoors he was usually in a corner by himself, reading, or sulking. Outdoors he went tramping off alone into the woods with a gun or a fish pole. He liked to catch and to kill things.

The other Hollands were all good natured and full of fun, but Ben scowled as often as they laughed, and he was always having the sulks, or just getting over one grumpy fit, or just getting ready to have another.

Mother was as sweet and patient with him as she could be, and so was grandpa and the others "made allowances" for him as much as they could. They said, "Oh, that's just Ben's way," but really it is very trying to have a brother that says "Pooh!" and "How silly!" to everything you like to do.

At Christmas-time Ben was just awful. He made fun of little Roger's Christmas letter, and he told Charles that there wasn't any Santa Claus. Charles almost knew that himself, for he was five, but he said, "Oh, I love to play that there is, can't I?" Ben said, "Yes, if you want to be a silly little goose. Wasn't that mean?"

Marian and Ethel felt dreadfully because Ben wouldn't hang his stocking up with the others; they said it spoiled everything. Ben said he didn't care. Uncle Joe said very likely a boy might not get any Christmas presents if he wasn't willing to provide the only suitable and proper Christmas receptacle for them. Ben said he guessed he could stand that, he didn't know as he cared if he never saw another necktie, or handkerchief, or stick pin, or bottle of cologne. At that remark Grandma looked startled and so did Aunt Alice. It wasn't a nice thing for a boy to say the very night before Christmas was it?

Father Holland saw that it was time for him to tell a story, so he began a splendid one about the things that happen on Christmas night, how the fairies and brownies and elves come out and all good spirits have their will, how the cattle kneel in their stables, how iron cannot wound and serpents cannot sting because that one hour belongs to the Prince of Peace.

Everybody liked those stories. They kept begging for more, all but Ben. He listened, of course, but once in a while he said, "H'm, h'm," just as loud as he dared. By and by Albert got tired of that h'm, h'm. Even if it was the night before Christmas, he had made all the allowances for Ben that he possibly could make.

He said, "What are you saying h'm, h'm for? Don't you believe what father is saying?"

"Oh, they're just stories," muttered Ben uneasily. "Oh, dear," said little Charles, "Isn't anything true about the brownies or elves or anything?"

"Of course not," said Ben. "Tut, tut," said Grandma. "Perhaps you don't believe about the cows kneeling in their stalls on Christmas night," said Albert.

"No, I didn't," said Ben. "Oh, oh," said Ethel and Marian and Charles and Roger.

"Well, I do," said Albert. He was older than Ben, so Ethel and Marian and Charles and Roger felt better. "And I tell you, Ben Holland, you don't dare to go out to the stable tonight, at midnight, and see whether it is true or not."

"Of course I dare," said Ben. "Then do it," said Albert.

"I will," said Ben. "Oh, don't go, Ben," pleaded little Roger. "The brownies and the elves won't like it, and they'll hurt you?"

"Don't let him go mother," begged Ethel. "He may go, said Mother Holland, smiling, "if he will dress very warm."

"And not wake everybody in the house up," said father.

"And take the stable lantern so that he won't set anything on fire," said Grandma.

Just then the old clock said nine in its loudest tones. It was a loud-voiced clock anyway, but when it said eight o'clock on ordinary nights, or nine o'clock on Christmas eve, it positively shouted. Of course everybody went straight to bed, and because they really were good children they were soon fast asleep.

The old clock kept talking to himself, not very loud because there was nobody there to listen. "Tick-tock, tick-tock." By and by he called ten and then eleven. But midnight of Christmas eve is the most wonderful time in the whole year, and who should know that better than an old clock.

When the clock said twelve, he rang it out so clearly and joyously that it woke Ben Holland up with the very first stroke, so he knew exactly what time it was.

He hurried into his clothes and, taking his shoes in his hand, crept down the back stairs. In the kitchen he lit the lantern, and put on his shoes, then he slipped back the big bolt and stepped out of doors.

How dark and cold it was! How bright and far away were the stars! The stable loomed big and black, and when he opened the door it was as if the stable were full of a big black silence that rushed out to meet him.

Ben entered bravely enough, swung his lantern high and looked all about him. He heard the even breathing of the cows; there they were, all kneeling in their stalls. The horses stamped a little restlessly, as if they resented his presence. Something small and dark flew down near the lantern, and then flew back to the rafters.

"I'm not afraid," thought Ben stoutly. "I'm going to stay here a long time, maybe until one o'clock. Then tomorrow I'll tell Albert that most of those stories are lies anyway."

Ben hung the lantern on its nail and sat down on a pile of hay. Another small dark thing flew down to the lantern, then another, and another. "Pouf, the lantern was out," "Never mind," thought Ben. "I'll get used to this darkness in a minute."

But before his eyes could see what those small dim things were, his ears began to hear voices, tiny, buzzing voices like those of crickets.

"We can't play any tricks here; good people live here, and they believe in us. We must dance and bring them good luck."

"Yes, we'll dance."

"Oh, we like to play tricks, too."

"There's a boy on the hay."

"He must be a thief, here at midnight."

"Can he be one of the family?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!"

"Their hair is red and straight, and his is brown and curly."

"They have dimples and he has a scowl."

"Doesn't he look ugly?"

"I've seen him in the woods shooting rabbits and squirrels."

"I heard him say there were no elves and brownies."

"We'll show him. Come on. Come on."

"Tweak, tweak, tweak. The little people were tugging at his hair. Twist, pull, they were tying knots in it. Ben tried to drive them away, but they were like a hive of angry bees.

They buzzed in his ears, they pinched him and pulled him. They tickled him with straws, they pricked him with sharp sticks, and they kept crying: "He says there are no Brownies. We'll show him, we'll show him."

Just as one mischievous Brownie had crawled up under Ben's sleeve to find a new place to

pinch, a voice called: "One o'clock, and the moon is up. Away! Away!"

There was a flurry around Ben's ears, a scampering sound, and then complete stillness. No—there was a little noise, just a faint whimper. It was the Brownie inside Ben's sleeve, struggling as hard as he could to get out. Ben put his hand up his sleeve and pulled the Brownie out. He held him firmly in his hand. The moon shone in through the stable windows.

What a cunning, funny little thing that Brownie was! How he squirmed and wriggled and tried to bite Ben's fingers with his sharp little teeth! "Let me go, you let me go," cried the Brownie, but Ben held him fast.

Then the Brownie began to plead eagerly. "Please let me go," he wailed. "I'm just a young Brownie and I've never been alone before, and if they go I can never find them." Tiny tears stood in the Brownie's bright little eyes. Ben, cross-tempered Ben, felt sorry.

"I wish I could keep you," he said, "but it would be mean. Run away, little Brownie."

Off hurried the Brownie. Ben could hear him bumping against the window, scampering up the wall, running along the rafters. He sat still on the hay, a little lonesome feeling in his heart.

Now, what was that, tugging at his coat? Why, it was the Brownie come back again! "I can't find the others," cried the Brownie. "I don't want to stay here alone. I don't know what a Brownie has to do. I'm only a young Brownie. Oh! Oh!"

And Ben, ugly bad-tempered Ben, cuddled the Brownie close and whispered, "Don't cry. Stay and live with me. I'll take care of you. I'll always be good to you. Please, please stay with me."

"You won't want me," the Brownie wailed. "I bite and scratch. I tear up things and spoil things. I don't like to be good. They say I'm the most troublesome young Brownie they ever saw."

"I don't care," said Ben. "I want you. I'll never be cross to you. I'll take care of you. And next year, if you like, you can come to the barn on Christmas eve, and go away with the Brownies again."

"I'll stay," whispered the Brownie. He cuddled up close under Ben's coat where he could be warm. And Ben—but don't you tell anybody—Ben leaned over and rubbed his cheek softly against the Brownie.

Six o'clock, said the clock loudly. He said that to wake up Ben; everybody else in the house had been awake an hour. Ben woke up quickly. Dear me, he was in his own bed! Suppose it had only been a dream after all. Still, something was snugling up under his chin, and it felt like the Brownie. Why, what a funny, cute, brown and black puppy. Could it be—it must be. Everybody knows that a Brownie has to change his shape in the daytime. Oh, what a jolly Christmas!

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas," they called to him from the stairs. "Hurry down to breakfast." So Ben hurried.

"Oh, did you go to the stable?" called all the children at once? "Indeed he did," answered Uncle Joe. "I found him asleep on the hay, and brought him in to his own bed."

"The cattle were kneeling in their stalls, just as father said," acknowledged Ben promptly. "What is that in your arms?" asked Ethel. "My, what an ug— I mean what a funny little dog."

"Let us see," cried everybody at once. So Ben put the little fellow down on the floor. He looked at them with his bright eyes, and then began to try, as hard as he could, to chew and tear and pull to pieces the big braided rug. Everybody laughed at him. It was such a big, strong rug, and he was such a little puppy.

"What is his name?" asked Roger. "Brownie," said Ben promptly.

"Ho, I thought there weren't any Brownies," said Albert.

"There's this one," said Ben, picking him up, and hugging him tight. "This is my Brownie."

COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

and puddings. I have no brothers or sisters. I like to take care of flowers and gardens. My school teacher is going to have a hot bed at the school next summer. I am taking agriculture and the class is going to test seed corn next spring. My studies at school are reading, arithmetic, grammar, geography, physiology, agriculture, history, and spelling. I live six miles from Volga and two miles from Amery. I like a farm much better than a city. My birthday is in July. I can make button holes and our teacher takes an extra half hour Friday afternoons to teach us girls to sew. I am hoping to see this letter in print.

Your loving niece,
SYLVIA PRATT, (League number 36,374.)

P. S. My grandma took COMFORT when mamma was a little girl of ten.

Sylvia, yours is a dandy letter. Many girls twice your age could not do as well. You say I can iron. What an industrious girl! I can up and down people canning a vegetable, but it does not seem to me that iron would be improved by canning. The nearest I ever came to canning iron was when I tried to eat a piece of steak yesterday. Iron preserves would certainly be a novelty on any table, and I must congratulate you Sylvia, on having brought them to our notice. Oh, slush! The Goat says you mean you can iron clothes. I'm so relieved. Judging from your next sentence you have a varied assortment of accomplishments for you tell us that you can embroider and make cakes and puddings. Oh! say girls, wouldn't it be immense to see Sylvia embroidering a rice pudding? I wonder if when you eat the pudding you have to swallow the embroidery too. Just fancy having an embroidered bean tank. If I had one I should feel so proud that I'd simply have to wear it outside instead of in. How lovely it would be when you ate a bean to hear it crop on the embroidery. The Goat says if you had put a comma after embroidery we should never have had the pleasure and delight of tasting one of your embroidered puddings.

What a blessing Sylvia that you didn't. So teacher is going to have a hot bed at the school next summer is she? That's quite an idea turning the school into a boarding-house. It seems to me teacher has more courage than the average individual, and what she wants with a hot bed in the summer-time gets me. I hope the bed won't get too hot or it might set fire to the school. Well most beds are hot in the summer, so perhaps there is not anything so remarkable about teacher having a hot bed after all. Of course she'll have her horse along in case of a conflagration. The Goat says you don't mean a bed to sleep in, but a bed for forcing the growth of various plants. Thank heaven! Whatever should I do without that Goat? We should all like to see you taking agriculture, Sylvia, all we hope is that wherever you take it you won't forget to bring it back. Agriculture is too valuable a thing to be made the football of anyone's fancy. Perhaps you mean you are studying agriculture. Let us fervently hope so. It's the finest study in the world. Any one Sylvia, can make buttonholes. I've got about four hundred buttonholes in the coat I've got on at present, but the trouble is I've only one button to fill the holes and that isn't sufficient to go around. You see, like the rest of humanity, I'm a few buttons shy. I remember once on the first of April being sent to buy a quart of buttonholes and everybody gave me the laugh. I wonder why? I wish all teachers would teach all you girls to sew. An expert needlewoman

can generally make a living and an expert agriculturist ought to be able to make a fortune, especially if she can can iron and sew buttonholes on hot beds.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I want to write you some facts: We live in a little lumber camp, three miles from a railroad station and the lumber company owns the town, all the houses and one grocery store. A week ago this company employed an old man about sixty-five years old to mow a field below my house. My children had some other children ranging in age from three to ten years playing in an apple tree adjoining the field. This old man called for the children to stop their noise and go to the house. I told them to pay no attention to him, but not to talk back or bother him in any way. Finally he jumped off the mowing machine and came running, waving a new buggy whip at the children. They jumped and ran for me but one three-year-old baby fell at his feet. He began beating the baby. He cut his left cheek open from his ear to his chin. I called: "Stop man, stop!" but he continued to beat it. I saw he would not stop so I ran for help. He picked that baby up and threw him over a fence that goes by the barnyard.

When I and some women got back the blood was running out of both hands and arms and down the baby's cheek. Now these people had this man arrested. He is a well-to-do man and a big church member. The head owner of this lumber company is his friend. The next day after the arrest, our boss's wife came to my house. She said to me: "You are the only eye witness and I want you to stop this law suit. Go to those people and tell them to stop the suit."

I replied: "I will do nothing of the kind." She begged, she threatened, but I stood firm, and what will you say when I tell you that the next day I got a written order to move. Now stop and consider what that meant to me. My husband idle most all winter, as the mill had been closed, three babies ranging from two to eight, just ten dollars in the house and supplies at a loss. But I defied her just the same.

Well, the people here were mad and this rich woman left town for a visit. But very quietly this company's boss is working against us. My husband of course can get no more work here, and all because I won't lie. Is that not it? What else? Who says California is free? Who says a working man is not compelled to do as his boss says? When will this change? My husband got just two dollars a day when he did work, twelve dollars a week to keep five people on. That is why we have no home, with land too at from three hundred to five hundred dollars an acre.

A MOTIFER.

I have the name and address of the party who wrote this letter, but for reasons only too obvious, I dare not print them. A thousand and one columns could be written around the statements contained in this letter. They play one of the ugliest pieces of our social life which at the best God knows is ugly and sordid enough. The most vicious and dangerous symptoms of our national life is the lawlessness of our industrial autocrats and the way wealthy people and powerful corporations tyrannize over those in humbler circumstances. This condition of things is not peculiar to California. Dollar despotism rules with an iron rod in nearly every corner of the land, no matter whether it's a lumber company, a railroad corporation, a mercantile concern or a private individual. As long as these have wealth and the power wealth gives they can do pretty nearly as they like, and they only too often are not backward in letting the plain people know that they control the political and judicial machinery of the country, and that any attempt to fight them in the courts would only end in ruin and disaster. Crooked politicians and crooked business go hand in hand. They have the absolute mastery over the people. If the average man tries to buck this combination, and exasperated by wrong puts up a fight against conditions which make his red American blood seethe with anger, he is a marked man. There is just one thing for that man to do, seek fresh fields and pastures new and keep his tongue quiet. Scores of letters reach me from people who have been wronged and crushed by some petty political or industrial power in their various communities, and this, mind you, in democratic America where there are tons of law but very little justice. The tyranny of the dollar is everywhere. Most of our states have been in existence long enough to have bred a high type of manhood, a manhood imbued with a high sense of justice and saturated with the noblest kind of civic ideals. But, alas, this type of man is woefully rare in most of our communities. If such men appear the interests grab them, hypnotize them with the rustle of greenbacks and make them their tools and their creatures, and thus are the masses left without a single friend or a single champion. A thousand pities that it is so, for when men are stung to madness by injustice they take advantage of every possible opportunity to avenge themselves upon those who have wronged them and become enemies of society as a whole. It is the tyranny of the dollar that is creating anarchists by the thousands. Our government has a committee that is inquiring into industrial conditions the country over and the facts it has brought to light are simply appalling. Let me give you a little idea of how the dollar gets in its fine work in this home of the free and land of the brave. In a manufacturing city here in the East the wives of the big factory and mill owners were quite horrified to find the people were dying off from tuberculosis like flies. The good ladies got together to discuss ways and means for combating these awful conditions. Their first step was to send to a nearby city for a trained nurse who had had considerable experience with tuberculosis cases and also as a settlement worker. The nurse went to work and when she sent in her report the good ladies had fourteen fits, for the investigator reported the people who were dying from tuberculosis were all mill workers, employees of the ladies' husbands, and this frightful loss of life was due to improper nourishment, lack of ability, owing to low wages, to buy proper food, and the frightfully unsanitary conditions of the ramshackle tenements in which the workers lived. All owned, too, by the way, by the good ladies' husbands. Did the good ladies try to improve matters? Not at all. They considered the report and the recommendations contained therein as a piece of impertinence and without further parleying suppressed the report and dismissed the nurse. The trained nurse, however, was a real reformer and a determined fighter and made up her mind that all the city should know what was in the report. Naturally the nice, kind newspapers, wouldn't dare to print it for, as I have told you before, we have a press, but it is largely subsidized by wealthy interests. Anyway the lady with the conscience and the paralyzing facts, got on the street corners and started to tell the city what she had discovered. But she didn't tell them much. The nice, kind police took care of that, for they grabbed her for the infraction of some bylaw such as obstructing traffic, and maybe also for trying to obstruct tuberculosis, and before she knew it she was finishing the balance of her speech in a prison cell. This is the way the game always goes and such instances are constantly occurring. For the irascible old man who whipped this poor little baby, we can only have pity. The most charitable thing to say about him would be that anger had temporarily deranged his mind. For the lumber company that owns the town, and therefore all the machinery of government it contains, we can have nothing but wholesome respect. We live under a game of grab and as long as we are contented to have the wonderful resources, which the good God has been thousands of years perfecting for our use, yanked from the mountain-side and ground into profit for a few greedy individuals who are monarchs of all they survey, we must expect lawlessness and indifference to the rights of others. In California the women are now voting, and they now have a chance to better the

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evil conditions that obtain in so many sections of our big land, and the first thing that the women and all law-abiding citizens and intelligent voters should do is to strengthen the hands of the law and put a ring in the nose of the dollar hog and the despotism that follows in his trail.

NEW BADEN, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

The boys and girls at this place are entering into an oratorical contest and my subject is: "Should Educational Qualification be Required for Voting?"

I have written to several places for articles on it but I have not received any yet. If you have any articles on the subject I shall be very, very glad to get them. And if you have any please send them right away, as soon as the last of next week if possible and you will greatly oblige me by doing so.

FAYE BURCH.

My dear Faye, I cannot write special articles for oratorical contests. I'm glad to know that you young people are thrashing out momentous questions of public policy, but for these discussions to be of any value you ought to prepare for them months before the discussions come off. It's no good going off half cocked. All these things need serious thought, and you want to get all your material together and your facts in order before you start your debating. I do not supply material for debates except what I hand out through the columns of COMFORT. Education is not only required for voting, but it is required for everything. The simplest thing we do in this life can be done better by an educated than by an uneducated man. The brain is the center of the intelligence and the more the brain is cultivated, the larger the crop of intelligent actions and thought it will produce. The animal is guided by instinct the man by reason. Savage man built his fire in the forest and after he had gone away the apes and monkeys gathered round the fire and took comfort in its warmth, but not one monkey ever had sense enough to throw a piece of wood on the dying fire so as to keep it alive. It's a mighty good thing for us that Mr. Monkey didn't have the sense to keep the fires going or we would have had all our forests burned down. It does at first seem preposterous to allow uneducated people, people whose thinking apparatus is but a peg above that of the monkey, to have a vote in deciding the destinies of a great nation, but as there is always a chance for a man who goes to church to become a Christian, so there is always a chance for a man who goes to the ballot box to learn something about what he is voting for, and not more than one man in twenty-five does know what he is voting for. The child who is never allowed to go in the water will never swim, and a man who never goes near the ballot box because he is ignorant, will never have the incentive to be anything else but ignorant. This is supposed to be a free country, and as soon as we start deciding which man shall vote and which shan't, it ceases to be a free country. A man will never know how to shave unless you give him a razor. The fact that he cuts his throat a few times in experimenting with a razor is no reason why we should take the razor from him. He will have to carve himself up a few times before he learns how to handle that razor. It's just the same way with the man who goes to the polling booth. He does not know how to use his ballot any more than a blind donkey, or an unborn mule, and so he votes for Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller otherwise the republican party, much to the delight of the gentlemen who own that party, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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A Christmas Makeshift

By Joseph F. Novak

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CHAPTER I.

THE rampant wind chased hilariously down the streets of the shopping district, and with a shout, a roar and a volcanic eruption of sharp, sandy snow, turned a few somersaults, and tried to induce a cringing little woman, who was attempting to cross the street and at the same time shelter herself under a huge cotton umbrella, to join him in his sport.

The little woman clung valiantly to her umbrella, and crossing the street in safety, stopped before a shop window and feasted her eyes upon the bargains displayed in its electric-lighted depths.

For some time she gazed, and mentally calculated how far her meager store of Christmas money, hoarded since early in September, would go.

It was cheap stuff that the window displayed, and yet what joy it would bring to the hearts of her children, for childhood never reckons the cost. Having feasted her eyes, she snapped shut the big umbrella, hurried into the imposing entrance, and down the aisles arched with Christmas greenery, to the elevator which brought her to the toy department.

Reaching the counter she was in search of, she examined the dolls displayed there, and selecting two, she sought her purse.

Into her pocket she thrust her hand, and it came out empty. Startled, she gazed about terrorized, then wailed:

"I've been robbed! I've been robbed! Or else I lost my pocketbook!"

A little group formed about the distressed woman, then a floor-walker made his way through the little knot. He listened to the woman's tale, then politely told her to go to the "Lost and Found" Department, and enquire whether the purse had been found. If not, she would be given a card to take her home.

With a look of wildest despair, she followed his instructions, received the card, then left the store and plunged into the maddened, snow-swept night, her heart leaden.

She boarded a street car, and rode, on and on, until the vehicle reached a sparsely populated neighborhood where her humble home was. Already great drifts of snow were piled upon the sidewalks, not a step broke the virgin whiteness.

But the sad-eyed little woman minded not the drifts. Her thoughts were upon the children, the disappointed children, to whom she had promised a Christmas of cheer.

Reaching the house, she sank on the stoop, fearing to go in and blast their happiness, for even then she heard indistinct murmurs, and knew they were joyously talking of the event of childhood, Christmas.

CHAPTER II.

A tall man, whose broadness was emphasized by his excessively large and fashionably tailored motor cloak, stepped from a brilliantly lighted restaurant. His face glowed with good nature, and as the blustering wind whirled about him, he threw up his head as if giving his lips to the snow sprites that circled about him.

For a moment or two, he stood at the entrance, then crossed the sidewalk to the curb where stood a snow-frosted limousine.

As he opened the door, he glanced to glance down, and there in the gutter lay a worn, shabby little purse. He leaned down and picked it up. It was a dull leather affair, and its sorry look spoke eloquently of its owner.

"Ye Gods! The first money I've ever gotten without hard work," he smiled, as he tossed it into his pocket. "Perhaps though, it is filled with samples of dress goods."

He glanced about, half expecting to see the distracted owner of the purse appear. But as she did not, he stepped into his limousine and slammed the door.

The chauffeur started off, and Bertram Alvord, illumined the small electric, drew the purse from his pocket and examined his find.

There were no dress goods samples; the purse contained money, sure enough.

Slipping off his gauntlets, he counted the coins, finding that they amounted to \$4.46 exactly.

A queer little smile collected at the corners of his mouth as he contemplated the little fortune.

"Someone's Christmas money, I vow. They've lost it and now it means a dark Christmas for them, perhaps."

"I wonder, and he continued his little soliloquy, "under to whom it belongs? Let me see if I can find out," and snapping open another compartment of the purse, he drew forth a rather soiled card with the name "Mrs. Abigail Jones, No. 10801 Michiwa Street," written upon it in a poor hand, a hand that seemed to tell of its owner's hard acquaintance with the scrub-brush.

"Poor woman," he thought, "I hope she wasn't obliged to walk all the way home. I believe I shall return the purse, and tonight."

With the decision, he gave the address to his chauffeur, bidding him drive there, and turning out the little electric light, he lounged comfortably against the easy seats, watching through dreamy, half-closed eyes, the snow which glistened dazlingly, as it played about the flaring arc lights.

It was sometime before the machine reached the neighborhood of Michiwa street, for the wind was furious and the drifts deep, but it finally got there, whereupon, bidding the chauffeur to stop at the corner, for the street on which Mrs. Abigail Jones lived was unpaved and looked particularly antagonistic to motor car tires, Alvord got down and went in search of No. 10801, following a track now almost obliterated which someone had made a little time before.

As he passed his destination, a small woman who was huddled upon the stoop, rose and disappeared into the hall.

"That must be she," he reasoned, and so, when he saw that she had gone, he retraced his steps and soon stood in the dark, damp hall, wherein the wind moaned ghostly and rattled the loose boards.

The partitions were thin, so there in the hall, Alvord stood listening like an eavesdropper, to what went on in the room.

He tried to smile as he heard the sad mother detailing the loss to the disappointed children, and their walls of sorrow tempted him to throw himself into the situation at once.

However, controlling his desire, he stepped from the hall, and prowling about the house, much like a burglar, he sought some means of looking within the room.

He came to the low windows, and then, fortunately, he found the shades did not quite reach the sill, and thus he was given an insight into the room.

Some queer emotion clutched his heart as he gazed upon the room, so clean and neat, but so plain and poor. Then he contemplated the faces of the tear-stained brood of five.

He was about to go into the house, when up rose the eldest of the children, a girl of perhaps fourteen. She was less tear-stained than the rest, and she probably realized her dignity as the oldest child of the family, for now she came forward with a suggestion, and listening with ear pressed against the bit of pasteboard stuck in the corner of the window-pane which was broken, Alvord heard her say:

"Well, mummy, so long as the money's lost, I guess it's gone for good, and that's all there is to it. Now, we'll have our tree, because we've got that already and we can put on colored paper chains, and things like that. And s'long's we

won't have no presents, we'll do this: We'll get a lot of boxes and wrap them up nice, and mark them with our names, and what should have been in them. Then we'll put all the wrapped boxes under the tree, and pretend that just what we want is in 'em, and that we got what we wanted. Won't that be swell? We'll have a make-believe Christmas, and that'll be better'n nothing."

Her face glowed with her idea, and the interested look that came into the faces of the others showed that the suggestion was pleasing. The mother was, of course, obliged to smile comfortingly upon the arrangement, and so, after a time, the little brood grew quite hilarious over the prospect, shouting out in glee what they wanted, "for," as Alvord heard the next oldest say, "s'long's we're just making believe, we can make believe we're getting the swellest lot of things!"

Now he smiled as he saw the hopeful spirit which came upon them.

"Plague the snow! How it stings and makes one's eyes smart!" he exclaimed to himself, as he drew his handkerchief from his pocket. "A pretended Christmas! A Christmas makeshift! Poor kids! Poor kids!"

CHAPTER III.

Christmas Eve!

Alvord stood in his bachelor apartments in the Antler Arms, surrounded by an array of "Christmas trucks" that was truly bewildering. For, fearing that he might not get enough, he duplicated and in many instances triplicated his orders, and the result was astonishing.

However, he only smiled as he gazed upon it all, fancying the joy that would be the children's, for he had never before interested himself in Christmas charity; all he did was to send a check to the Salvation Army or some other organization, leaving them to use the funds as they thought best. This "stunt" of his, therefore, was novel.

As he checked over the stuff to see if he had the dolls, trumperies, engines, chains, drums and the rest of the things he heard the Jones children speak of, the telephone tinkled.

He took down the receiver, and the voice at the other end of the wire shot a thrill of joy through his being, for it was the voice of Leslie Carrington, Leslie, blue-eyed, slender and dashing, whose face was inspiration, and whose presence was heaven itself.

He listened to the words she spoke, and drank in her voice like a man thirsting. Would he come over that evening? No, she had it open as she didn't like any of the affairs scheduled for the night, and so didn't accept any invitation and now she was alone and a bit lonesome.

What young man would refuse an invitation to call upon Leslie? Not one, and certainly not Bertram Alvord, and it was not long before he had put on fresh linen, changed his suit, and ordering the chauffeur to carry all the bundles to the limousine, which was presently done, he went down-stairs, entered the car, and was on his way.

Leslie was all ready to meet him. She wore a loose house gown, all fluffs and softness, and sweeping, graceful lines. The magic of her presence and the feel of her soft hand in his made him wonder if, indeed, he were not in a dream. For it was seldom that he was alone with Leslie; she was always surrounded, and then too, while she was always kind, it was that kindness which always makes a fellow feel he hasn't a chance.

Pleasantly the evening passed, all too quickly, and it seemed but a few moments when the clock chimed eleven.

"I'm afraid I shall have to go, though I should dearly love to stay a while longer, for tomorrow is Christmas, and you've been unusually kind. I cannot thank you enough for this splendid gift—I mean this evening spent with you. I've been bold enough to order flowers sent to you tomorrow. I wouldn't mention the fact, and only do because I want you to give them more than a passing glance, won't you, please?" he pleaded.

"Indeed, I shall, Bertram. But won't you stay a bit longer? It isn't very late, and being a child no longer, I don't get up at four o'clock Christmas morning."

"I should dearly love to, were it not that I have another engagement to fulfill this night." She looked inquiringly at him. "So late?"

"Yes." "I'm rather curious to know what this other engagement is. Can't I know?"

He smiled quizzically, though perhaps a bit shamefacedly.

"Why surely you can know; it isn't dreadful, only perhaps a little silly. I intend to make a pretended Christmas real."

"You are going to make a pretended Christmas real? What do you mean?"

"Just this: The evening before last, I was downtown and found a purse in the gutter. I wondered who had lost their Christmas money—the purse contained exactly \$4.46 all in coin—when I looked into another compartment of the purse, I found the address of the woman who lost it. She lived in a poor, rickety little building on the outskirts of the town, and as I prowled around, wishing to be sure I was right, I heard the pitiful little tale of the lost purse, the precious purse containing the poor little horde which stunting had gotten together for Christmas. And now the purse was gone! Lost! Why, child," and Alvord grew so interested in his topic that he forgot he was talking to Leslie Carrington, society belle and heiress, and called her "child" with a most endearing expression, "it was worse than a cyclone! And then as the tragedy which had crushed them, eased its strangling hold, the eldest of the group came forward with the most original suggestion for Christmas. Since they couldn't have presents, she suggested that they get all sorts and sizes of boxes, wrap them up neatly, label them as belonging to the different ones, and pretend that the empty boxes contained the things they desired. And they seized upon the idea until they grew cheerful again. Wasn't that comical?" and Alvord did wink hard.

"Why, it was too pretty!" Leslie exclaimed, and the eyes which ever changed in expression now grew soft and lustrous as she gazed upon the man's enthusiastic face. "But what about the pretended Christmas being made real? You intend?"

"Yes, Leslie," for she had stopped in a manner that bade him finish her thought. "I intend to go there tonight, climb in at one of the windows, if possible, and fill those boxes with the presents the children wanted. I've purchased a great lot of Christmas truck which I have out in my limousine. That's why, Leslie, I must leave now, for it will take half the night before I get through."

"Why, how delightful! I wish I could go!"

"Do you? Would you—dare to come with me?"

"If you'll take me and I won't be in the way!"

"Well, I should say that you would not be. But are you really in earnest?"

"Indeed, yes. Just a moment, I'll have to dress. It won't take long."

She fled up-stairs, and it was not long ere she was down again, warmly clad in furs, and then as they left the house and went down the frosted stairway before the mansion, she leaned upon him so dependently that his heart sang, even though he knew that it was for that night only that he interested her.

They reached the limousine and he pushed the bundles to one side. As the girl stepped into the car, a package tumbled to the floor. He caught it up.

"Heaven! It's a 'choo choo! Don't step on that!" and he got in beside her, and off they went.

"Who is it for?" she asked, as they rolled along.

"I intend it for the black-eyed little rascal that

I saw there, 'choo cooling' with blocks of kindling," he laughed.

After some miles of driving, the limousine slowed down, and the chauffeur announced the arrival at their destination.

Descending, they started for the house, Alvord carrying the packages.

"Give me some too, Bertram," the girl said. "We are spirits of Christmas, and I must have bundles too," and she took several from his arms.

"How shall we get into the house?" she asked, as they neared it.

"Why," he returned, "there's a window conveniently close to the ground and no lock on it. I'll crawl in through that."

"Suppose they shoot you?" she queried with a little shudder.

"I guess they won't. People ought to be cautious about shooting, even when someone crawls unbidden into their homes tonight. For it is Christmas eve and the time of good will among men. I'll take a chance."

With which words, he directed his steps to the window in question, in which a rather sorry little holly wreath hung, and after a little forcing, the window yielded to his exertions.

It raised, Alvord let himself in; the big packages came next. Then taking a chair, he put it outside the window. The girl mounted it, and then taking her into his arms, he lifted her into the room, a little breathless, but delighted.

"Oh, Bert, isn't this too exhilarating for anything?" she exclaimed.

"Isn't it?" he answered, his voice low and wildly joyous, "but hush, we can't make much noise, or we'll be discovered. Now then!"

With that, he lifted a package to the table, and stripping the strings from it, its offering was brought to light. Leslie spied the little tree in the corner and going to it, she brought the carefully tied, empty boxes to the table.

"There's plenty of boxes, that's one good thing," she laughed softly, "and you surely have plenty to fill them all. Give me a doll for this box. It is surely a mercy that they got such large boxes, for the dolls would never have fit, otherwise."

"In the Land of Pretension, you can dream as extravagantly as you like," he answered, as he untied the doll, chained by her neck to her prison.

And so, busily they worked, piling the papers into the box in which a large toy had come, crackling now louder than they thought, and laughing now and then without caution.

So engrossed did they become, that they did not see a door behind them swing open, and a woman in a faded wrapper, gazing with frightened eyes upon them. Nor did they see the look of understanding that came to those eyes as they beheld the work of the nocturnal couple, and the tears which welled up to those same tired eyes, as the door was softly pulled to again.

"Now then," said Alvord, "the last thing is to return the pocketbook with the Christmas money," and from his own pocket he took the worn purse, and his own. From the latter, he took several bills which he crushed into the faded little pocketbook, and then placed it atop the package of oatmeal laid out for the morning's breakfast.

"Won't the dears be happy when they find a real Christmas substituted for their pretended one?" laughed Leslie tenderly, as Alvord picked up her furs which she had cast aside, and held them for her to put on.

As she slipped her arms into the fur coat, somehow it was so convenient and so tempting an opportunity to slip his arms about her, and then as he felt the nearness and enchantment of her being, as once before he had felt it that evening, discretion was discarded, and he kissed her.

Then, amazed at his temerity, he looked fearfully upon her.

But Leslie was smiling. "Why are you so frightened?" she queried, taking his hand in hers.

"Why am I so frightened?" he asked, his voice somewhat choked. "Why? Because I was afraid I might have displeased you, doing what I've done. But I haven't! I love you! I love you! I love you! I've loved you dear, and wanted you, oh, so much. Even as these children did, I when alone in my bachelor apartments pretended that you were near me, near where my eyes could ever see you, where I could call you to my side whenever I wanted you. But Leslie, I was only one among many, and had no special talent to offer. Ah, dear, have I really a chance?"

"You dear boy," she murmured, "you have the biggest chance because you never forced yourself upon my attention. You always took what little encouragement I gave you, in a way that won me. And now tonight, performing this little act which other men might have scorned doing, has completely won me. My dreamer! Do you wish me to make your dreams real, even as you've made these children's Christmas real?"

"Do I?" he breathed. "Do I? Well, I rather think I do! Oh, Leslie! My dream girl, no longer a pretense!"

His arms closed about her, and they stood lost in their happiness, heart to heart, his lips on hers. At length, he gently released her from his ardent clasp, then softly stole away, as spirits should—through the window!

The woman, who had watched the kind deeds of these living Christmas spirits, from behind the door, turned away as she saw them pledge their love.

Now that they were gone, she dropped to her knees.

"O God," she cried, "Thou knowest what is in my heart! Thou knowest what I would say! Fulfill, I pray, all those hopes that tonight have been born in the hearts of these, who in their fortune, have not forgotten the poor!"

She rose to her feet, her eyes shining. Going to the stove, she lit the fire, and then illumined the little Christmas tree.

These things finished, she hurried to one bedroom and then to the other.

"Children! Children! Children! It's Christmas morning!"

These things finished, she hurried to one bedroom and then to the other.

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for the Coming Season

By Geneva Gladding



CHILL autumn days will bring out all the new things in coat suits, coats and other top garments.

She, who is a woman of fashionable taste, may choose between the quaint basque styles, the redingote coat suit, and the neat, trim ever popular one-piece gowns, with or without tunic or flounce effects.

The new styles lend themselves readily for remodelling, especially in the tunic, yoke and vest formations, in which materials may be combined.

There is no style so popular as the tailored shirt-waist. It is shown with paneled fronts, with yoke effects, and tucked groups, also with comfortable raglan sleeve and deep arm-

scyes, with the lovely long shoulder.

For separate skirts, the flounce effects seem to rival the tunics, and many models show plaited inserts, to simulate greater width for the skirts. Capes and cape wraps are extremely stylish, not only for women, but also for misses and children.

A most splendid variety is met with in children's dresses; there are dresses with double skirts, some in tunic style, vest and yoke effects, long and raglan shoulders, with set-in sleeves.

In boys' suits there are the new jackets with vest and Dickens' collar, the belted coat with yoke back, and the new, straight trousers.

The simple styles are always preferred by practical mothers, and the present fashion of front closing on girls' dresses is a great convenience.

Our special article, in this issue, describing The Cotton Style Show will be found of interest inasmuch as it is a step in the right direction and tends to decrease rather than increase the cost of dressing, and at the same time tends to help the home industries which are overstocked with cotton, owing to the war. Many of the patterns shown here can be developed in cotton as well as in the materials given.

Pattern Descriptions

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9775—Boys' Overcoat with yoke back, Chin-chilla, chevrot, wool mixtures, serge or corduroy are suitable materials for this style of garment. The back is plaited below a square yoke.

Cut in five sizes; three, five, six, eight and 10 years. It requires two and one half yards of 54-inch material for a five-year size.

1058—Costume for Misses and Small Women with long or short sleeve. This dress is made with regulation waistline, and has a long tunic, the front of which is cut in one with a vest portion to which the waist fronts are joined. The pattern is good for velvet, corduroy, silk, charmeuse, crepe, broadcloth, voile or cashmere.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires five and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 17-year size.

8628—Doll's Middy Suit, with Military Cape and cap. The design submitted shows the popular "middy" blouse, a jaunty cap, and a stylish military cape. All of these models are simple and easy to make so that even "little mothers" could attempt to develop them. Wash or woolen goods may be used for the suit, while broadcloth, silk or velvet are suitable for the cape.

Cut in three sizes, for dolls 18, 20 and 22 inches in height. It requires three eighths yard for the cap, one and three quarters yards for the suit and seven eighths yard for the cape of 27-inch material.

1060—Child's Dress, with long or short sleeves and in Empire style or loose. Dimity, lawn, crossbar muslin, nainsook, batiste, mull or silk may be used. The sleeve is in raglan style, affording comfort and ease to the arm and shoulder.

Cut in four sizes; six months, one, two and four years. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

1084—Costume for Ladies and Misses. This stylish model shows a combination of Roman striped silk and blue serge. It is unique and attractive, and will lend itself appropriately to combinations in other materials. The dress may be finished without the tunic, or made with tunic gathered at the waist, or joined to the yoke. The neck finish too offers variety, either in the broad collar or the flare.

Cut in four sizes; for misses, 14, 16, 17, and 18 years, and six sizes for ladies; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size, and six and one half yards for a 36-inch size.

8433—A Comfortable, Desirable and Convenient Creeper or Romper Dress. The model here shown covers every requirement of a creeping apron or pinafore, and serves as rompers also. It may also be used as a sleeping garment and will as such be very practical. Gingham, galatea, chambray, cambric or domet flannel may be used for its development.

Cut in three sizes; six months, one and two years.

1072—A Comfortable and Pretty Dress for Mother's Girl. This dress may be fashioned with long or short sleeves. The yoke portions are cut in one with the sleeve, and meet the fronts at the vest joining. The pattern provides a lining. This style is good for gingham, galatea, chambray, serge, voile, panama, cashmere or silk.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years, and requires four and one eighth yards of 40-inch material for a 12-year size.

1077—Ladies' Waist, with Vest and Body Lining. This attractive design embodies some new style features. The long sleeve with shaped cuff, and the girle are most becoming. The design is good for silk, velvet, voile, crepe, madras, linen or lace.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and five eighths yards of 40-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1011—Ladies' Kimono. The waist is cut in Empire style, with skirt attached having a wide panel over the back. The pattern is good for flannelette, lawn, crepe, percale, dimity, batiste, cashmere or silk.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1095—Ladies' Dressing Sack or Kimono. The model is cut with body and sleeve in one. It is comfortable and pleasing. The style is good for batiste, cashmere, voile, crepe, lawn, organdie or silk.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1116—Girls' Dress with or without girle. Checked suiting or plaid woollens are good for this style. If made of wash materials, there are strong serviceable galatea in plain and striped materials, Devonshire cloth in neat checks, percales in lovely pattern, and seersuckers that require no ironing. The dress shows real "grown-up" style features in its flare collar and smart girle. The skirt has a lap tuck at the center back.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four yards of 40-inch material for a 14-year size.

9603—Ladies' Night Gown with long or shorter sleeve, and with or without added yoke. This design is cut on simple, comfortable lines, and may be made in sack length or regulation gown

length. The model is suitable for muslin, cambric, lawn, nainsook, crepe, batiste, flannel, flannelette or silk.



Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for the gown in full length, and four yards for sack length for a 36-inch size.

1056—Ladies' Apron. This simple but practical model, is good for gingham, percale, lawn, mohair, drill, or alpaca. The design has a panel front, with side and back portions cut in one.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1100—Ladies' Slip, Combination Corset Cover in Basque Style, and Skirt with Ruffle. This garment is good for silk, cambric, muslin, nainsook, batiste, crossbar muslin, or crepe. The ruffle may be of material, of lace edging, or embroidery.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires four and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1110—Girls' Over-blouse Dress with Guimpe, sleeve in either of two lengths. Plaid woolen in soft brown tones combined with tan cashmere is here portrayed. The design would develop well in other combinations.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires two and three eighths yards of 40-inch material with one and seven eighths yard for the guimpe for an eight-year size.

9768—Dolls' Set, comprising a Balkan Dress, a Coat and a "Billie Burke" Bonnet. The styles here shown are easily developed, and suitable for any of the dainty materials used for doll's clothing. Cloth, silk, or velvet may serve for either coat and dress, and for the latter, linen, flanne, lawn, or percale is also appropriate. The bonnet could be of lawn, silk, plush or velvet as desired. The pattern includes all styles illustrated.

Cut in six sizes; for dolls, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in height. It requires one half yard of 24-inch material for the cap, one and one half yard for the dress, and one and three eighths yard for the coat for an 18-inch size.

1093—Girls' Coat. This attractive style has a waist front, lengthened by a skirt portion, that is joined to the waist under a broad belt. The design is good for broadcloth, serge, novelty cloaks, velvet and corduroy.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four yards of 40-inch material for a 12-year size.

1087—Ladies' Apron. Percale, gingham, lawn, seersucker, denim and alpaca are suitable for this design. It is fitted with shoulder and underarm seams.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1107—Ladies' House Dress with Reversible Closing. How very practical and easy to adjust is this model. No buttons or hooks and eyes over the fronts; just a simple crossing of these parts, and a fastening at the back. This model is good for percale, gingham, lawn, drill, flanne, seersucker, or galatea.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1112—An Ever Popular Suit for Our Boy. This trim little model is easily developed and it made of warm winter suiting will be very fine for cold weather. This model is good for flannel, chevrot, serge, velvet, corduroy, linen, galatea or seersucker.

If made of fine ribbed serge in a nice shade of blue or brown, with a black tie, and patent leather belt with self covered buttons, this style will surely please the "little man."

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1114—Ladies' House or Home Dress. The waist is made with a group of tucks over the bust. The raglan sleeve, such a comfortable sleeve, may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The skirt is a three-piece model with plaited fullness at the back. Blue gingham, with collar and cuffs of white plique would be nice for this style, or gray and white seersucker, with trimming in self or contrasting color.

Cut in five sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 40-inch material for a 38-inch size.

1068—Girls' Apron with long or shorter sleeve, and with collar or "V" neck edge. This model completely covers the dress, and may serve as a little play dress or "pinafore." It is suitable for cambric, percale, gingham or chambray.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and one eighth yards of 27-inch material for a six-year size.

1102—Ladies' House Dress with long or short sleeves. The model is good for seersucker, lawn, gingham, chambray, cashmere or flanne. The waist is made with open neck, and finished with revers, facings, that meet a shaped round collar.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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Fresh-water Pearls

ALTHOUGH fresh-water pearls do not command such high prices as those derived from the pearl oysters that grow in the ocean, nevertheless pearl fishing in the rivers of the United States means a good many thousands of dollars added to the wealth of the country, not to mention the value of the buttons made out of the mussel shells from which the pearls come. In prehistoric times pearls were found in the rivers of what is now America and from one mound of the Mound Builders in the Little Miami Valley in Ohio, 60,000 pearls were found by two American professors who were excavating. Age and mould had ruined them, but they were there just the same. When De Soto and his early Spaniards were seeking Indian gold they found 350 pounds of pearls in Indian sepulchres which were of value. The year 1857 may be said to be discovery year for present day American pearls, one weighing 93 grains, becoming famous later as the "Queen," being found near Patterson, N. J. This is now owned by some of the royalty of Europe. In 1876 pearls were found in Ohio and in 1880 they were found in Tennessee. In 1889 some of the finest ever found in this country were discovered in Wisconsin creeks and rivers and in 1897 the Black and White rivers in Arkansas brought forth many fine ones. Probably the finest two are the Queen Mary, weighing 208 grains from Iowa, and the Light of Morn from Arkansas, equally notable. The U. S. Bureau of Fisheries has established a pearl and button industry at Fairport, Iowa, on the Mississippi river and there the most systematic and scientific development of American pearls may be studied. Discoveries in other parts of the country are being made every year and if the people in various localities went about the work with intelligence and system, they might find it productive, though there is no fortune in it for anybody. But they must know what they are about and must do their work with perseverance. Information on the subject may be had by writing to the Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C. and if any of you people have any pearls that you have found, you may be able to dispose of them by writing to Eugene A. Kohut, 65 Nassau St., New York, who is a commercial authority. But you mustn't think you have a fortune in a pearl, even if it is as big as a walnut, because it may have flaws in it, or lack luster or have some other defect that may reduce its value to little or nothing, and even if it is perfect it has no such value as sea pearls, the highest priced fresh-water pearl so far found being worth less than two thousand dollars. Very small ones are of no value at all, and one to be worth ten dollars must be above the average. There is really more money in selling the shells for making buttons, but this calls for quantity, as shells are worth only from eighteen dollars a ton, up, and it takes an awful lot of wading and dredging to get a ton of mussel shells in most of our rivers, though in the Mississippi river in Iowa a lot of people make a living at it, three or four hundred pounds of shells a day being the average. But write to the Bureau of Fisheries and get information before you go pearl fishing.

BIGGEST COLLEGE MAN.—The freshman class is not the only body of great proportions at Harvard. A 325-pound member of the graduate school of business, lays claim to being the biggest man in any college in this country. Twenty-three years old, he stands six feet four inches in height. His home is in Indianapolis.

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A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

He informed Will, in a casual way at lunch, that he had received a telegram from his guardian, who stated that he would return earlier than he expected, being called home by some unlooked-for business.

Will also mentioned the fact to Alice that same evening, whereupon she inquired if Mrs. Ingraham and Olive were expected at the same time.

He replied that he thought not, and later the young girl, by adroitly questioning him, obtained the address, and the next morning posted the letter—which had so strangely come into her possession—to Imogen.

Mr. Fletcher arrived on the morning of the twenty-third, and was most heartily welcomed by both Will and the judge. Not knowing that Will was all in the dark regarding the "secret," he exclaimed, as he shook hands with him:

"Will, my boy, things are being reversed somewhat. I was contemplating sending for you to join me in Paris, to take a little run into Switzerland, when I received the judge's telegram. What is this wonderful revelation in connection with yourself?"

A look of blank astonishment swept over Will's face.

"Revelation! What do you mean, Uncle Roland? I am sure I have heard of nothing wonderful about myself," he replied, while he regarded the judge in perplexity.

Mr. Fletcher laughed as he caught sight of the look of dismay upon his father-in-law's face, for the man had contemplated having a private conversation with him before saying anything to Will.

"Will," he said, "I find that I have been somewhat premature; but since you are a young man of good sense and discretion, I do not believe that I have done any material harm."

Will glanced from one to the other with a sense of embarrassment.

"I am still in the dark," he smilingly observed.

"Well, you shall be enlightened," the judge here interposed. "I did intend to talk with Roland first; but, perhaps, after all, it will simplify matters if we take you at once into the secret. I have recently made a very important discovery regarding your birth."

Both his listeners started at this unexpected intelligence. Roland Fletcher flushing and Will growing pale in view of what might be coming.

"Well, this is a surprise, truly," Mr. Fletcher observed, adding: "But go on—pray do not keep us in suspense."

Accordingly, Judge Ashburton at once proceeded to relate the remarkable story which Sir Arthur Stamford had told him three days previous, while his companions sat as if spellbound during the recital.

Will's look and attitude had at first been anxious and dejected; for, as we know, he had always been very sensitive regarding his origin; but as the judge unfolded the romantic tale his eye grew bright, he sat erect and alert, and before his friend concluded his whole bearing plainly testified to the joy that thrilled him.

His face grew sad, however, and tears more than once sprang to his eyes as he listened to the trials of his mother and her grief over the uncertainty of his fate; while a great sense of personal loss came over him upon learning that he could never know, in this life, the sweet woman whom his heart told him he could have worshipped.

Then, farther on, as he began to comprehend all that this revelation meant to him, began to realize how proud was the name and title which he would bear, the exalted position he would occupy, the great wealth he would inherit, he could scarce restrain the exultation he experienced as he thought: "All this I can now bestow upon my darling, who is more than worthy to share these honors that have been thrust upon me."

"Well, Will, my dear boy, this is indeed wonderful and most unexpected!" Mr. Fletcher exclaimed when, at length, all had been told, and there were tears in his own eyes as he spoke.

While he was rejoiced beyond expression over the brilliant prospect before the young man, there came with it, nevertheless, a feeling of sadness that this bright and noble fellow, whom he had reared and loved like an own son, was about to slip away out of his life—in a way—and into separate interests of his own.

"It certainly is, Uncle Roland, and I am afraid I do not realize or appreciate it fully as yet—it almost seems as if I have been listening to an exaggerated story about somebody else," Will rejoined. "And at the same time," he added, with a slight smile, "I am somewhat in awe of the honors which have been so suddenly heaped upon me."

"You will prove yourself equal to them, never fear," said the judge. "I have always been sure that you came of good stock. I have often declared to Roland that you were born to the purple," he concluded, laughing, as he recalled the old prophecy.

"You would not have thought so if you could have seen me the day that Uncle Roland found me—a dirty, ragged, wretched little urchin, the bond-slave of that educator of thieves," responded Will, who found that he could now refer to those old days and experiences without the pang of unutterable shame which he had heretofore suffered. "She was a cruel creature," he added, musingly. "and I never read of a thief that I do not recall the thrashings she used to give me."

"Those thrashings, unmerited though they were, proved to be your salvation, my son," said his guardian, as he regarded him affectionately.

"When you told me, with your great, hollow eyes fixed pathetically upon my face, how she whipped you, but that you'd rather take the licks than swipec," I made up my mind that I had found—as someone has poetically expressed it—a star in a dust heap, or, at least, one that was entirely out of its orbit. That has been proven, over and over, during the years that you have been with me, and now I am unutterably glad that the mystery of your origin has been explained and you will take your rightful place in the world."

"But you will still be—Uncle Roland," said Will, smiling, but with a suspicious quiver of his manly chin.

"I am sure I shall be proud to be so regarded, dear boy," was the hearty response. "And now," he added, briskly, to cover the buskiness that had crept into his voice, "We must get at once to conferring with Sir Arthur Stamford, for these are matters which must be settled without delay."

Accordingly, after lunch the three gentlemen drove to Stamford Court, which was located about five miles from Windsor, and where the baronet received them most cordially.

Here a long and interesting conference was held, during which Will's baptismal certificate was produced, also the one confirming the marriage of Mabel Randal Curtis, of New York, to William Marchmont, of England. The name of the maid, Maggie McNeil, which Mr. Fletcher had written in a memorandum book, was found to correspond with the name of Miss Curtis' maid, which was also in Sir Arthur's possession.

Will was told many interesting things about his mother, and shown a portrait, which had been painted only a year previous to her death; and as he stood before it, studying the lovely features, everyone in the room could trace a strong resemblance in his own face to the one looking down from the canvas upon him.

Young Arthur Stamford sought him, a little later, and grasped his hand fraternally, even though he knew him to be the successful sultor for the hand of the woman whom he loved.

"I feel that we are almost brothers," he said, "for I owe more than I can ever express to the dear woman whom I loved as a mother—my own having been taken when I was too young to realize my loss. I feel almost guilty to have been the recipient of such love and care as she lavished upon me, knowing that you—her son—were deprived of her ministrations. I am sure, however, that the knowledge of this will be a bond of friendship between us as long as we both live."

"Indeed it will," Will earnestly replied, and

all their lives they maintained a truly brotherly regard for each other.

CHAPTER IX.

"AT BEST AT LAST."

Before the party returned to Castleview, a day was set for them to pay a visit to Lady Marchmont, Marquise of Leith. Meantime, Sir Arthur said he would communicate with her ladyship by letter giving her a full account of what had been revealed regarding Will and his relationship to her.

Pending their visit to Marchmont Court, however, it was deemed best to say nothing to anyone regarding their discoveries, lest something unforeseen should arise to complicate matters. It was a warm but lovely morning during the last week in July, when the four gentlemen repaired to the ancestral home of the lords of Leith, which was located some eighteen miles from Castleview.

As the party approached it they marveled at the extent and beauty of the estate.

It was situated in Surrey county, and embraced many hundreds of acres of forest, meadow and upland.

The great mansion, which stood in the midst of an immense lawn, covering fully fifty acres that were ornamented with grand old trees, choice shrubbery, fountains and beautiful gardens, was a massive stone structure three stories high, having a length of at least two hundred feet and a depth of, perhaps, seventy-five, while its high gables and numerous handsome facades made it a most imposing as well as a picturesque feature of the landscape.

It faced the south, and a wide, smooth, semi-circular avenue swept up a rise of ground from the highway to the magnificent porte-cochere at one of its several entrances.

The stone, of which the dwelling was built, and which was almost flawless granite, had been quarried from "Leith Hill," a striking feature of the landscape which could be seen in the distance and which formed a fine and rugged background for the picture.

As the guests drove to the door, a grave and dignified butler stood there to admit them and ushered them into the great hall—a large, square room, finished in oak, most luxuriously furnished, its most prominent feature being an immense fireplace in the rear, which was ornamented with costly tiles and surmounted by an elaborately carved mantle and mirror.

Thence they were led into a reception room on the right—an apartment hung with choice tapestries and quaintly furnished in a style representing the previous century, and every article in it worth almost its weight in gold; while the pictures on the walls were, everyone, from the hand of a master.

After receiving the visitors' cards upon a golden salver, the butler disappeared, and, fifteen minutes later, a woman of grand and noble presence entered the room.

She was, apparently, about sixty-five years of age, tall and majestic in figure, with a delicate, high-bred face surmounted by a wealth of snow-white hair most carefully arranged. Her eyes were dark gray, kind in expression, but with a look in their depths which told of sorrow and disappointment of anticipations unfulfilled and bright hopes crushed; while about her mouth there were lines of patient sweetness that instantly attracted one to her.

Her manner was calm and self-possessed, gracious and winning, and one instinctively felt that no matter what the emergency she might be called upon to face, there was character and reserve force to meet it unflinchingly.

She was dressed in a richly brocaded satin of lavender hue, beautifully trimmed with finest of thread lace. A magnificent diamond brooch gleamed at her throat, costly solitaires in her ears and gems of various colors on her fingers.

She greeted Sir Arthur Stamford with undisguised pleasure, her face lighting with a rare, sweet smile as she shook his hand. He presented her to Judge Ashburton, Mr. Fletcher and Will in turn.

She welcomed the elder gentlemen most graciously while her clear eyes searched their faces with a look that seemed to read their inmost thoughts.

But when she came to Will she betrayed signs of deep emotion, her lips quivered and tears sprang to her eyes.

"So you are the young man who bears the name of my dear son," she said, as she clasped his hand in both of hers, while she studied his features with a yearning intensity that told its own tale of sorrow and heart-hunger.

He bore her gaze well, returning it with one of reverent respect, and seemed to feel his soul going out to meet hers in mutual acknowledgment of a kindred tie.

"You do not look like my William," she added, after a moment, with a soft, regretful sigh. "Except, perhaps, in the shape of your brow and features in form you are like him; but your features are like Mabel's—Lady Stamford's, I think"—her eyes lighting with sudden pride and pleasure as she swept his fine, manly form from head to foot. "There can be no doubt that you are her son and my grandson; if your papers prove it I shall be happy indeed."

Will's heart throbbled with grateful emotion at these words, but more especially at the thrill of fond pride and ownership that pervaded them, and he felt as if he could almost worship this beautiful, gracious old lady to whom, he was convinced, he belonged by the closest of kindred ties.

He lifted one of her white, shapely hands and respectfully touched his lip to it.

"Thank you," he said, earnestly, "to make you happy would also make me very glad and proud."

He led her to a great easy-chair that stood in one corner of the room, and where, when she was seated, she looked like a venerable queen upon her throne.

She immediately broached the all-absorbing topic which had brought them there, and which was freely discussed for more than an hour, at the end of which time Lady Marchmont declared herself entirely convinced that Will was the son of her dead soldier boy and Mabel Randal Curtis, whom he had married during his visit to America, nearly twenty-five years previous.

"Of course," she said, in conclusion, "his place, from this time on, is here, at Marchmont Court; the truth must be made public at once and proper steps taken to have him recognized as the Marquis of Leith."

Will flushed with various emotions as she spoke of him thus—by the title which his ancestors had borne.

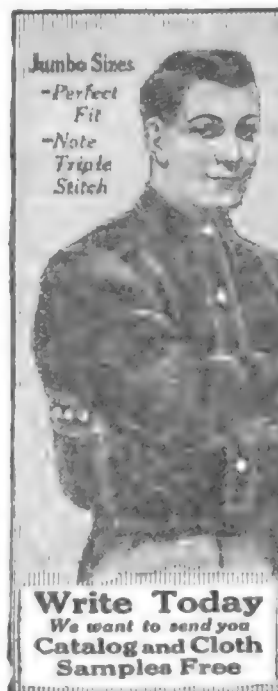
It actually made him dizzy to think of it—to think that all the fair domain of Leith, as far as the eye could reach, belonged to him—the little beggar who more than twenty years previous Roland Fletcher had rescued from the slums of New York and a bad woman's demoralizing influence; that that magnificent dwelling, with all its rare and costly furnishings, would henceforth be his home. But what thrilled him most was the fact that this grand and beautiful old lady also belonged to him and he to her—that the same blue blood flowed in his veins as in hers—that he had a name and a position all his very own and was no longer a nameless waif dependent upon a good man's generosity, but—a lord in his own right.

"My weary heart is at rest at last, after long years of grief and restless yearning," her ladyship continued, "after harrowing fears that the estate would revert to the crown when I should die, and the name of Marchmont become extinct."

A little later she herself led Will over the great house, while the other gentlemen were discussing some legal points; showing him its treasures, the state apartments and art gallery; pointing out to him from the various windows the beautiful views on every hand and calling his attention to the stables, which, she told, were capable of accommodating at least twenty horses, although she was at present keeping only three for her special use.

"Of course," she added, smiling and bestowing a beaming glance upon him, "you must now stock them in a suitable manner and to please yourself."

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The stables would accommodate "twenty horses," and her ladyship was keeping "only three" for her special use! Will would have thought himself rich to have been the owner of even a span of blooded steeds.

It made his head swim when he thought of the audience and glory which had been thrust upon him so unexpectedly.

When lunch was announced the guests were conducted to the lofty and spacious dining-room, which was finished in quartered oak, richly carved, one entire side of it comprising an immense bay window of plate glass and commanding a fine view of Leith Hill and the intervening landscape. The table was covered with the finest and heaviest of damask, laid with costly cut glass and silver, and a most delicious repast was served by well-trained servants, while her ladyship presided with a dignity and grace which proclaimed her "to the manner born."

When Sir Arthur finally began to talk of returning to Windsor, Lady Marchmont turned quickly to Will, an eager look on her sweet face.

"My son," she said, "your place is here now; you will come to Leith immediately, will you not?"

Will flushed, and involuntarily lifted a questioning glance to Mr. Fletcher.

A sudden sense of loss, a feeling almost of dismay overcome him at the thought of breaking away from and leaving the kind guardian to whom he owed so much—from "Uncle Roland," whom he loved as a father. Truly, greatness had its trials, he thought. The gentleman smiled, although there was a keen pang in his own heart in view of the coming separation.

"Yes, my boy," he said, "your place is here, and it is best that you should assume your new name and position as soon as practicable."

Then he added, a sparkle of mischief in his eye: "A twenty-mile drive is not such a formidable one that you cannot see your old friends as often as you choose. I don't think we shall quite lose sight of you."

After a little further discussion of the subject, it was arranged that Will should, within a few days, take up his permanent abode at Marchmont Court, at least during the remainder of his vacation, for he firmly insisted that he should complete his course at Yale and take his degree, in accordance with his original intention.

Lady Marchmont demurred at this at first. She argued that, having come to his rightful heritage, he should not leave it again to go wandering off to America; that if he must complete his law course, he could easily do it there, under a private tutor.

But Will was respectfully firm.

"I am very sorry if my plan does not meet with your approval," he said, in a tone of deep regret. "But, truly, I should forfeit something of my self-respect, if, after having so nearly completed my course, I should fail to take my degree, for which I have striven so long; while I should surely labor under disadvantages to leave my alma mater and finish my course elsewhere."

"But Marchmont needs you," pleaded her ladyship.

"You have told me that you have a most reliable steward," Will opposed to this argument; "let him manage the estate for one more year, and then I will faithfully devote myself to my duties as the master of Leith."

Lady Marchmont yielded the point gracefully, for she saw that his heart was set upon it; while he also secretly admired him for his firmness in adhering to the course which he had laid down for himself.

The drive back to Windsor was a somewhat silent one, for each was busy with his own thoughts, which, on the part of our Castleview friends, were strongly tinged with sadness and regret, in view of the approaching separation which would leave a void in their hearts and home at Castleview; while to Will it seemed like being cast off alone at sea, to break away from "Uncle Roland" and start out upon an independent career for himself.

That evening Mr. Fletcher wrote Olive a full account of what had occurred and advised that she return at no very distant day, for Lady Marchmont had confidentially informed him that she contemplated giving a grand reception to Will, before he left England to resume his studies; because she wished him to be publicly recognized as her grandson and the future lord of Leith, and also become acquainted with the people of the county.

After dinner that same night Will ordered his horse saddled and rode over to Beechcot to confide to his betrothed the great change that had taken place in his life and prospects.

There was a proud light in his eyes and a tender smile upon his lips, for he was thinking what a charming mistress Alice would make for Marchmont Court, and how he should love to see her in silks, laces and diamonds and with all the accessories of wealth about her.

She heard him approaching and met him on the veranda, as fair a vision as any lover would care to see, clad in her simple white lawn, so daintily made, with only a blue silken girdle and a knot of the same color in her golden hair, for ornament.

"I wondered if you would get back in season to come tonight," she said, as she lifted her red lips to receive his usual greeting. "Did you have a good day?"

"Yes, a very good day—a 'red-letter day,' and one that has been fraught with a remarkable experience. Shall I tell you about it, dear?" Will responded, as he drew her to a seat and sat down beside her.

"Yes, if you like—you know that whatever concerns you, interests me," Alice observed, as she confidently slipped her hand into his.

"I told you that I was to be away on business," said her lover. "I have been with Judge Ashburton and Uncle Roland to visit the Marquise of Leith."

"And who is the Marquise of Leith?" inquired Alice. "I think I have never heard of her."

"She is otherwise known as Lady Marchmont," "Lady Marchmont!" repeated the fair girl with a slight start.

"Why? the name is the same as yours!"

"Yes, sweetheart, and now prepare yourself for some wonderful news—she is also my grandmother."

"Will!—the Marquise of Leith your grandmother! I did not suppose you had a relative in the world—you have told me—"

"Yes, dear I know I have told you that I had no kindred ties; I have told you all the story of my wretched childhood, how Mr. Fletcher found me in the slums of New York and rescued me, giving me the place of a son in his heart and home. But, within a few days, very startling discoveries have been made, which have led to the revelation that my father was the son of the late Lord Marchmont of Leith. Now, listen, and I will tell you the whole story from beginning to end."

And he forthwith proceeded to do so, the fair girl sitting almost breathless beside him, never once interrupting him, but growing strangely cold and numb, a sense of desolation and despair settling down upon her and driving every atom of color from her face and freezing the heart within her.

"Now, tell me sweet, is it not the most wonderful story you ever heard?" Will demanded in an eager tone, after giving her all the details and a description of his visit to Leith—of the grand ancestral home of the Marchmonts and of the beautiful and stately woman with whom he was henceforth to live.

"It is, indeed, very wonderful," Alice replied, in a tone of constraint, as she gently released her icy fingers from his clasp, when her hand fell a dead weight at her side.

"And are you not glad for me, dear?" he questioned, bending close to her until his lips touched

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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The Feeding and Care of Breeding Stock

THE year is drawing to a close, and we should soon be devoting our thoughts to improving things for the coming season. Usually, every flock needs some working up and improving if the best results are to be realized.

First of all, I want to call your attention to several points which are not usually well defined in amateur poultry keepers' minds. First comes the feeding of hens which are expected to produce eggs in quantities during the winter. You know by many of our past talks that they require rich, forcing food, but what many of you don't realize is that the hens which have been picked out to go into the breeding pens next spring, must not be forced. If a hen should receive the same rich food all through the winter that is given to laying hens, she would join forces with them and produce quantities of eggs, but when it came to putting her into a breeding pen with a male bird in the spring, her best productive powers would be on the wane, and in all probability the eggs laid would be infertile, or at best the chicks they contained would be weak, wanting in the elements which produce strong, vigorous chicks.

Our plan is to put all pullets into the laying house in their first fall, and use a few trap nests in each house for two or three months, so that we can be sure which are the best layers. From those we select breeding stock and mark them with an extra leg-band, to insure there being no mistake the following spring, when their first season's laying is over and they are about one year old. They are turned out into colony houses given free range. All through the summer they forage for most of their food, only being given oats and wheat at supper-time. This period of rest and exercise builds them up constitutionally, and about the end of September we commence gradually to get them into condition, giving them a little grain at breakfast-time as well as in the evening. With November they start having dinner in the middle of the day—a mash made of equal parts of ground corn, oats, white middlings and bran.

About the end of December they are divided into small flocks of ten, and are put into the breeding-house, which is a long house divided into compartments fifteen by ten feet, with a yard fifteen by twenty feet. A cockerel is put with each flock, and they are fed the same as in November, except that beef scraps are added to the mash; very little at first, and the quantity gradually increased, until by the middle of June a small cupful of scraps is used to every four quarts of mash. The floor of the breeding-house is covered to a depth of six inches with dry leaves or chopped straw. Whole corn mixed with wheat, kafir corn and millet, is scattered broadcast about half an hour before dark. The birds rush about and pick up the whole corn, and the smaller grain gets pushed under the litter, so little of it is eaten at night, but when the birds first get off the perch in the morning they go to work scratching and hunting for it, which insures their getting plenty of vigorous exercise to warm up their blood after the long cold night on the perch. This keeps them healthy, and gives them a good appetite. About nine o'clock they have sprouted oats and half a pint of kafir corn scattered on the litter. Between one and two o'clock they have their mash, and then supper, as I said, just before dark.

One of the most important things in the care of breeding stock is to keep everything around them scrupulously clean. White diarrhoea, and several other germ and microbe diseases, which kill off pheasants and baby chicks every year, are bred in muddy litter and grain. The hens, in scratching and eating such material, become infested with the microbes or germs which eventually become part of the egg, so contaminating the chick even before it breaks out of the shell. I receive hundreds of letters asking how to deal with sickly chicks and chicks pasted up behind and such like troubles, which are all really the direct result of the conditions having surrounded the hens which laid the eggs from which the chicks were hatched. Nearly everyone is careful about baby creatures, but few people, outside of professional poultry keepers, bother about what sort of stuff hens scratch amongst. Don't turn out mousy, decaying potatoes or mouldy bread to hens, for they contain dangerous elements which may cost you many of the chicks you hatch the following spring.

Feeding for Eggs and Preparing Market Stock

This month should also see all the market stock cleared out. For one thing, the demand for table birds is good at this season of the year, and for another thing you want the room they are occupying. Houses for breeding stock should be well cleaned out, and thoroughly disinfected and white-washed—work that can't be done whilst they are occupied by other birds. Separate the birds to be marketed from the rest of the stock, confine them in a small house for two weeks, and fatten. The results will pay well. I assure you, not only in extra weight, but really plump birds bring more per pound; besides which, people who receive really good fresh birds from you this year will want more in the future. A pleased customer is the best advertisement you can have. To make plump, fresh birds they should be fattened on mash food entirely and given skim-milk to drink. Whole corn is converted almost entirely into internal fat, and what little extra flesh is put on is tough and stringy.

Mash should be made of two parts ground corn, one part barley, and one part white middlings, and be mixed much softer than for laying or breeding stock. If you have skim-milk to spare, scald, and use it for moistening the mash instead of water. This advice applies to ducks and geese just the same, except that they should have some cooked and mashed beets, turnips or small potatoes added to the mash. Unless turkeys have been accustomed to semi-confinement it is not safe to shut them up during the process of fattening, as they will only worry and fidget with flesh there was, off their bones. But you can give them a good mash feed twice a day for two or three weeks. We keep only the White Holland variety, which are very quiet, home-loving birds, and as the old ones are very tame, they bring the youngsters around the house and warm buildings as soon as the insects commence to get scarce in the fall, and when it comes to fattening time we can shut them up in a large yard without their resenting it in any way. It is so much easier to fatten when birds cannot take unlimited exercise.

To capture the best prices, the birds must be properly killed, and look attractive when they go to market. Give nothing to eat for ten to twelve hours before killing, to insure the crop and intestines being empty. Geese and turkeys should be given a sharp blow on the back of the head to stun them, then immediately be hung up by the feet, the beak opened, and a sharp, thin knife used to sever the blood-vessels at the back of the throat as they must bleed quickly and freely. Hook a small weight into the lower bill and keep

it open. Dry pick as soon as blood stops, and whilst they are still warm, or the feathers will be hard to pull out and the skin torn, which would, of course, spoil their appearance and detract from their salable value.

Marketing Eggs

Marketing home products advantageously is of paramount importance, and seems to be the point on which many fail. Commission men and wholesale markets should not be resorted to, because home-grown products of all descriptions excel in quality and not in quantity; therefore, appeal to high-class private custom, who desire the very best, regardless of price.

I have never sold through any of the ordinary market channels, yet have always had more orders than I could fill and received a little more than the ordinary prices. Naturally the location of the home and the quality of the wares must influence the returns to some extent, but not half so much as the method of packing and shipping. Nicely in these respects captures the favor of customers and they take pride in exhibiting things to their friends—which is the very best sort of advertising a home business can have.

When I had reached the point where I knew that I could depend on a certain number of eggs regularly, I wrote to a doctor friend in the city and told him that I could promise him to deliver six dozen strictly fresh-laid eggs twice a week for the whole year, at a uniform price of forty-five cents a dozen; customers to pay the express charges, which would be twenty-five cents on each six dozen. (Express companies return empty packages free of charge.) Within a month he had found four customers for me, who would take two dozen a week each, the box to be delivered at his house, where the other three customers were to call every Saturday and Wednesday.

All poultry supply houses have wooden boxes for sale with divided trays, made to hold three, six or twelve dozen eggs, for about two dollars apiece. Before the year was out each of the three other customers had interested one or two friends, with the result that three six-dozen boxes were shipped three times a week, and the following winter I had orders from the same people for butter and table poultry.

In this way my market grew, as did my stock, and I never had any surplus to worry about. Of course, I realize that there was an element of good luck in having a doctor for a friend, but when there is no good Samaritan to start a clientele for you, energy will surely accomplish it; for every housekeeper longs to get good, fresh-delivered table delicacies which have not passed through a dozen hands.

I know one woman who got her first customer by writing personal notes to women of social prominence in a nearby town, whose addresses she got from a directory. From twenty letters she received two replies, but they both became regular customers, and recommended friends.

Another instance of personal effort took the form of calls upon doctors and clergymen. Still another woman interested the fashionable milliner of her town to canvass orders among her cus-

tomers, and paid for the favor with eggs and butter. To you, as I am very much discouraged.

P. H. M.—I would like to know if you could tell me what is the matter with our chickens. We had some old ones we were killing to eat. Their lungs look real healthy—that is, they were red, and no spots in them, only the small white veins like, I have always seen in chicken lungs. They looked like the young ones do now. In the egg bag there are a few small water sacks. The largest one I have seen is about the size of a red cherry, but there is a hard lump that looks when it is broken, like the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. These are of irregular sizes and shapes. In one hen the lump was as large as an ordinary egg, and this was just like solid flesh packed in layers, and it had a hard crust or coating on the outside, and in this same chicken the liver had some white lumps about the size of a pea in it, but the others were all right. Three of them were laying and had a lot of small eggs. We haven't had any rooster since the first of June. In the flock we have twenty hens and fifty young chicks. They pick their food from the barn and yard, and in the evening and morning they get a half gallon of oats and screenings. They get plenty of fresh water. They have started moulting, and now we only get six or eight eggs a day, but we got from sixteen to twenty eggs this summer. We had twenty-eight hens then, and two have died. Is this a contagious disease, and are the eggs good to use from these hens? Please let me know as soon as possible, and if it is anything contagious and harmful, should we kill the young chicks too, or just the old laying hens in order to get rid of it?

A.—There is no doubt that the egg organs of the hens are very seriously out of order. I have know of three where hens have laid rotten eggs and eggs with out yolks, and the cause has always been an excess of fat in the intestines, or constant dosing with strong egg-producing powders. But such a condition as you describe is new to me, and I cannot tell the cause or the remedy, so will ask our readers to help.

G. K.—Being a subscriber and reader of your paper, I wish you would tell me or write to me what to do for turkeys. I seldom see anything in your columns something that has been tried and cured. My turkeys do all right until they begin to show the red; then they get the diarrhoea something like the cholera, but they do not crave for water so much. From that on until they are almost grown they have that disease, and they always die. For me, I have used everything I heard of, but it does no good. It is very discouraging, for I love turkeys, and if you can raise them there is more money in them than in anything else in the poultry line. Please write me what to do so I can try next season. I have six turkeys right now. They drop around and get so weak, and their heads are blue. Their droppings are yellow slimy looking. My fowls are very tame. I think that is one reason for their being sick. They eat everything, but if I let them run out, they get killed by hunters or dogs. So that is the way I have to look at it too, but my neighbors have it too, about the same way, so that cannot be altogether the fault. Please write me and I will be very grateful.



CHEAP, PRACTICAL HOUSES FOR LAYING OR BREEDING STOCK.

tomers, and paid for the favor with eggs and butter.

A more impersonal way of gaining customers would be to arrange with one or two well located drug-stores or stationery stores for the display of large cards bearing notices of the things for sale and your address; but of course, there are dozens of ways to find customers. Advertising in newspapers will do as a last resource, but strictly personal methods are the best.

Now about packing. Eggs should never be more than two days old, and must be sorted into lots of uniform color and size. If the eggs should become soiled in muddy weather, wipe them with a damp cloth as soon as gathered, so that the shell does not become permanently stained.

Don't let anything interfere with the arranged schedule for shipping. Gain a uniform reputation for excellence and punctuality, and success is sure.

Correspondence

S. J. S.—I have two thoroughbred Plymouth Rock roosters that will be three years old next spring. Will you please tell me if they are too old for breeding next spring. I also have two Barred Plymouth Rock roosters that were hatched in the past April. Will they be too young to breed from in the spring?

A.—The roosters which will be three years old in the spring are just right to mate with pullets. If the cockerels were hatched before May of this year, they will be quite old enough to use next spring. You had better mate them to hens more than a year old.

T. H.—Will you please tell me through your paper where I could get a male Barred Plymouth Rock for breeding purposes? I have a nice flock of pullets and would like to get a male bird of a different variety so as to avoid inbreeding. What time of the year would it be best to get him? This fall or in the spring?

A.—I can't publish the addresses of people who have stock for sale in this column. Look through the advertisements and you will probably find what you want. It is always better to buy new birds in the fall or early winter, because breeders have a larger stock to select from, and the weather is not so severe as in early spring, so there is less fear of their getting cold or frozen combs if they have to be shipped by express.

H. M.—You say flour of sulphur will cure the disease spoken of in enclosed clipping. Will you kindly state just how much should be used in—say, a quart of mash. I think I have this trouble among my hens.

A.—The amount of flour of sulphur is two table-spoonfuls to a quart of mash, mixed very thoroughly.

H. H. V.—I was a Comfort reader for ten years and got lots of help from it, but what I wanted to know now I could not find. My ducks don't lay. I feed two pints bran, one pint middlings and half pint beef scraps twice a day, and in the evening whole corn for ten ducks, and they get sand, oyster shells, greens and cabbage and water—all they like. They are Indian Runners. They lost their feathers last July and August, so I thought they should lay about this time—or am I feeding them wrong? (2) What is the matter with my chickens? They lay sometimes such little eggs we cannot sell them. We feed equal parts oats and wheat in the morning; about one gallon; and in the evening whole corn with the cobs so they have to work it off the cob, and a gallon clammy milk. We got the R. I. Reds. I got them mostly in spring and fall. I also give them cooked potatoes mashed with bran—one gallon a day. (3) How many beef scraps may I give to my eighty-five chickens? (4) Is molasses good and brown corn seed good for chickens and ducks? (5) The ducks have hardly had time to recover from

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than in mature stock. Young birds can be kept free if they are properly fed, unless they become contaminated by droppings from other birds. For this reason it is wisdom to purify the old birds, who are strong enough to stand medicine; besides, it is easier to dose a few old birds than a lot of youngsters. Put fifteen grains of castor oil into a quart of water, empty the ordinary drinking vessels, and put in the mixture. This dose should be given two nights in succession, once a month during the winter, and when the little ones commence to arrive, chop up the green tops of onions and mix with pot cheese or any other soft food you may be using, for at least one feed a day, and don't torture the poor creatures with red pepper. On cold, wet days, add a little ginger and sugar to the drinking water, making it just about as strong as you would for a baby.

J. L. J.—I am having trouble with my young turkeys. Two have died and several others are droopy. Am feeding whole wheat and oats. They have free range in corn fields, stubble land, pasture, and meadow (hayland). Eat lots of apples and water-melon rinds. Roost out in the open. Begin by getting hollow-eyed and pale heads. West they will be down and can't stand to long until they have grown the three which run together. Fed them about half gallon of wheat night and morning for a while. There were thirty ducks, between seventy-five and one hundred chickens and three geese to eat with them most of the time. Am I feeding too much wheat? Will the watermelons or apples harm them?

A.—The watermelon rinds and apples can't possibly have done the turkeys any harm. Please read answer to G. K. in this issue.

G. D.—I am in trouble with my turkeys. I had one hundred and forty-five, but they have died down to one hundred and twenty-five. They are not sick over twenty-four hours, and stand around all drawn up, and the droppings are entirely white. I have raised turkeys for years.

A.—The trouble with your turkeys is undoubtedly worms. Read answer to G. K. in this issue.

E. W.—My little chickens are dying when about one week old. Some have a white discharge of the bowels, and others just seem to blow up, and they will get so big their bodies drag on the ground, and they will try to chirp, and do not make much noise, and if they did it would sound like a mouse or a little bird. I have lost about one hundred and fifty or more. I do not feed them anything for thirty-five hours. Then I feed them hard-boiled eggs with cayenne pepper, and I feed them five a day. They are the Plymouth Rocks, and they are real nice when they are first hatched. They have water in their mouths like the white of an egg.

A.—Your method of feeding has been at fault. The hard-boiled eggs should have been mixed with an equal quantity of stale bread crumbs. Bake slices of stale bread in the oven, until quite brittle, then crush them with the rolling pin or put through a meat chopper. Don't add any salt or pepper. The mixture should only be fed once a day, from the time they are four days old until ten days old. For the rest of their food give them commercial chick feed. Scatter a little at a time, and let them hunt for it. It is safer to underfeed than to overfeed, until birds are a month old.

H. W.—My chickens do not lay as they ought to. I give them mixed corn morning and night, and clover in between times, and don't see why they don't lay. They have quite a big run. They lay for two or three weeks on the run, but then only getting from two to three eggs from fourteen hens. Would like to know how to feed and what to feed them. Now I have some quite young ones, and they don't seem to grow. They have a run, and get cracked chick corn and baby chick food also, and clover, but still they don't seem to grow. Also would like to know if it is good to keep each kind of chicken separate, or is it best to have them all mixed together.

A.—Perhaps you don't give your young chickens enough animal food. When young chicks are confined in yards and can't hunt worms and insects, they must be supplied with something to take their place. Sweet milk to drink helps when they are quite young; later they should have chopped liver or animal meal. If they haven't been in the habit of having any kind of the kind of very little at first, and increase the quantity gradually as they become accustomed to it; otherwise, it makes bowel trouble.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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AUNT SOPHRONIA'S SAINT

The Story of an Old Maid, a Red-Headed Girl, and a Nice Young Man By W. S. Birge, M. D.

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VERY few girls were like Katherine Kinney, and very few would have done what she did.

In the first place, when she was dressed up she was one of the prettiest girls imaginable.

The addendum, "dressed up," is added because her beauty not being of the classic type, with straight brows and regular features, when she was not dressed up she did not look nearly so well. Her hair was abundant and of a glossy copper-brown, but it was as straight as the locks of the young Iliawatha or the prince on an armchair, and everyone knows how infinitely more becoming is a gentle ripple or a crest of curls. A heated iron did the work perfectly, and adorned Katherine with a coronet of sun-kissed waves worthy of an empress; but she always felt that should the science of turning out curling-irons become extinct, she would lose this charm of hers, and that the charm was no charm at all, but a delusion and a snare.

Her eyes were naturally large and bright, however, and did not depend upon any outside assistance; so this rather offset the matter of the hair. But her nose, on the other hand, was tip-tilted, and this was another thing that distressed her greatly; for no matter how our friends may speak of them as piquant, reticent and saucy, we who have turned-up noses are conscious that they are nothing after all but pugs. It is the same with red hair. Agreeable people call it Titian and burnished gold, and that sort of thing, but we know it is just plain red, and that tomato soup is more the shade. Dark-haired or blonde people know nothing of the sensitiveness of these points, especially in early youth, and that there is probably no more unhappy object in the world than a Titian-haired schoolgirl with a nez retroussé.

But to return to Katherine.

Her hair was straight, but capable of being pinched into ripples of great beauty; her eyes were bright, and her nose, when her face was held downward, was what enthusiastic young ladies call "cute." Her hands and feet were very pretty little works of art, indeed, and her figure was trim to a degree. She had excellent taste in the manner of dress, and knew that a chic style was particularly becoming to her. Sailor collars, little jackets, hats set a bit askant and mannish little walking-suits were what suited her best, though in full evening dress, with flowers at her corsage and an aigret in her hair, she was decidedly "a winner."

Like all healthy, right-minded girls, Katherine liked to look well, and found the effort to do so no effort at all.

She wound the copper-brown locks religiously around the iron prongs and pinched them vigorously holding the instrument with aching arm until she could feel the heat penetrating to her scalp, without ever once complaining of or objecting to this little private *auto da fe*, and she tied her neckties over and over again until they were at just the proper angle, with untiring patience.

It was a joke in the family that should the house take fire, Katherine would refuse to come down until she had curled her hair, put a pin in the back of her belt to keep that and her skirt from parting company, and stuck a flower in her buttonhole.

Such a precise young woman was Miss Katherine Kinney. But sometimes a very great stress of circumstances leads us to give up our strongest peculiarities. Katherine had been sent down into the country to pay a visit to her aunt, and Katherine did not like the country or this aunt. She did not object to the country so much in the summer, when there were plenty of people about and lots of things to do; but in the early spring, when it was frightfully muddy and nothing as yet in bloom, it was—well, in short, it was deadly dull.

But if there were times when she liked the country, there were never times when she liked her aunt. She was an old maid, or rather, as there are no more such things—a Superior Woman, and she had many eccentricities. Even her name was depressing—Aunt Sophronia. Could anything be more unfortunate than to be christened Sophronia? If one's name had anything to do with one's chances, Sophronias are doomed to the cradle. Aunt Sophronia had a very nice place in the country, where she and her four women-servants dwelt in constant fear of tramps. So nervous was Aunt Sophronia on the subject that she laid in a large supply of firearms, which were hung all about the walls, giving the place a very warlike appearance, and which, as Aunt Sophronia and all the maids were desperately afraid to touch, were white with dust.

Of ammunition there was none, a cartridge, bullet or particle of gunpowder being quite as terrible to the old lady as tramps themselves.

Every male figure which was seen approaching the house was set down as one of these desperadoes; and sometimes, when the eminently respectable clergyman or one of the bank directors turned in at the gate to pay his respects, Aunt Sophronia, who was short of sight, would shriek to her maids:

"Here, he comes at last!" and rushing down, would slam and bolt the door in his eminently respectable face.

It was to this grim personage that one of the Kinney children was sent down each year for a month as a sort of hostage.

Mr. Kinney was Aunt Sophronia's only brother, and as he had not consulted her in the least with regard to his marriage, a hostage was necessary. He had married one of the most charming girls in town, but Sophronia objected to marriage on general principles.

This year it was Katherine's turn. She did not want to go, but people sometimes have to do what they don't want to in this world. She was sulky when she arrived at Aunt Sophronia's, and sulky she remained.

As Aunt Sophronia had bronchitis, and remained in one room most of the time, Katherine was left pretty much to herself, and she soon realized that this was the only way to enjoy oneself at Aunt Sophronia's. There were lots of books in the library, a puff-ball of a white kitten to play with, and a pantry where doughnuts were to be found. After a week she began really almost to enjoy herself, and she inwardly prayed that nobody might interfere with her pastimes.

Now, Aunt Sophronia had a distant cousin, a young man of twenty-four. This sounds very interesting, and everyone will decide at once that Katherine was deeply attached to the young man; but such was not the case. From morning till night, and from night till morning again, she had the praises of this individual sounded in her ears. "Dear Lawrence was such a saint." He never smoked; he never touched a drop of anything stronger than lemonade; he never used slang, was always in bed by ten o'clock, and went around chanting anthems all the day long. In short, all he needed was a neat little pair of wings to carry him off to his proper sphere. As a natural result of such conditions, Katherine hated him. She had never seen him, but that was nothing. A man like that ought to be canonized instead of canonized. Not that she liked wild or dissipated youths, but one who never even used slang—he must be a perfect cad, and she would like to tell him so.

Aunt Sophronia never wearied of expatiating on his virtues and angelic tendencies, until Katherine made up her mind that he was a little, puny, white-haired, shrinking creature, with as much spirit as a fly, and that he was possibly

consumptive. She had her suspicions of a man with wings.

One day, when she had been at Aunt Sophronia's a little over a week, Aunt Sophronia greeted her at the breakfast table with a smile of exceeding joy.

"Who do you think is coming?" she asked, holding up a closely-scrawled letter.

"Who?" asked Katherine, eagerly.

"Lawrence Lane!"

"Not that hor— you don't mean it, Aunt Sophronia?" and a fierce little light came into Katherine's eyes.

"Yes, dear Lawrence is coming to pay me his long-promised visit. What a treat it will be for you, Katherine!"

"Treat! Aunt Sophronia! I am going home next week! I'm sure mamma needs me."

Any subterfuge was not too great to get out of the way of seeing this abominable paragon.

"No, my dear, your mother doesn't need you in the least; and even if she did, I am sure she would consent to your staying in order to see a young gentleman of such great virtues. Who knows, Katherine, what may happen? Dear Lawrence may possibly take a fancy to you—he is a great admirer of beauty." This was something altogether unusual in Aunt Sophronia, but perhaps she was so pleased at the prospect of seeing her idol that she allowed herself to be complimentary for once. "It would be a splendid thing for you, not only because he is such a high-principled young man, but because one of these days he will be very rich. I do not mind telling you that I have made him my heir. I have not left anything but a silver teapot to your father, because he went and got married. It was very heartless of him."

"Yes, Katherine, dear Lawrence may chance to fall in love with you—for strange things are always happening—and it will be a splendid match for you."

Katherine arose from the table and faced her aunt, the little *retroussé* nose higher than ever in the air.

"Aunt Sophronia, I hate this nasty Lawrence Lane! Yes, I know that's a very horrid word, and young ladies should never use it, but it's what he is—nasty. I wouldn't look at him."

Aunt Sophronia only smiled. She was bound not to be vexed at anything today. She was too much pleased at her good news.

"How do you know what he is?" she asked.

"You have never seen him."

"And what's more, I never mean to," answered Katherine, hotly. "I am going home on Friday."

Aunt Sophronia only smiled more provokingly.

"That won't help matters, my dear," she said, sweetly.

"Why not?" demanded Katherine.

"Because, my child, dear Lawrence arrives today."

CHAPTER II.

Katherine did not wait to hear any more. Leaving her aunt seated at the breakfast-table, she rushed off up-stairs to her own room and locked and bolted the door.

So that horrible, wishy-washy, goody-goody Lawrence Lane was coming down there to destroy her peace! Maybe he was on his way now—a temperance button fastened in his coat, tracts sticking out of all his pockets. Oh, it was too much! And then to think of the further slight Aunt Sophronia had put upon her by suggesting that he might fall in love with her and that it would be a splendid match. Splendid match indeed! Why, she would rather be as old a maid as Aunt Sophronia—the very thought of it made her shudder.

Had it been possible she would have started for home that very hour and thereby avoided seeing him; but as she was not allowed to travel alone, and did not know, moreover, how to check her trunk, it was not possible; so she began casting about in her mind the best means of eluding him, and what she should do in order that he should not fall in love with her. On that point she was positive—this living saint, this sanctimonious young man, this cherub with sprouting wings should not fall in love with her. She would do almost anything to prevent it. Let us see—what had Aunt Sophronia said? In the first place, that he was a great admirer of beauty.

All at once a brilliant thought came to her—a thought so brilliant, so positively brilliant, that she decided to carry it out at once, and to the letter. When the idea struck her she was dressed in the most charming of house-frocks. A pretty scarlet silk waist, belted in by a trim belt of the same hue, and fastened by a great silver buckle; a neat, well-fitting serge skirt, and her hair—unusually well curled and waved—was caught in a soft, full knot at the back. There was no denying the fact that Katherine looked particularly well and fresh that morning. Even her little *retroussé* seemed a shade longer and more Greek.

Hastily directing herself of these bright and pretty garments, she went to an old-fashioned mahogany wardrobe in the hall and began fishing out all sorts of antiquated articles. They belonged to Aunt Sophronia, but Katherine did not mind that in the least. She presently returned with an armful of these garments to the middle of the room, where she threw them in a heap upon the bed.

Then she lifted the water-jug and poured some water into the basin.

A fierce little fire burned in her eye at what she was about to do.

Plunging her head into the basin, she rubbed the soapy suds through her hair, and when she came up, lo! she was disheveled, her beautiful curls, short as was Samson's while he slept, instead of the charming waves that had rippled backward from her temples, there were now only a few long, dank, dismal locks, such as the drowned Ophelia might have worn, and instead of the little ringlets that had strayed so innocently above her brows nothing remained but some strands of seaweed, limp and melancholy.

A glance in the mirror satisfied Katherine that no one could possibly call her a beauty now.

With the brush she smeared and plastered the once fluffy hair until it was as smooth and opaque as a stagnant pool. Then she parted it severely through the center, and rolled the rest up in a hard, round billiard-ball at the back of her head. The effect she studied with pleasure. A more inartistic unbecoming coiffure it would be hard to find, even in Zululand, where coiffures are remarkable. And as Katherine depended upon dress and taste to look her best, she was not at that moment the "winner" she usually was.

She further heightened her charms by donning an old-fashioned blue bodice, known as a jersey, with the plainest, narrowest kind of sleeves, whereas, at the time she did these things, people wore the fluffiest, puffiest kind of sleeves and an immense amount of frills.

Next she stepped into a voluminous black skirt, with extraordinary black draperies and fringed overskirt, and smiled ecstatically at the figure she presented.

Not satisfied with her transformation yet, she even went so far as to bring out a pair of Aunt Sophronia's common-sense shoes, flat-heeled, broad-toed and of goodly length and proportions. These she stuffed out with bits of paper, and drew on in place of her own small, tapering ones. Instead of peeping out from beneath her skirt, like the proverbial little mice, these great things glared out like very monsters.

Katherine was simply charmed.

"Great admirer of beauty, is he?" she exclaimed scornfully, as she gazed at her reflection in the mirror. "Then I am not 'in it,' and that's dead sure!" And she laughed heartily to think how dreadfully shocked the saintly Lawrence Lane would be to hear such expressions.

Katherine was a college girl, and she had picked up a great many expressions in those halls of learning—some of which were not scientific.

She had just finished her toilet, when she heard a commotion down-stairs and the sound of several voices. Very softly she stole out and peered over the banisters. Before she could make out anything, she heard a boisterous voice saying:

"Awfully glad, myself; place just as rum as ever."

Of course, this could not be the seraphic Lawrence, who never used slang. But who could it be, then? The voice sounded very manly. Katherine leaned a little farther over and strained her eyes. As far as she could make out, it was a great, broad-shouldered fellow who was talking to Aunt Sophronia, and who, moreover, had his arm around her.

The stranger whoever he was, almost had the surprise of seeing a trim little figure in queer garments come tumbling down the stairs, but Katherine caught herself just in time, and as she did so, Aunt Sophronia looked up and called her.

Katherine sprang back, but not before both of them had seen her, and she felt that there was nothing for her to do but to go down. So down she went, her broad heels making anything but a dainty click as she descended the stairs. Indeed, each step was like a small-sized earthquake.

"This is my niece, Miss Katherine Kinney, Mr. Lane," said Aunt Sophronia; and Mr. Lane stepped forward with outstretched hand. Katherine saw the smile which was on his face quickly vanish as his eye traveled along her length, and she almost fancied he shuddered as he bowed and said, stiffly:

"Very happy to meet you, Miss Kinney."

And so this was Lawrence Lane—this big, jolly, pink-faced, curly-haired fellow.

Katherine felt her hatred increase. A man who looked like this could not possibly be a saint, therefore he must be a hypocrite. Quite as stiffly she bowed and said:

"Mr. Lane."

"There, Katherine!" exclaimed Aunt Sophronia, eying her from head to foot. "I never saw you looking so well!"

Katherine was furious. To think of Aunt Sophronia saying she looked well in that horrible guise, and before a stranger, too!

But, then, it was only that disgusting Lawrence Lane, so what did it matter? She looked quickly up at him, and saw a look in his face that said as plainly as anything that if she never looked so well before, what must she be at other times?

"Thank you, Aunt Sophronia," she remarked. "You flatter me."

"Not at all," said Aunt Sophronia, coolly. "These are the most *stupid* things I've ever seen you wear. And now, Katherine, won't you take Lawrence for a little walk around the garden—it isn't too wet—while I see that they get up a good luncheon for him?"

Katherine was on the point of refusing, but not seeing very well how she could do so, muttered a sulky consent.

"Go up and get your things, then," said Aunt Sophronia.

Katherine went up. Her handsome tailor-made coat and stylish velvet hat were on a chair, but she did not even look at them. Passing into Aunt Sophronia's room, she seized upon her old blanket-shawl and prim, gray bonnet. These she adjusted with all the solemnity possible and glanced in the mirror. What would he think of her now?

When she descended, "dear Lawrence" had an indented brown felt hat known as a "Sportsman" in his hand.

"Do put on your overcoat, Lawrence," besought Aunt Sophronia solicitously. "You might take cold."

"Bosh!" exclaimed the saint, showing all his white teeth in a laugh. "I have no use for such things as coats. Cousin Soph."

Katherine eyed him from under the gray bonnet with distrust.

Nice language for a saint!

"Now, run along," said Aunt Sophronia, gently pushing them.

The saint stood aside to let Katherine pass, and then came out after her.

They walked the whole length of the garden without a word being said on either side, and then Katherine, turning stiffly toward him, observed:

"It's a beautiful day."

"Yes," assented "dear Lawrence," "first-class."

"Do you like the country, Mr. Lane?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, at this season I think it's a bit slow, but in the summer it's out of sight."

Aha! Hadn't she known he was a hypocrite? "But why should you mind its being slow?" inquired Katherine, scornfully, "when you retire at ten o'clock?"

"Do the doors here close at ten?" asked the saint.

"Certainly," stiffly.

"Can't you climb out of any of the windows?"

The wretch, would it be better to tell Aunt Sophronia how mistaken she was in her idol or let her find it out for herself?

She scorned to answer his question, and once more they promenade the length of the garden in silence. This time the saint broke it.

"I say," he began, "were you and Cousin Soph schoolmates?"

Oh! the abominable, insolent wretch.

"No," returned Katherine, with a toss of the gray bonnet, "we were not."

"Oh, pardon me," "dear Lawrence" hastened to say. "When I first saw you, you looked about the same age, but now I perceive you're a little younger. Are you, too, an e—ch—aw—ahem!"

"Old maid?" put in Katherine, viciously, enjoying his embarrassment. "Yes!"

"Indeed?" he returned, calmly. "So I supposed."

Katherine was ready to choke him.

"Don't you like old maids?" she demanded, fiercely.

"Well," he admitted, "sometimes—when they are real sweet and amiable."

"Aunt Sophronia said you were a great admirer of beautiful girls. Are you?"

The saint did not reply for a moment. Then all at once he seemed to make up his mind to do the polite.

Looking full at her, he made her a graceful bow, and said pointedly:

"I like homely ones. They're so—pathetic, don't you know?"

If glances can annihilate, Aunt Sophronia's saint should have crumbled to pieces at that moment.

When they returned from their unnamable stroll, Katherine was convinced that no greater hypocrite walked the earth than this same Lawrence Lane. This conclusion was only strengthened by a little episode at luncheon. Aunt Sophronia had out some of her famous brandy-peaches—splendid articles put up in the most fiery old fluid. The saint made way with every one given him with surprising facility, in view of the lemonade theory.

"Won't you have some more peaches, Lawrence dear?" inquired the old lady.

"Thank you, Cousin Soph. No more peaches, but a little more of the gravy, if you please."

CHAPTER III.

As the days went on, Katherine's hatred and contempt grew stronger and stronger, and Aunt Sophronia's saint grew less and less saintly. He was always making a noise about the house, whistling, singing, banging. He had discovered the way to the pantry, too, and several times Katherine came upon him suddenly engaged in predatory excursions, and he didn't even have the grace to blush.

Those even, white teeth of his were always in evidence, until he was like the walking advertisement for a dental surgeon.

Ugh! how she hated him.

She soon found out from the way he would rush to the window to stare at them that he did admire pretty girls, and so she took particular pains to keep up her eccentric style of dress and not to be a pretty girl.

She never curled her hair any more, and to be without this daily half-hour of self-torture became a positive relief, and she began seriously to contemplate never being pretty again. Aunt Sophronia's clothes, too, were so much easier than her own stiff little tailor-made ones.

She was really enjoying being homely, and was beginning to look upon beauty as a decided disadvantage, when one day something happened.

"Dear Lawrence" had been at Aunt Sophronia's almost a week, and during that time the weather had been growing steadily milder and milder, until finally it bloomed into a regular summer day.

"Hilda Crosby is coming over to spend the afternoon, so why don't all of you go for a row on the lake?" suggested Aunt Sophronia.

The saint was delighted. He rushed up-stairs to overhaul his trunks until he found his yachting-cap, and they could hear him whistling and singing halfway down the street.

Katherine went up to get herself ready also. Now, Hilda Crosby was the prettiest girl in town, with rosy cheeks, light, fluffy hair and sweet little dimples.

A dangerous rival, certainly!

Bah, what did Katherine care about rivals! That is, in regard to Lawrence Lane. She only hoped he would admire Hilda. So she buttoned up her narrow jersey, plastered down her stringy hair and further heightened the effect by a sun-bonnet of Aunt Sophronia's.

"Oh, my," she exclaimed, as she regarded herself. "If I'm not a howling success!"

Hilda Crosby arrived soon after luncheon, and never in all her life had she looked so sweet. Her navy-blue serge with the dash of scarlet at the throat and her stylish broad-brimmed straw hat and nodding roses set off her dimples and rosy cheeks to perfection.

She could not repress a pitying little glance as she gazed at poor Katherine in her unfashionable garments. The look delighted Katherine. It only assured her of her perfect success in the role she was playing.

Presently down came the saint, two steps at a time, yodling a favorite strain of his known as the "Deitch Company." He bounded into the room more like a ubiquitous puppy than a seraph, and stopped short as his eye fell on Hilda's pretty little figure.

Aunt Sophronia presented him to the young girl, and he did not shudder at all as he shook hands with her.

Then all three sallied forth.

The saint blandly informed them that he felt in "great shape" that afternoon, and, indeed, he looked it. The yachting-cap sat astride his gay curls right royally, and his sack coat fitted his athletic figure with great nicety.

Hilda looked up at him with little, shy, admiring glances, and he returned them with interest.

Katherine, in her sunbonnet, felt sulky.

"What she can see in that detestable Lawrence Lane!" she mentally ejaculated.

The lake was not far away, and this afternoon looked like a sheet of glass.

Aunt Sophronia owned a little cedar boat, which was kept locked up at the boathouse, and this was the first time this season it had been called for.

The girls stood on the float as Lawrence and the hired man carried down the boat, and stepped aside as the launching of her sent the water up in little streams through the cracks. "Dear Lawrence" took the oars and sat in the middle, gripping the edge of the float as the man assisted the young ladies to get in. Hilda uttered little shrill shrieks as the small craft swayed from side to side beneath their feet.

"You don't want to move about much," suggested the man. "You might upset her."

He seated them as seemed proper to him, the pretty young lady facing the gentleman; the plain, queer-looking young lady behind where he could not see her, and in this manner they set off. Lawrence pulled with long, lazy, leisurely strokes, and the sharp, clean feather of his oars clipped the water with a pleasant sound. Presently he asked their permission, and threw off his coat. He had on underneath, one of those heavy, worsted garments which laborers under the elegant title of "Sweater," and which cling closely to his athletic form.

His face grew pinker and pinker with fresh air and exercise, and when he pushed back his cap his hair was all in damp, glossy rings about his temples.

Katherine, who had the satisfaction of seeing only his back, observed, with growing displeasure, that his neck was fair and smooth, and that his shoulders came up square and strong with the backward stroke. She also observed, with even more displeasure, that Hilda was gazing at him with unbounded admiration, and echoing his merry laugh with her little cackle.

At first Katherine was only annoyed because Hilda was showing her feelings so plainly, and then she began to feel angry and cross and horrid, generally, for however much she might defeat "dear Lawrence's" face, she could not deny that his back was a splendid one, and that his head was finely poised on his shoulders.

"Miss Sophronia told me what a perfect saint you are," said Hilda.

"Yes, that's just it," returned Lawrence; "it's too bad of her, and I'm sure I do everything to prevent it. I suppose it's because the dear old girl is so fond of me that she thinks so. Why, I can't chant a topical song without her thinking it one of Moody and Sankey's; and she dilates upon my extreme fondness for lemonade when I tell her distinctly that I prefer it with a 'stick' in it. It all comes of my not smoking. She seems to think because I don't do that I don't do anything else. Jingo, I wish she didn't think me such an angel, for whatever I am, I'm not a hypocrite!"

Katherine started and winced.

"No, indeed," returned Hilda, promptly. "you're not a hypocrite; but then, Mr. Lane, I'm not so sure that Miss Sophronia is mistaken in you after all."

Silly thing! Katherine could have shaken her then and there.

And so Lawrence Lane was not a saint after all, and did not even want to be. Why—

Katherine began to feel very queer, indeed, and somehow the satisfaction in her jersey and sunbonnet commenced to wane.

What a fright she must look sitting there! Why on earth had Hilda put on that gown and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

THE COTTON STYLE SHOW

Washington's Society Leaders Set the Style to Dress in Cotton

By Edna Mary Colman

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AN impending calamity of nation-wide magnitude that the European war threatens to impose on the people of this country gives promise of being averted through the efforts of three society girls, for they have started a campaign to buy cotton, wear cotton and use cotton that is spreading all over the country and is doing more practical good to keep money in circulation, mills and factories going, dinner pails filled, and the specter of want from the door than all of the Fourth of July orations and municipal demonstrations of patriotism put together.

Washington has had a Cotton Style Show, gotten up and carried through to a magnificent success by Miss Genevieve Clark, daughter of the

Percy V. Pennybacker, president general of the Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Duncan Fletcher, president of the Congressional Club, Mrs. Timothy Ansberry and Mrs. Martin Glyn of New York were among the patronesses.

One end of the handsome red parlor of the New Willard Hotel was given over exclusively to the gowns. A platform banked with tall palms, graceful ferns and huge bunches of autumn flowers formed a charming background for the score of figures draped with the exquisite cotton gowns designed for this display, while from the chandeliers, the cornices and every possible nook and corner festoons of cotton bolls were most artistically arranged. Against the red velvet of wall and floor coverings this was especially effective. Great baskets and potted cotton plants were in evidence everywhere and one of the most attractive tables contained a miniature freight car of the Southern railroad filled with bales of cotton billed to every section of the country.

Practically one long side of the big room was given over to the marvelous display from North Carolina, which was explained and presided over by Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy. Mrs. Daniels wore an exceedingly attractive gown of cotton cloth and velvet (cotton velvet) and exhibited another of her own designing which was greatly admired. The latter was of pale gray and rose pink cotton voile, most artistically combined and draped with sleeves and yoke of soft delicate cotton lace. From her native state Mrs. Daniels secured more than 1,000 articles of cotton, and never before were such exquisite blendings of colors or such fascinating silky effects in cotton fabrics seen at one time. Even the stars and stripes that hung above the center of the exhibit were of pure cotton, and certainly each star was as white and the union as true blue and each bar as "rose red and blood red" as any that are made of wool bunting or silk. Here every known article made of cotton from socks to blankets and window trimmings were displayed.

The booths that bordered the other walls of the room were equally interesting. One devoted entirely to children's garments, accessories and toys, was a perfect find to several women seeking for Christmas suggestions. Dolls, of the topsyturvy variety, stuffed animals, crawling blankets, rattles, were some of the things besides the wearing apparel and Indian, cowboy, scout and policemen play suits that called for attention. But first, last and always, the visiting throngs, of whom there were ten thousand during the two days of the exhibit, gave their chief consideration to the gowns, there being about thirty of these on the platform and scattered about the room. Every one was the expression of careful thought and study, and left no doubt in the mind of the visitor that cotton material may be obtained

bit of it was cotton. Miss Clark has been requested to loan her dress to the organizers of the Red Cross Ball to be held in New York shortly. The plan is to copy it and raffle off the reproduction. For this same affair President Wilson has donated his bale of cotton to be disposed of in aid of this charity. New York women intend to help the sale of cotton and the Red Cross at the same time, for all the money realized from the ball is to be given to that organization to help extend its services in the war.

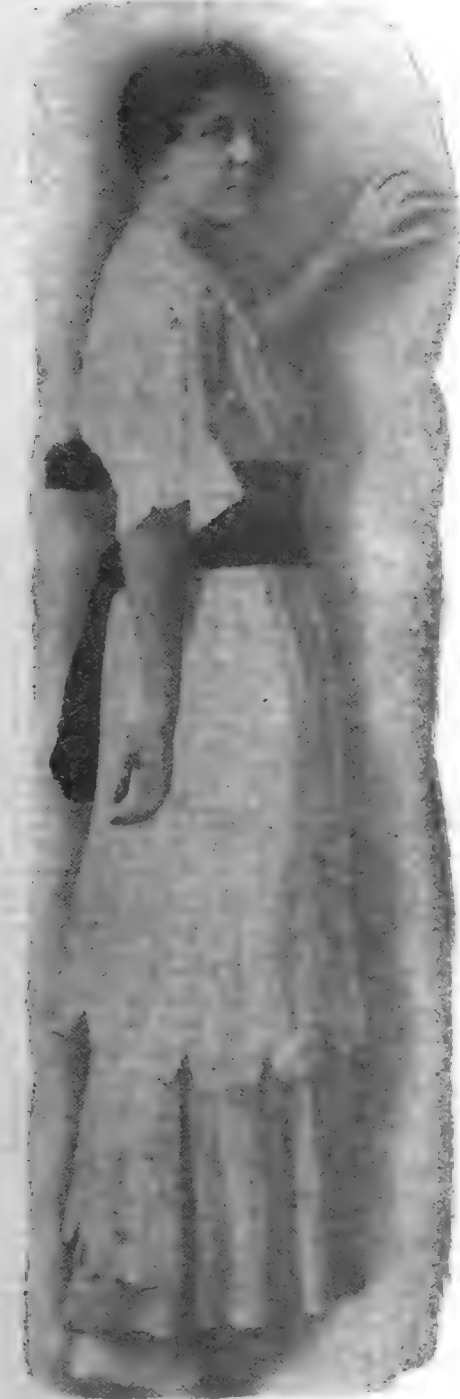
Miss Lucy Burleson exhibited an afternoon dress of hand embroidered muslin of finest texture, so sheer and soft that it might have been mistaken for handkerchief linen, while Miss Callie Hoke Smith's contribution was a unique street dress of a soft, leafy green material, with black edged pockets and rose-flowered net sleeves set off by a creamy lace front. One elaborate, canary-yellow Marquisette with accordion-plaited skirt, deep lace tunic and waist, was so charmingly made that a few feet away it was taken for the finest crepe de chine. The crowning touch to this gown was the narrow edging of black, made to imitate chenille, and the great bunch of violets with their gauzy streamers.

Mrs. Albert Sidney Burleson sent in a dress that was an object lesson in economy, since it was just the sort of a useful street dress that every woman needs for market, shopping and even country outings, and it cost only one dollar for the material. With it was the slip showing the coat of each item. It was of black and white check trimmed in green. The cost was:

Five yards check cotton	\$.55
One quarter yard green rep trimming ..	.10
One half yard white Marquisette15
Button molds02 1/2
Two yards lace05
Collar wire05
Buttons02 1/2
Hooks and eyes02 1/2
Thread02 1/2
Total	\$1.00

To describe them all would be too lengthy a proceeding, for there were all kinds including a golf skirt that could be duplicated for 85 cents, simple house dresses, morning, outdoor frocks, afternoon dresses and coat suits, of which one of the most charming came from Miss Sidney Burleson. This was a light tan, corded cloth, made extremely natty and stylish. With it was worn the most fetching cotton boll hat. Two of these hats were sent by Mrs. Beatrice Christom of New York. In a recent competition of American designed millinery these hats (one of which was worn at the Cotton Style Show by Miss Clark) won the first prize of \$100. They were

Callie Hoke Smith offered three gold cash prizes to American school children under sixteen years of age who would send in the best 300 word essays on "The Cotton Plant and Its Uses." The first prize is \$20, the second \$10, and the third \$5. All American school children both public and private school were eligible, the only condition imposed being that the essay be written and mailed during the week of the nation-wide



(Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.)

MISS GENEVIEVE CLARK IN GOWN DESIGNED BY HER.

Speaker of the House of Representatives, Miss Lucy Burleson, daughter of Postmaster General Burleson, and Miss Callie Hoke Smith, daughter of the Georgia Senator, all of them yet in their teens and gay, fun-loving society girls, to whom one would not ordinarily credit serious thoughts of politics and economics. These young ladies, however, have all had exceptional home advantages, with the result that they are keen, wide awake, well read and thoroughly informed upon the big questions of the day and keep abreast of their fathers and brothers on all the vital affairs of the nation. Therefore it is not surprising that out of the chat and gossip of a social gathering which had turned to the depression of the cotton market, the hoarding of gold and the buy-a-bale-of-cotton movement's slow progress, one of these, Miss Clark, should suggest that a big bargain sale in cotton ought to be held throughout the country and that if it were carried out and ten million women could be induced to each spend a dollar, some of the hoarded gold, \$10,000,000 of it, would be brought out and put in circulation.

Miss Clark also suggested that while there were hundreds of people who could not afford to spend fifty dollars on a bale of cotton and then have to store it away somewhere for a while before they could hope to realize anything on it, there were few families that could not use from fifty cents to a dollar's worth of cotton household supplies.

From this chance remark, grew the great nation-wide bargain-sale movement in cotton, though at that time it was laughed at and considered unfeasible. However, business men and advertisers got hold of the plan that had been suggested, and newspapers started a great propaganda until the railroads, officials of boards of trade and chambers of commerce all united in pushing the scheme along. As the plan developed, with the support and endorsement of the parents of the originators, it was decided to hold a cotton style show to demonstrate the many uses of cotton as a dress fabric and its adaptability to any style. The girls went to work with their mothers, sisters, friends and relatives and set about designing, some of them actually making gowns to wear at this show. All of the wives of the Cabinet officers, Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Vice President, Mrs. McAdoo, Mrs. Champ Clark, Mrs. James R. Mann, wife of the minority leader of the house, Mrs. J. M. Henderson, Mrs. William Cummings Story, president general of the D. A. R., Mrs.



(Photo by G. V. Buck, Washington, D. C.)

MISS GENEVIEVE CLARK, MISS LUCY BURLESON, MISS CALLIE HOKE SMITH, WEARING COTTON GOWNS DESIGNED AND MADE BY THEMSELVES.

in weaves delicate and dainty enough for party or dinner frocks, and sufficiently heavy and substantial for mild mid-winter and even cold weather. If the plan of one of the enthusiastic women is used who declares that while the war lasts, she will wear cotton clothing under her furs, or with a chambray jacket beneath her cotton blouses. There were several evening and dinner dresses evolved out of cotton laces, mulls and crepes that seemed elaborate enough for any function if it was remembered that they were worn in the cause of patriotism. Many of the elderly ladies who gathered to comment over the gowns agreed that no girl ever could look half so lovely in silks, satins and velvets as in the sheer tulletrims, mulls and organdies with their sashes and velvet girdles. Among the most attractive of the dresses, and which everyone wished to see, were those designed by the three young girls who initiated this movement. Miss Clark's gown was a simple pale pink crepe heavily hand embroidered in white, with little touches of black velvet (cotton) in the buttons and the girdle. This was so extremely dainty that it did not seem possible that every

made of raw cotton under white net with the bod and stem made of brown cotton velvet, and fit close to the head, the bod being inverted.

Dancing dresses, reception gowns, and evening gowns all of cotton, even the velvet girdles and the garlands of tiny flowers used in trimming, being of the same material, were shown to prove the feasibility of women wearing, for one season at least, gowns of cotton, and made sufficiently attractive for every purpose and suitable for every occasion, and at the same time popularizing a commodity, the general use of which will benefit the country at large.

The great interest the Cotton Style Show created was manifested not only by the large attendance that it attracted, but by the number of notable persons who visited it, among whom were President Wilson, his Cabinet and all the highest officials of the government, most of the members of Congress, representatives of great manufacturers, and heads of organizations of other cities who came to get pointers to follow out in conducting similar affairs.

Coinciding with the Cotton Style Show, Miss



(Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.)

MRS. JOSEPHUS DANIELS. CROWN WORN AND DESIGNED BY HER.

Cotton Bargain Sale set for October 5-12. When the Cotton Style Show closed at ten o'clock, Oct. 8th, 8,000 manuscripts had been received by the essay competition committee. A group of distinguished people have been asked to judge these essays among whom are former President Taft, Marion Harland, and Mrs. Thos. A. Edison.

Mrs. Champ Clark also offered a money prize to the children in the Speaker's congressional district in Missouri, and Mrs. Timothy Ansberry, wife of Representative Ansberry, made the same inducement to the children of Ohio to get busy and tell what they knew about cotton.

When Miss Clark was asked if her efforts and those of her friends had produced results that measured up to her expectations, she exclaimed: "Oh, we never dreamed of such phenomenal interest nor such universal co-operation all over the United States, though, that is just as it should be because, you see the cotton situation affected the entire country, not just the South alone."

"Our plan was really a part of the 'Buy-a-bale' project and the 'Made-in-America' movement, all of which had one primary object and that was to do something to change the stagnation in the cotton situation."

"You see," Miss Clark continued, "Europe usually buys from five to six hundred million dollars' worth of cotton from the United States annually. This amount, because of the war is, of course, thrown back upon the hands of the producers. And, it is especially to be deplored that this should happen this year when the crop of cotton is so large. This cotton deadlock has been the object of discussion from one end of the country to the other and has, as you know, resulted in the 'Buy-a-Bale' idea. But while this is a splendid movement, it is confined to the class of people who have ready money to invest. Our plan was simple enough, from the point of money involved, to include every family in the land because everybody has to use some cotton all of the time."

"Yes," added Miss Clark, "The Show was to demonstrate that cotton gowns could be made suitable for all purposes and it does seem that American women could wear cotton dresses for one season to help avert a financial depression which affects not only the prosperity of the South but reacts on the North as well."

"Certainly, it affects the North, and the entire country," Miss Clark answered the query, positively. "If the South fails to sell her cotton, she cannot spend the four hundred million dollars with Northern manufacturers that she usually spends each year. All of the cotton factories of the country have reduced their output to about one half, which means that their force is reduced, leaving many people out of employment. This affects the merchant, because he will not order more supplies while his shelves are stacked full of bolts of goods unsold. So that by getting people to using and buying cotton all over the country, we start a movement that is financially beneficial all along the line from grower to factory owner, with all the people that have connection with their respective industries."

"Why, am I so interested?" Miss Clark answered the question with another, "Did you know that Missouri raises cotton regularly in twelve counties and that she could raise it profitably in as many as fifty counties? Did you know that Missouri took the first prize at the Chicago World's Fair for the best short staple cotton, per acre? Well then I have lots of kinsfolks in the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Some Beauty Problems

I PRESUME a good many of my girls have yielded to the fad of the moment and cut a little lock of hair beside the ear to be trained into a Montague swirl. And, now, lo, and behold! The little curl which every body cultivated so assiduously has fallen out of fashion's favor, and the lock of hair we snipped so ruthlessly has converted itself into a problem.

What shall we do with it? And, alas! with the little down we find creeping down our cheek beneath it? We are just beginning to learn that we can't train the hair to lie on cheek or forehead, or fall over it, without starting a growth of hair beneath.

The first thing we must do is to devote as much time to training the hair away from the face as we did to manufacturing the bewitching



TRAINING BACK THE MONTAGUE CURL.

Montague. We used bandoline, no doubt, to plaster it to the cheek—suppose we use bandoline, now, to plaster it back? Here is the formula by which you can make a supply:

Quince Bandoline

Soak three teaspoonfuls of quince seeds in a pint of hot water for several hours. Then strain, and you will have a mucilaginous liquid, to which you should add a couple of drops of perfume.

If you will moisten the hair with this, and brush it severely back at the ears, it will stay in place fairly well, although it may need a couple of applications of the bandoline during the day. If the little lock was a generous one, and your hair is inclined to be obstinate, you may have to resort to the mucilage brush, but this is to be avoided, if possible. Invisible pins will aid the bandoline tress to stay in place.

This same method may be applied wherever the hair has grown too low on forehead, neck, or cheek. It will check further growth, and gradually train the hair to grow away from the spot on which it has been encroaching. Now that it is fashionable to wear the hair high, the little locks in the nape of the neck can be kept in order by the bandoline brush, and if you wave the hair, it will stay in curl much longer if moistened with bandoline before being put up on kid curlers.

At night-time, you may use more drastic and unbecoming measures to train your tresses. Invest in a small package of court plaster, and before going to bed, brush the hair firmly back beside the ear, and paste in position with a strip of the court plaster. In the morning, this can be washed off easily with warm water, the little lock thoroughly dried and the bandoline applied.

The next task before you is to get rid of the patch of down which has almost certainly sprung up beneath your Montague. Get out your little bottles of peroxide and ammonia, and dampen your fingers with one, thoroughly moisten the offending spot. The next day, use the ammonia in the same manner, and continue for several weeks. Peroxide can also be used for short hairs that grow low in the neck; and because it bleaches them, will render them less conspicuous. You must be extremely careful, however, not to let the tiniest drop touch the edges of the hair proper, or this, too, will bleach, and you will suddenly become—perhaps—the possessor of brown tresses with blonde roots.

Your investment in court-plaster you can turn to good account in many ways. It is very useful with which to cap an offending isolated pimple, but be sure to choose black for this purpose. Black suggests an old-fashioned beauty patch, while flesh-colored court-plaster is unpleasantly suggestive of a scab.

These tiny black patches serve to accentuate a dimple which isn't quite pronounced enough to suit its possessor—for this purpose, one should be placed just beside the dimple. It may be cut in crescent shape, star-shaped, in the fashion some ultra-modern young women affect, or it may be just a tiny black circle.

It was quite the fad last winter at opera or theater, where somewhat low-cut gowns were worn, to attach a little black patch to the shoulder, thus accentuating the whiteness of the skin. But, probably most of my girls wear sweet modest little Dutch necks—I hope they do—and have no use for this art of the toilet.

Possibly, however, there may be one or two who will be interested in another very practical purpose to which that package of court-plaster may be put.

If Polly is inclined to be just a little near-sighted and so frowns a trifle when she reads, thus adding a vertical line or two to her smooth young forehead; or if Janet has a rather hasty temper and is getting some temper lines just above her brows; or if patient little Ruth, who is sick so much, finds that pain has left a crease or two behind, then out may come the court-plaster racket. With a pair of sharp scissors, little strips and squares of the plaster may be cut, the wrinkled skin smoothed out, stretched to its utmost between the first finger and thumb of the left hand, while the right hand claps a strip of dampened plaster right across it.

Wherever you find a wrinkle or the hint of one, clap down one of your plaster strips. Of course, these are not to be worn in the daytime, but may be generously applied at night, and kept on till morning. Then warm water and soap will wash them away, and you should rub in a little skin food, massaging across the lines, not in the direction they run.

If you will be diligent and faithful in your allegiance to court-plaster and bandoline, peroxide and ammonia, I shall expect to hear great tales of the improvement in your appearance before next month.

Answers to Questions

A Mere Man.—How very kind of you to let me know the method by which you so successfully increased your weight. I shall be very glad to recommend an egg beaten in a pint of milk, to be taken before breakfast each morning. That you have succeeded in gaining twenty-five pounds in six months, although being obliged to eat in luncheons and restaurants speaks well for what the egg and milk have done for you. I notice you are careful to eat rather light meals, which is an excellent plan if there is any trouble with the digestion. Thank you again for your very helpful letter.

Blanche F.—Anybody can be a member of our Pretty Girls' Club. This merely means that you will try to follow the advice I give in this department, pass it along to your friends, and do your best to be as pretty and happy and healthy as we were all intended to be.

Madge.—Your picture shows a very attractive girl. If you were not so careful as you say about your diet, I should think the pimples were caused by the food you ate, but you say you avoid pies, cakes, candy and

fried foods. I suppose you are careful to drink eight to ten glasses of water a day, are you not? You must be sure that the eliminative functions of the body are in good working order. This is absolutely essential. See to this daily. After you scrub your face at night with hot soapy water, are you careful to rinse it in warm water several times, so that there cannot remain a particle of the soap? I think it would be a good idea to use warm (not hot) water instead of cold, in the morning for your face, without soap, afterward dashing on cold water. Before applying powder at any time, rub a little cold cream into the skin. See that it is all absorbed, and wipe off the surface of the face gently with a soft cloth before applying the powder. Can you not manage to take a bath every night before retiring?

White County, Arkansas.—The health of the hair depends considerably upon the health of the body. You must keep yourself very well nourished, and drink plenty of water. Eat a good many fresh fruits and green vegetables. I think the best thing for your hair would be to massage the scalp nightly. To do this, place the thumbs upon the temples and rest the four fingers of each hand on the scalp. Now, without lifting the fingers, move the scalp back and forth on the skull. You may find that your scalp is quite firmly attached, and does not wish to move, but keep right at it; for unless the skin is loose on the skull, your hair will not be healthy. Pay particular attention to the thin spot of which you speak. Use a little vaseline on the fingers. Shampoo your hair once in three weeks, not oftener; and the night before shampooing anoint the whole scalp with olive oil slightly warmed. Do your hair up in a towel afterwards. This will loosen the dandruff or scales, and make the shampoo in the morning effectual. You teach during the week, but if you could, on Saturday and Sunday, rub vaseline into your entire scalp, parting the hair first in one place and then in another to make it easy to apply the vaseline. It would be an excellent thing for your scalp. This would mean, of course, that you would have to shampoo it every week before you went back to school. The scalp massage is the best thing for you, however. You can change the position of the fingers every few moments until every part of the scalp is massaged. Do not rub the fingers back and forth across the hair, as this breaks the hair. Keep them in exactly the same position on the scalp, but move the scalp.

A Young Mother.—Gentle massage of the tiny scar on your daughter's forehead will help remove it, but in any case it will probably disappear as she grows older. Such a little "dimple" is often considered a desirable beauty mark, so I should not worry about it. Use cold cream on your fingers in massaging, and massage across and not lengthwise of the mark.

Inquirer.—Your hair is extremely pretty. It is brown with chestnut shades. I do not like to give out the formula; this little tinge of chestnut is considered quite attractive. If you find dandruff coming, see what I said to "White County, Arkansas," and use olive oil the night before shampooing.

Curly Head.—No. Butter milk will not grow hair on the face. Taken internally it is excellent for the complexion. Your hair is a light brown with a golden tinge. You should shampoo it every three weeks, being careful that it is rinsed thoroughly and dried in the sun. If it reaches to your waist, it is a very good thing, indeed, for a girl of seventeen years. Your hairdressing is very good indeed.

Gemma.—The only formulas I possess for liquid face powders contain bichloride of mercury, and this is such a deadly poison that I do not like to give out the formula. The application of a liquid powder is a very delicate thing; and if the tiniest pin-point of the skin is not covered, the whole face looks artificial. Use a good cold cream and dust powder on the skin. If you wish to use a liquid rouge, dissolve pure rouge (carthamine) in alcohol and add a tiny bit of acetic acid. Apply with a bit of absorbent cotton, after using cold cream and before applying powder.

Smiling Eighteen.—Don't lessen the amount of water you are drinking for any reason. Drink eight to ten glasses of water a day, but do not drink any liquid at your meals. For your hands and arms, scrub them every night with hot soapy water and a complexion brush; in the daytime, except when they are very dirty, use tiny cheese-cloth bags of rolled oats instead of soap. Dip the little bag (about three inches square) into warm water and then use it as a wash cloth. At night use the following arm-and-hand bleach:

Bleach for the Arms

Beat the yolk of one egg until fluffy, then add twenty drops of tincture of benzoin, one teaspoonful of olive oil, half an ounce each of glycerine and rose-water, and add enough flour to make a thick paste.

When the arms have been covered with this dainty bleach, wind around them long strips of cotton cloth, fastening ends securely. Do not remove bandage until morning comes. Slip very loose cotton gloves over the hands.

Dorothy.—Fill the hollows at the base of the neck with cold cream, and massage the lower line of the throat until the cream is all absorbed. Also practise the following exercise:

Take a correct standing position, and alternately turn the head slowly to the right and left as far as possible, keeping the muscles of the neck rigid.

Here is a formula for the sachet powder which you wanted:

Diolet Jacket

Ground orris root, one half pound; ground rose leaves, one eighth pound; ground rhodium wood, one eighth pound.

I should not brush orris root into the hair. A dry shampoo of this kind should only be used in emergency.



A TINY PATCH TO ACCENTUATE A DIMPLE.

ties, as it is apt to clog the scalp and bring about unhealthy conditions. Here is a formula for a face bleach:

Buy a fifty-cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some of the almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face, and tear a hole in the center of each for your nose, so you won't smother. Now, dampen the squares and spread the paste between them. Bathe the face in hot soapy water, massage a minute, and then apply the patch, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lay on two medium-sized, hot, wet Turkish towels; and, as soon as they cool, replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove patch, wash face in warm water, then cool, then very cold water. Take two or three treatments every seven

days for three weeks. If your nose and cheeks get so red, your circulation is impeded. See that your clothes are loose, both around the waist and neck, and never wear tight sleeves. To improve your circulation, practise the exercise given to "Schoolmarm" for fat feet.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, CARE COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

The Cotton Style Show

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

South as well as friends and I believe that the splendid example of the women of international fame who have given up careers and ease and comfort to go back to their native countries and show their patriotism by helping nurse the sick and wounded soldiers should find a response among the women of America who should at least endeavor to help even in a small way when a crisis like this arises that threatens the prosperity of such a large section. Patriotism isn't worth much unless it is practical," she added with a smile, "and now that cotton has had such a good start it is to be hoped, and I believe, that the use of cotton will become so universal that we will be able to use up a large part if not all of our surplus here in our own country.

At any rate, the cotton boom has begun and there is to be a number of Cotton Balls in the different cities which will further the cause. Washington is to have two, very soon, at which we will all wear our cotton gowns. Just now we are busy figuring out a winter wardrobe in cotton materials."

Miss Lucy Burleson declares that the wearing of cotton gowns and making American goods and American styles for American women the decree of fashion is a small service to render in the name of Patriotism when abroad so many women are called upon to give up everything life holds dear. She is certain that American women can make any project successful if they want to and points to the Cotton Style Show and the Bargain Sale week as an example which should be only the starting point in the work along the line to popularize cotton goods and that there is no good reason why the use of cotton should not be persistently continued as long as conditions limit the market. Through the schools much could be done to promote the general use of it, and much of Christmas giving might be figured out in cotton articles.

Few people really know just how large a part cotton plays in the necessities and comforts of everyday life. Since the cotton boom started and has drawn attention to this product of the South more has been learned as to the extent to which this article is used than was ever before realized. Though the European war demoralized the cotton industry, without cotton the war could not either have started, or having started, could not continue, for the simple reason that not a single modern gun could be fired without cotton, not a single battleship be able to sail nor any of the armies of Europe be put into motion. Cotton is the basis of smokeless powder now universally used, and of the high explosives. The armor-clad warship carries more cotton than was used by the frigates of a hundred years ago with all their array of sails. All the armies of the world now use cotton for their uniforms, in fact all of the people of the world from the tropics to the poles use cotton, for the Hottentot stretches a few breadths of cotton cloth over some poles and makes a shield from the sun, while the arctic explorer takes his duck suit, pads it nicely with cotton and does away with the weight of his furs, but none of the warmth.

Though many people insist upon wearing woolen clothing, it is a question whether they really get all wool or not, for so skillful have become the manufacturers of fabrics and textiles that to actually make sure a garment is all wool one would have to boil it in caustic soda.

Cotton enters into the composition of many articles outside of wearing apparel. There are cotton combs, for celluloid combs are really made of cotton treated with acids and so are all celluloid articles, and their name is legion, made from the same product. Cotton is part of the structure of automobiles, for it is in the soft felt cushions, and the costly tires that puncture so readily and at such inopportune times are cotton treated with rubber.

Coal could not be mined without cotton. In the production of electricity, and the making of passenger coaches, cotton plays an important part. Big office buildings could not be put up without cotton, for there would be no fireproofing practicable; and for the carrying of cement 180,000,000 yards of cotton cloth are used every year for the bags that hold it.

Mr. C. T. Revere, the cotton expert, vouchers for these facts and many more, and he knows, that cotton is a part of enameled ceilings, that one company alone requires one million yards of cotton cloth each year to shade their tobacco plants, on plantations in Cuba and Florida, and 4,000,000 yards to make the little bags in which the tobacco is sold to the smoker.

From Mr. Revere's figures, it is evident that cotton is everything to everybody, playing a conspicuous part in housing and clothing us, and, as cotton-seed oil and its products, even finding its way into the larder to shorten our pastry when hog lard is either too high, too scarce or not popular with the cook.

Should anyone doubt that this is the age of cotton, the following figures should be more than convincing. The stopping of the looms and spindles would not be the greatest loss consequent on the elimination of cotton, for there are numberless other industries that would be paralyzed.

The total of the world's consumption of cotton last year was more than 19,000,000 bales. To many people to whom cotton is summed up in pillow cases, sheets and dress goods, the fact that these articles use up a comparatively small proportion of this material would doubtless cause a surprise. The railroads and trolley lines of this country alone use more than 250,000 bales of cotton yearly for making enameled ceilings, plush chairs, leather seats and airplane hose.

The automobile consumes about 400,000 bales, annually most of which is made into cotton duck, the essential features for tires, and the balance into leather cushions and seats. The great harvester machine company is the largest individual purchaser of cotton, as it uses millions of yards of cotton-duck, the amount for the entire industry being estimated at fifty million yards yearly. Ordinarily in New York alone, 400,000 pounds of cotton yarn is used weekly in the electrical industry where it is utilized in insulation.

Many articles are now put up in cotton bags, as with cotton at fifteen cents a pound, they are cheaper than barrels.

Coal, too, is being put in duck bags or sacks for delivery where chutes are not feasible of use, and for this 15,000,000 yards of duck are bought. In coal mines cotton duck is used extensively for ventilating chutes, and cotton tarpaulins have come to be a universal covering for flat cars, vans and wagons.

The cotton blanket is rapidly driving out the woolen one. The delicate tints, plaids and stripes are attractive enough to please the most esthetic taste while their soft and downy surface is quite as appealing as that of the wool ones.

Twenty million yards of cotton duck find their way into the Canadian northwest each year for overcoats, replacing furs. With a padding of cotton between layers of duck, they are warmer and not so heavy to carry as the fur ones.

Cotton cloth takes the place of wall paper in many homes, and cotton buckram is used for the bindings of books. The government uses millions of yards of cotton duck for coin bags, and millions of yards are used for filtering oil, in the space of twelve months.

Pottories use great quantities for extracting water from clay, and fifty million yards go into cotton ducking for rubber belting and rubber hose.

The same material goes into the composition of

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gauntlets, gloves, leggings and tennis and gymnasium shoes, canopies for shower baths in place of rubber, coverings for trunks and telescopes, and 4,000,000 yards each year find their way into mines for draining purposes.

Countless yards are cut up into wagon tops, cushions and waterproof coats, tents, awnings, furniture making, floor coverings, etc. Mattresses too are being made of cotton felt and largely replacing those of hair.

In wood pulp and all paper mills, cotton is greatly in evidence for driers.

Most of our so-called household linen is cotton. In the face of this marshalling of statistics of usefulness of cotton no one can plead a disinterest in the cotton situation, and with a little enlightening as to the many splendid substitutes for other fabrics which cotton can supply, which is emphasized by the world-wide attention which the war has attracted to the cotton industry of our land, America alone should be able and glad to make use of her cotton surplus for her own use.

The movement has been given a further impetus by President Wilson urging other cities to duplicate the Washington Cotton Style Show in the following message:

"The various movements to relieve the situation of the cotton growers, hard hit by war conditions in Europe, afford fresh proof of the American spirit of helpfulness. The exhibit of cotton goods in Washington this week opened the eyes of many to the growing uses of cotton. It is gratifying that patriotic women of other cities in our country are planning to follow the good example of Washington women and make like exhibits in their home cities. Such displays must have the effect of increasing the demand and opening new fields for the use of the fleecy staple, and are therefore to be warmly commended."

So also, the Daughters of the American Revolution have passed a resolution to wear cotton dresses, to increase the demand, and also to scorn all hats with foreign labels, and to use cotton decorations whenever possible. In line with this are the plans of the various clubs and societies for the organization of committees to arrange for "Muslin Balls" and "Cotton Balls" with prizes to be given for the handsomest and most unique cotton gowns.

Already from some of the states, word has come to Miss Clark that her efforts in starting the Cotton Bargain Sales Week has been productive of such a demand that shelves overstocked with cotton goods have been so depleted that orders have already gone to the factories for new supplies.

Who, now, would ever say that American girls and women have not their full share of patriotism?

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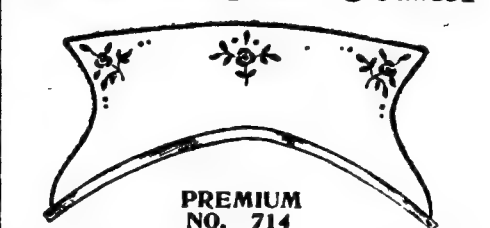
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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

With the Boy Scouts—Chivalry

CHIVALRY is a rather ancient word and has lost some of the glamour of its earlier significance. Gone alas, are the knights of old and with their stirring deeds of valor done for ladies faint in distress, and the tilting matches, and the wild-brimmed, sweeping hats and the shiny swords and all the picturesque of olden days. In good king Arthur's time this worthy band of youth and pluck and high ideals flourished, but it must be stated, that the qualities, in which they seemed to excel had always existed in the hearts of brave and true men.

History tells us that about 1500 years ago the noble order of knighthood and chivalry sprang up in Europe. It was composed of men who loved fairness and justice, and their purpose in organizing was to defend the weak against the cruelty and oppression of roughs and bullies.

At this time the people were divided into two great classes, the aristocrats or nobles, and the plebeians or common, hard-working folks. The former class, being supported by the toil of others, were rich and powerful and in a great measure idle and vicious. As a consequence their weaker brothers suffered nearly every kind of wrong and indignity at their hands. Now, in those days, while might was generally considered right, and it was the accepted idea that the prerogative of the rich and so-called nobles was to do as they pleased to the plebeians, not all of them were brutal enough to act inhumanly toward the under class. In fact some of them stoutly objected to the gross wrongs perpetrated by ruffians of high caste and decided to put an end to them.

Noblemen, indeed, were those men, for observe, they were not banding together for their own protection but to help the weak and oppressed. Their slogan was, "To live pure, speak true, right wrong, and follow the king," and this, I think is a precise and adequate definition of the word "Chivalry." Of course, nowadays we will want to cut out the "king" part of it, but it is easy to put in the world "Lord." Instead, there is no finer formula for a life of service than this same amended slogan, and of course you know, that every successful life is preeminently one of service.

In our time we do not have to battle with robbers and wild animals and savages to win a place in the ranks of chivalry. The more I think of the matter the more I am convinced that plain politeness and courtesy and common decency are all we need. To be truly chivalrous one must be imbued with a strong desire to make others comfortable and happy at all times. The Boy Scout motto, "Do a good turn daily," is a splendid rule of conduct to live up to.

However in practicing the little amenities of life there is a line over which we must not step. The true gentleman is never over-mannered or obtrusive. If he performs an act of kindness, he does it as quietly as possible. His object is never to display his own good qualities but always to put someone else at ease or help them out of a difficulty. He does it naturally, freely and unconsciously, without flourish or bombast or ostentation. The very essence of good breeding is to be polite in the least noticeable way. The great Lord Chesterfield, who is the world's authority on matters of etiquette sums it up admirably in this sentence, "Virtue itself offends, if coupled with forbidding manners."

Did you ever notice a difference in the way boys tip their hats to ladies? Some do it grudgingly, merely plucking at the headpiece, as if it were a crime to take it off; others apparently, want to show how very much they really do know, and almost sweep the ground with a grandiose gesture. Of course you cannot admire either of these extremes so you will choose the middle ground. Cut out the stage stuff. It is false and unreal. Take your hat entirely off, if it is possible, when you meet a lady and put it back on your head as slowly as you took it off. Even if you are ten feet ahead of the person saluted, before your head is again covered, where's the harm? Learn to do it gracefully. A bit of practice before a mirror will not be amiss.

Do your hat impartially to all ladies of your acquaintance, even your next-door neighbors and

common consent, refrained from their annual practice of frolic and noisy glee. On the evening of the Fourth the city was as quiet as if it were mid-winter. Not a shot was heard, not a rocket lit up the sky. The invalid noted it and from his bed of pain he gave forth the message, "It is not my wish that anything should curtail the children's pleasure one whit, and yet this silence is sweet music to my ears, because it proves that the American youth can be truly kind and chivalrous."

Unfortunately, a few days afterward, the good man passed away, but this one quiet observance of the national holiday was so noticeably free from accidents and fires and fights, that it grew into a nation-wide campaign for a sane Fourth. I am firmly of the belief that although the self-sacrificing lads did not save the mayor's life by their chivalrous conduct on that first sane Fourth, that since then hundreds of lives and immeasurable suffering have been saved by the good practice they started.

Every Boy Scout is a true respecter of others' rights. Protecting the weak does not always mean doing some heroic deed at great personal



CHIVALRY.

risk. Sometimes, as in the case cited, it is best accomplished, by an omission instead of an act. There is no set rule for chivalrous conduct. It is just a case of acting on your best impulses. At all times it requires courage, but courage itself is a hard quality to define.

It is the good we are trying to do that counts. If Chivalry is to be measured at all it must be by this standard. Some great thinker said, "Courage is not the absence of fear but the conquest of it." It takes a due bit of courage to apologize for a wrong we have done to someone and yet it would be cowardly to refuse to do so.

The true gentleman always thinks of others before himself. Here is an incident that I was a witness of the other day. A dozen husky, young football players just from the field of practice boarded a street car with much loud laughter and shouting and jostling. As there were no women on the car, they continued to sing and give their class yell after they were seated. When the merriment was at its height a woman with a sleeping infant on her arm got on the car. One of the boys gave up his seat to her and from the instant she entered until she got off not a bit of noise was made. Perhaps it is a bit unchivalrous for me to add that the woman was colored and quite poorly clad.

Another instance comes to my mind. On the way to school when I was a lad was a hollow in which a very old woman lived. Grandma Baggs was her nick-name and each day some of us used to go down the rickety steps to do chores for her, the girls to sweep or wash the dishes or bring her hot soup or dainties, the boys to chop wood or shovel snow or carry water. Not for worlds would anyone harm the old lady and woe be to any strange lad who happened to throw snowballs at her door.

At the side of her little cabin was one lone walnut tree. It was a big one though, and seemed to have more nuts on it than any tree I can recall. This tree was in the heart of a thickly settled neighborhood and there was not another nut tree within miles of it. It was quite a temptation to go down and steal a few walnuts, but I do not think any boy ever did. The old lady sold the annual crop and the money received was her only source of income. The school boys gathered them for her and shucked them and put them on the low roof to dry and when she did try to force some on us we always smuggled them back into the basket. It was an absolute disgrace to have a walnut in your possession until after Grandma Baggs's crop was gathered and sold.

Ever since those days I feel as if I should help an old lady to very minute I see one, thanks to the early habit of doing chores for old Mrs. Carr, well to tell you the truth, I never did know her right name. I think nothing could be finer than for a boy to voluntarily be of service to an aged person. It is a mark of good Scoutdom and the soul of Chivalry. Practice it whenever you get a chance and see what a real pleasure it is.

The great war now raging has brought out the inherent bravery and chivalry of the foreign Boy Scouts. In all the countries they sprang to the call of duty as one man. In eighth and double eights they spend the long dreary nights guarding railroads, bridges and culverts. War service, it is, to be sure, and yet they are peace Scouts, acting in strict accordance with the tenets of the organization for it certainly is a good turn to the helpless passengers to see that no harm comes to them while they are traveling. The Scouts are not out to injure anyone and do not carry guns, their duty is simply to spread alarm if needs be and to stop endangered trains by signaling. It is not very easy duty either and I think it comes squarely under the heading of Chivalry. Spending a few nights in a forest is all right in fine weather, but after a week of it is apt to become irksome. Then it is discovered whether the boys are just showy and brave on the surface or have real grit. When the war is over, I have no doubt that hundreds of brave acts now being performed by them will come to light.

History describes many chivalrous deeds done by boys. A fine example of fortitude coupled with extreme courage is that of the French lad who carried to Napoleon the joyful news that his soldiers had taken a town that was being besieged. "You are wounded," said the emperor, noticing the lad's paleness and tightly closed lips. "Not wounded, sire but killed," was the answer, as the youth fell in a dead heap at the feet of the conqueror of nations. The greatest mistake a boy can make is to imagine that the exercise of mere physical strength constitutes bravery. It certainly does not, and invaluable as it is, it must be used to help and uplift and not to harm and destroy. Never strike a weak or innocent person. The bully is always a coward. He seeks the adulation of the crowd and in his heart is petty, mean and low-spirited. I can recall a half-dozen boys who were gang leaders and brutal fist fighters when I was a youngster, and not one of them amounts to a row of pins today.

Victory gained by sheer force or by ruthlessly trampling on the rights of others is worse than defeat. In the animal kingdom the big devour the little but we have souls and do not wish to be put on a level with a bulldog or a shark or a tiger.

Some boys take delight in teasing and making fun of the weak and crippled and deformed. Once I saw a young brute pull the coat-tail of a drunken man to gain the plaudits of the gang he was with. Urged on by the cheers and laughter of his equally brutal companions, he went a little too far and the helpless inebriate was thrown forward, sustaining a deep cut on the forehead. At sight of the blood the tormentors ran, the



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erstwhile brave leader dashing into a woodshed and cowering there like a whipped cur. How quickly the threatened danger to himself brought out the weakness of his character. It was a different sort of a lad who picked up the injured man and helped him to his home. The latter was a natural born Boy Scout and exemplar of Chivalry; the former and all like him should get into the Scouts and learn to apply their excess animal spirits in a good direction.

God is just and surely meant that the strong should protect the weak, or else it seems to me He would have made us all of equal strength. Chivalry is Christian knighthood. The keynote of Christianity is the golden rule. "Do to others as you would have them do to you." In spite of all this men are prone to take advantage of their brothers. Modern writers frequently ask this question, "Is Chivalry dead?" It is within the power of the boys of today to make their generation more chivalrous than any which preceded it.

The trend of events seems to indicate that America must take the lead in eliminating the horror of war from the world, as well as other forms of injustice. To do this she will need men, alive with a strong desire to assist the weak, regardless of what sacrifice may be involved. The Boy Scouts' organization is a preparatory school in the making of such a race. The members are sworn to do good at all times, and are fitted by training to act properly in every emergency that human brains can anticipate. The mock hero of cheap literature or cheaper picture drama is not the kind the Scout is taught to emulate. Our chivalry consists in doing properly the little things that are closest to us. Big, showy deeds of bravery are usually done on the impulse of the moment and are not always true indications of character. Politeness, cheerfulness, courtesy and fairness can be used all day long, even in our most trivial affairs. Each and every one of those qualities, we all possess to some degree, but we must amplify and enlarge them. All it requires is a willingness on your part. Common sense will teach you ways and means. If you could but foresee what a big advantage it will be in the shaping of a successful career, you would begin at once to practice the art of making life pleasant for others. No one can tell you just what to do, because your life is different from any other. "Do a good turn daily," is a good guiding motto for all boys as well as Scouts, but make it ten or a hundred good turns every day if the chance comes your way. No, "Chivalry is not dead." It has been neglected for a little while but it is coming to life stronger than ever. There is always a bumper crop after the soil has lain fallow for a few years.

Hearts and Wires

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

thrilled old Mrs. Fife's ear like a harp-string. She listened entranced whenever Jessie spoke.

"It seems to me," she said, "that you ought to be able to sing with that voice."

Jessie laughed, shook her head.

"I've never tried to sing or thought I could. I'm afraid there's not a bit of music in me. It seems strange, too, for mother used to sing very sweetly. She sang in the drawing-rooms of wealthy people until she married father. Then I came and her voice went."

Old Mrs. Fife had suddenly a great deal of color. She let her fork fall with a rattle.

"It is a pity about the voice," she said, "and yet I daresay your mother feels it no sacrifice when she considers her daughter's."

Little Mrs. Carr's eyes shone through tears.

"As if all the voices in the world could be worth her little finger," she cried.

Old Mrs. Fife gave the signal to rise. This time she made the journey from the breakfast-room to the winnowed chair more comfortably than she had ever made it before. She had her arm through Jessie's. And Jessie had a way of offering herself more as a comrade than a young crop to a failing old stem. Therefore it was that Mrs. Fife said strangely:

"When your mother named you she gave you my name which is Jessie also."

"Oh, mother didn't name me. It was my father who did that!" cried Jessie.

Presently Mrs. Fife sat alone. They had gone and the house was still about her. She sat quietly thinking. It was then Gwendoline Provost came.

There was a light, fine snow falling and Gwendoline's sables glistened with the tiny crystals as she entered. Gwendoline was large and fair and sables became her. Her cheek was fragrant and cold as she kissed old Mrs. Fife dutifully.

"I had to come and see you after all," she said. "I've something to tell you."

"Sit down and tell me," invited old Mrs. Fife. Gwendoline sat down where Jessie had sat twenty minutes before. What a different picture she made! She loosened her furs and a jewel gave off blue rays at her throat.

"Well," she said, "you won't think it pleasant perhaps. But I heard tonight that Fife's widow lives here in this town."

"So?" said old Mrs. Fife.

"Yes, and she has a daughter who works in the telephone office. Can you believe it?"

"Certainly, I can believe anything at my age. What name do they go by?"

"They call themselves Carr. It seems that after Fife died his wife married again. A man named Carr. He died immediately. There, you have it all just as I heard it."

"You heard it correctly," said old Mrs. Fife slowly. "I know the facts myself. Mrs. Carr is my sewing-woman. She has been here today. Her daughter, too. They had supper with me."

"What?" cried Gwendoline.

"And she wasn't a cheap actress, nothing of the sort," Mrs. Fife went on. "She sang in drawing-rooms. It was so Fife met her. The girl is named after me. She is an adorable child."

"Well!" gasped Gwendoline.

"They don't know yet that I'm related to them. Fife never told his wife anything. But I intend they shall know. And I mean to do something for the girl, Gwendoline."

Fife's daughter, Gwendoline said. She looked away. A tear rolled down her cheek and got caught in the glossy hairs of her sable scarf.

"But you can't do it all, you know," she added quietly. "I've got my claim upon her, too. Fife was the only man I ever loved. And his daughter is—his daughter."

"Gwendoline Provost!" cried old Mrs. Fife. "Why I never was so surprised in my life. At heart you are a fine, generous woman. I haven't been fair in my judgment of you, I confess it."

Gwendoline leaned forward and took the old woman's hands. She smiled.

"Who is ever fair in her judgment of another?" she said. "I've always felt that you tolerated me on Fife's account. You have always felt

that I was nice to you from selfish motives. We understand each other now. And while we both are doing for Fife's wife and daughter we'll learn to know each other right. And perhaps love each other, too."

Mrs. Fife patted Gwendoline's hand.

"I'm an old woman," she said, "But I've learned something new. And I see I've got a lot to live for yet," she declared triumphantly.

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A KNIGHT OF OLD.

the members of your own family when you meet them on the street or away from home. Remember the old like to be made much of as well as the young. Call an elderly person by his or her full name that is surname when you address them, and they will think a lot more of you for it. Surely, "Good morning, Mrs. Brown," accompanied by a proper baring of the head, and a frank, pleasant smile, is a whole heap better than a sidelong look and a curt "Hello." The art of meeting people properly is well worth attaining for it may be the foundation of a successful career. You can certainly acquire it by constant practice and genuine interest.

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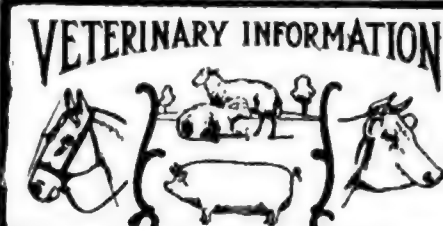
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VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.** Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

HEAVES.—Every time I feed my horse he has a cough. He has had green pasture all summer. Other than the cough he appears to be in first-class condition.
A.—Do not feed hay. In summer feed grass and in winter let him eat wet oat straw. He may also have roots or silage, along with whole oats and wheat bran. Do not work him soon after a meal or allow him any bulky feed at noon. If the cough persists give him half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning.
M. A. B.

SORE EYES.—I have a fine bird dog that has inflammation of the eyes. Pus forms beneath the eyes.
Mrs. C. E.
A.—Bathe the eyes twice daily with a saturated solution of boric acid applied each time with fresh swabs of absorbent cotton. If the trouble persists apply to the eyelids once daily a little of a five per cent lanolin ointment of yellow oxide of mercury.

GARRET.—I have a fine cow, half Guernsey and half Ayrshire. She was fresh last spring. About once a month she gives clotted milk out of her right front teat. In a few days the other front teat will be the same. Recently when she came up at night the right front quarter of her udder was swollen. **Mrs. J. F. H.**
A.—She may be bruising or chilling her udder. Keep her out of water or filthy places. Milk her three times a day and at night rub the udder with warm melted lard.

WARTS.—I have a fine heifer calf nine months old. Her mouth has been covered with seed warts since she was about six months old. Some very large ones are on her lower lip.
Mrs. G. W. P.
A.—Rub the affected parts once or twice daily with best Castor oil or fresh goose grease and the warts will soon disappear.

HEAVES.—I have a mule ten years old in good condition that has a dry cough. (1) Can you inform me where I can get the only daily cough medicine?
A.—The disease is incurable, but may be relieved by giving half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning, feeding grass in summer and wet oat straw in winter in preference to hay, allowing no bulky feed at noon and never working the horse soon after a meal. (2) Write to Alex. Eger & Co., Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., for list of veterinary books, or obtain lists through the bookseller of your town.

HEAVES.—I have a horse eight years old. He is thin, but eats heartily. He appears to have the heaves.
M. E. R.
A.—See other answer regarding heaves, in this issue of the paper.

WART.—Tell me the trouble with my mule. She has something on her thigh almost as large as a hen's egg. It has been there eight weeks and appears like a cancer or wart. It is raw and bleeds at times.
M. B. P.
A.—Either have the wart cut out by a veterinarian who will then cauterize the wound; or ligate it tightly with a fine cord and once daily saturate it with acetic acid. When it drops off cauterize the base with a lunar caustic pencil, or lightly apply some diluted nitric acid, after smearing lard around the part.

LAME HOO.—For a month, my pig which is eight months old and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, has trembled when on his feet, until he could hardly stand. He appears well, gets lots of milk, fair grass and a little corn.
M. C. E.
A.—Overfeeding and lack of exercise cause the trouble and he may go down paralyzed. As he is of good weight and otherwise healthy it would be well to sell him to the butcher or to kill him for meat. The meat will be all right for use.

TROUBLE WITH CREAM.—I would like to know what to do with my cream. The last four or five times I have done churning the cream rises to the butter, and by the amount of butter I don't get all out of the cream.
Mrs. C. E.
A.—The cream is not properly ripened. Perfectly scald all milk utensils including the churn. Add a starter to the cream and warm it slightly until the acidity spreads through the cream. You can get the starter at your creamery. The cream may be either too warm or too cold at churning time so you will have to experiment by adding cold water or heating as required. The cows are in no way to blame.

PARALYSIS.—What is the matter with our dog? He is down in his hips and cannot stand on his hind legs. He eats heartily and he also howls and groans all the time.
J. C. W.
A.—We should advise you to put the dog out of his misery if he is little more than a year old. If he is practically none if he is eight years old or over. If he is a young dog and has not been injured he may possibly improve if you give him twenty drops of elixir callosa bark, iron and strychnine twice a day, along with a tablespoonful of emulsion of cod liver oil. Feed him generously.

LAMENESS.—I have a horse nine years old that has been lame in both his shoulders. He appears to be stiff in his front legs.
E. M.
A.—The muscles of the shoulders may be wasted, but the probable cause is chronic disease of the fore feet, such as founder. He may do better if you clip the hair from the hoof heads of both fore feet and blister them repeatedly, one at a time, with a cantharidine blister. Apply the blister at intervals of two or three weeks.

TUMORS.—I have a heifer seventeen months old. About three weeks ago I discovered a knot on her right shoulder about the size of a goose egg. It was soft. On the right side of neck was another knot, rather long and hard. Her left leg was swollen at knee and ankle joint.
T. A.
A.—Swab the tumors with tincture of iodine once daily and open if they soften. If the case develops into blackleg, the animal will die and the remaining young cattle should be vaccinated at once. Without an examination we are unable to say just what is the matter.

COUGH.—We are renters, bringing two cows and a calf and putting them in a pasture near a small pond where fifty ducks swim in the water. There are twenty head of cattle in this pasture and all have a cough.
Mrs. M. C.
A.—Such water is quite unfit for cows to drink. They should have well water. If that cannot be managed then the water should be boiled and filtered. The cough may be due to tuberculosis, which is incurable, and the cows certainly should be tested with tuberculin. Any graduate veterinarian can apply the test. If they prove to be free from tuberculosis lung worms may be the cause of cough and the adult cows will recover if well fed, but the calves in addition to good feeding should have medicine injected into the windpipe, by means of a hypodermic syringe and hollow needle used by the veterinarian.

CONTAGIOUS OPHTHALMIA.—I have several calves that have sore eyes. Before they became sore they had a dry cough, which still continues. Their eyes water and a white spot comes on the eyeball. A foamy froth hangs from their mouths.
Mrs. W. B. L.
A.—Isolate affected calves, as the disease is contagious. Clean up, disinfect and whitewash the stable where they have been kept. Twice daily wash the eyes with a saturated solution of boric acid and every other day dust the eyeballs with a mixture of equal parts of finely powdered calomel and boric acid.

SKIN DISEASE.—I have a five-year-old mare. She breaks out in pimples. The hair falls out and when it grows it is white. (2) She is also infected with worms.
W. H. S.
A.—Have the mare clipped, or at least clip the hair from her belly and from the legs above hocks and knees. Keep the chickens out of the stable. Lice from them often cause this trouble, or it may be a form of eczema. Wash affected parts with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip as often as found necessary. (2) If she is not in foal she may have the following

medicine for worms: one part each of salt, sulphur and dried sulphate of iron; dose one tablespoonful in the feed night and morning for a week, then skip ten days and repeat. Omit iron if she is pregnant.

INDIGESTION.—I have a calf four months old that seems hearty, but expels its food and stays poor.
P. A. P.

A.—Physic the calf with Castor oil shaken up in milk, then feed three times a day on milk to which lime-water has been added at the rate of one ounce to the pint. Allow green feed and a mixture of fifty parts of whole oats, thirty parts of wheat bran and ten parts each of corn-meal and flaxseed meal.

VOMITING.—I have a cow, six years old and two thirds Jersey. At night she expels grass or any substance, eaten through the day. She does not appear sick. She has been that way one week, and is wearing her third calf.
G. S. L.

A.—Indigestion is the cause. Starve the cow for twenty-four hours, then feed her half as much as she has been getting and see that all of the feed is sound and digestible. If the trouble persists mix a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts of bicarbonate of soda and powdered wood charcoal in the feed night and morning.

POISON.—Can you tell me what is the trouble with my pet cats, they eat heartily, and are full grown. This week they all took sick, refused to eat or drink, and vomited green and foamy water; they lived from twelve to eighteen hours, and seemed to always want to be in a cool place. Is it a disease of cats, as everyone dies the same way?
Mrs. S. R.

A.—It is quite evident that the cats took poison which may have been set for the destruction of rats. The cause must be removed. It is unlikely that the cats could be saved by treatment, but an emetic might be given and followed by a physic.

TUMORS.—I have a cow that has a lump just above the front teat. It is about the size of a hen's egg. Last winter it got so sore we could hardly milk her. It got better, but the lump is still there. It is badly swollen. She gives five quarts at a milking.
Mrs. E. K.

A.—These tumors may be due to tuberculosis of the udder and if so the milk should not be used. Have her tested with tuberculin. Meanwhile swab the lumps with tincture of iodine every other day.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

A Subscriber.—Will you please tell me how to feed and what to feed hens to make them moult early for early winter laying, and oblige?
A.—Moulting can be brought about by reducing feed very considerably for two or three weeks, then gradually increasing the ration, which should contain a goodly percentage of animal food, and one tablespoonful of linseed meal to every quart of mixed mash. Next month's **COMFORT** will contain full instructions how to feed hens to produce winter eggs.

S. H.—I wish to ask through your paper how to raise and care for I. R. ducks, as I have bought thirty-nine head of same and have no experience. Please say what is best to feed them on to get best results. Can you tell me where I can get a book on I. R. Ducks?
A.—Indian Runner ducks should be treated just the same as Pekins. For breakfast give them a mash made as follows: To every two quarts of steamed, cut clover hay, add one quart of wheat bran and one pint of cornmeal or white middlings. Every other day add a small cupful of green cut bone or beef scraps. At noon, give vegetables: cabbage, turnips, beets or any other that you happen to have on hand. If you have a silo ensilage is a good noon feed. For supper, repeat the morning mash. Grit is of the utmost importance to ducks, and must be kept before them all the time; also plenty of clean drinking water in deep dishes, so that they can get their whole head under water, but not their bodies. If you allow your ducks to run out, there will be no need of anything more than a supper from May to November. The duckhouse must have a board floor, heavily covered with straw or hay, for ducks won't thrive if they have a damp place to sleep in. Furthermore, they are liable to get frozen feet and get lame. Ducks lay during the night or during the very early morning hours. During cold weather the eggs should be gathered as soon as possible to prevent freezing. I know of no book on the care of ducks.

A Lover of COMFORT.—Please tell me through **COMFORT** if there is any way of telling the sex of young geese before the mating season. If so, how? I wish to keep the geese and sell the gander without waiting until next spring. These are the Toulouse geese.
A.—Experience will teach you that there is a difference in the sound of the cry between the geese and the gander, but it is impossible to describe it. A gander usually carries his head and neck more erect than the goose. I think you had better try to find a neighbor who can help you. I have referred your inquiry about the cow to the editor of veterinary information. Look in that column for answer.

A Giant Candle
John Pierpont Morgan was always very generous to charities in Italy and so to commemorate his goodness an Italian church in Jersey City has had a giant candle made. It stands sixteen feet high, weighs four hundred pounds and cost \$1,500.00. The wick came from Germany, the white wax from Italy. The candle is ornamented with a portrait of Mr. Morgan and American beauty roses painted in oil. It is to stand in the Vatican in Rome and though it would burn nine years before it would burn out, it is to be lighted only one day each year—"All Souls' day," so that it may last thousands of years.

POTATOES AND TOMATOES ON SAME PLANT.—Plants with potatoes on their roots and tomatoes on their tops, raised by H. E. Benson at Britton, S. Dak., may yet place him in the garden wizard class with the famous Burbank. In appearance the plants are of the ordinary potato variety but at their tops are large fruits resembling tomatoes in both meat and seeds. Whether or not these are the ordinary potato balls often seen or a growth caused by the mixing of the pollen of the tomato and potato blossoms is not certain, although the latter explanation is believed to be the true one.

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

WELL, well, my dears, what have we here? The last month of another year and we have hardly finished with summer yet, it seems, doesn't it? I suppose you think I should have a whole lot of farewells for the old year, but I won't have one. Not one. All I'm thinking that you are thinking about is that we are to have Christmas soon and that is when everybody is glad and nobody wants to say good by. Let the old year go, if it wants to. There'll be a new one to take its place before anybody misses it and we'll go along just the same as ever. So here's a Merry Christmas to you all and a Happy New Year. Now to work.

The first letter I open is from Anxious of Wacissa, Florida, who has two sweethearts each anxious to marry her and she doesn't know which one to choose. Of course, under such circumstances she shouldn't marry at all, because whichever she marries she may wish she had chosen the other, but as she is younger than she is and the other is a widower with four children, it seems to me that if she marries either she will be sorry for it. It looks to me that she is marrying to be a mother at the start—either to her husband, or to the children of her husband's first wife. Anxious should wait and try somebody else.

Bob's, Central, Ind.—As your engagement is secret, and as you live in different places and as you are not to marry for three years, at least, I think it is quite correct for you to accept attentions from young men in your own town, but you must not flirt with them and must discourage all love-making.

J. C. W., Lover's Lane, Va.—Beware the "jealous natured" sweetheart. The wise girl will not take as a husband any man who becomes "furious" when she talks to anybody else. Jealousy is a kind of madness, and you don't want to marry a madman, do you?

Curiosity, Leesville, La.—Nobody knows what love is or how it is begotten, or anything definite about it, except that it is and there is no getting away from it, so I shall not try to answer your question. Call it "affinity" if you want to and let it go at that.

Lonesome, Ashland, Pa.—As you are seven years older than he is and he has bad habits you do not like and you don't care a great deal for him, though he says he does for you, my advice is that you treat him as a friend only and go out with him only enough to keep him friendly. He is not to be trusted and you should not be so anxious to marry that you will let him persuade you to marry him. The Lord doesn't answer prayer that way.

Brown Eyes, Siloam Springs, Ark.—Why should you want to leave a good home with kind parents and run away to marry a boy too young to know what marriage really means and too poor to meet it? As you are older than he is, you should teach him better sense. I don't know how much better your people are than his, but his couldn't spell any worse than you do, I am sure.

Brown Eyes, Grand Bay, Ala.—Do as you please, my dear, about marrying him, but I want to tell you now that the kind of man who is always pestering the life out of you wanting to hug and kiss you, isn't the kind who will pester you much that way after he has married you.

Minnehaha, Eureka, Cal.—You write such an otherwise sensible and well-written letter that I am surprised to have you ask if being the same height and complexion as your sweetheart will be likely to cause unhappiness after marriage. That is a foolish superstition you should not be guilty of. I think you are wise to wait until you are twenty-five before marrying, especially as you have such a nice young man to wait for, and you need only tell your parents that if you and he are still satisfied with each other four years hence, you will marry, though you will not become formally engaged until you are ready to announce the approaching marriage. As for kissing him good night, just one tiny one, and that only once a week, I think it would be safe. You know, my dear, I think this will turn out very happily; ideally, in fact. I'm sure it will, if he is as sensible about it as you are.

Fuzzled, West Brook, Wis.—For a girl twenty-five years old you must have learned very little of most of the things that social position has very little to do with which way Cupid shoots his arrows. Unless there is a very wide difference in social position, hardly possible in this country, men fall in love with pretty and interesting girls anywhere, and the love is quite as steady as among those of equal social position. Of course, the coarse and ignorant cannot attract the cultured and refined, and an unconsidering extreme comes. You are too analytic and are too much inclined to believe that you can select beforehand the kind of man who suits you and whom you will suit. You must guess at a whole lot and try out the balance. Don't accept an expensive Christmas present and have something nice and simple to give him if he should give you something, though you may give him something whether he gives you anything or not, or whether you will accept his love or not. Friends may give each other Christmas presents.

Brownie, Ooltewah, Tenn.—Thanks for your very pleasant letter to me about me. Also about yourself and I think you will grow up in your nice home to be a very nice woman. When I say to the cousins to have very little to do with beaux until they are through with school, I mean until they have graduated and are no longer to be influenced by them. Yes, when a young man gives you a box of candy you should open it at once and let him enjoy it with you.

Anxious One, Eagle, N. M.—Girls should tell their mothers everything and it is a strange kind of a mother who will violate the confidence of a daughter and tell what is told to her. You should tell your mother that you know she has not acted fairly with you and what you think of her for doing so. If she realizes what she has done and is sorry, she will be glad to be what a mother should be, for you may trust her again, but be careful.

Girl Friend, Oklahoma City, Okla.—Tell the young man who is not twenty-one not to dream too much about the girl of fifteen who is, or he thinks she is, his angel—or "angle" as you spell it—of light and that he should wait till he and the girl are fully matured and he may think very differently. They nearly always do when they are old enough to know better.

Frankie, Catskill, N. Y.—My dear, I don't know what kind of a young man this unattractive one is, you tell me about, but as useless as he might be as a husband, he would be much easier to live with than the New York one who comes to see you only three times a year and, though not engaged, insists upon your not seeing any other young men. Any man as exacting and selfish and suspicious as that is no kind of a man to be a husband to any woman who wants to be happily married.

O. R. L., Alexandria, La.—As your papa objects to your going anywhere even to church, I think he is all the way, with the young man, but will let him come to see you, though he must leave before nine o'clock. I think the wisest thing for you to do is to obey your papa and don't try to see the young man except when he calls on you. A half a slice is better than no pie at all.

Cousin Billy, Newbern, N. C.—The best way to attract this young fellow who is not as attentive to you as you want him to be is not to try to attract him at all. When three girls learn this they will have acquired the most attractive quality a girl can have in her association with men.

Brown Eyes, Ishpeming, Mich.—If you expect your mother to live with the man you marry, marry the man she wants you to marry, but if you expect to live with him, marry the man you want to marry.

Glad Heart, Grovetown, Ind.—If you had been a girl of any spirit you would not have permitted the other man to lead you away by the arm when the first man had asked you to go driving with him—unless the first man was not a proper man for you to drive with and the other man knew it. Even then, he should have explained why he did it.

Rhodes, Bryan, Texas.—If the young man is the right sort for you to marry and is all right, he may

be justified in asking you to go with him, though you disobeys your mother by doing so, but if your mother has good reasons for her objections you should by all means obey her and not see the young man. So many young men are unscrupulous in their attentions to girls.

Sunny Jane, Santa Anna, Texas.—As you have asked the young man for the engagement ring several times and he has promised to give it to you and does not, I think you would be justified in breaking the engagement. I rather think he will break it himself, by and by, if you do not. Something is wrong with him, and now is the time to find out what it is.

Troubled, Linn Creek, Mo.—You are quite right. If he really loved you and wanted you for his wife he would come to see you and being away he would write to you often than once a month. If a man is ever devoted to a girl it is when he is engaged to her, and if this one is neglectful now as he is, he will be a hundred times worse if you marry him. Break the engagement and keep it broken.

Puzzled, Scranton, Pa.—I think as your sister does that you are a "funny" girl, and you shouldn't marry anybody until you are old enough to know a great deal more than you now do of the responsibilities of marriage even if it takes a hundred years for you to learn. Just now you are too silly to understand even what it is to be a man's sweetheart.

Blue Bonnet, Bryan, Texas.—A "misunderstanding" which has continued for weeks is likely to become permanent. Why not be sensible and talk it to a finish with the young man? Silly sweethearts make fool husbands and wives. Two young people who start a quarrel and then "don't speak to each other," make me very weary. And of all things, never let a quarrel extend to the other members of the family. You may snub him for a while and then be as loving as ever, but if you snub his family they take it very differently and you can't get back so easy.

Two Girls, Avon, Ohio.—When a young man meets a girl one evening and the next time he sees her he tells her he loves her with his entire soul and body and wants her to marry him, he is the kind that will bear watching. As he has given her a year to make up her mind, she should tell him to come around at the end of that time and she will let him know. In the meantime she should not see him. If he can stand a test like that, he is probably worth waiting for.

Troubled, Arlington, Ky.—Why do you want me to tell you how to arrange a meeting with this young man who doesn't seem to care enough for you to make his own arrangements? Do you think nice girls chase after young men that way? (2) Second cousins may marry in Kentucky.

Blue Eyes, Marietta, Pa.—Of course, the Bremen you have been flirting with from the train stoppings off at see what kind of a girl you were, and, my dear, let me say to you that if he saw your letter and knew how badly you spelled and composed and wrote he never would speak to you again until you learned to do better. Suppose you give up flirting for a year or so and take up grammar, spelling and composition.

Blondie, Ironton, Ohio.—Break the engagement as your mother suggests. A young man who will let his marriage be announced three times and postpone it each time is not the kind of a man a girl ought to marry. It is queer to me that you still think he is all right and you don't want to give him up.

Slim, Halliday, N. Dak.—Don't run away with a man at seventeen. Wait until you are twenty-one and by that time maybe you won't even be so anxious to marry him without running away.

Peg, Ishpeming, Mich.—My, my, but you are silly! The young man drinks, you are always quarreling, he plays at a theater and he wants you to run away with him because your parents have too much sense to consent to your marrying him. Yet there are people who wonder why many marriages are failures. You mind your parents and send the play actor flying.

Blue Eyes, Wilton, Va.—As everything is so lovely and both of you are willing to wait three or four years, I don't see that there is anything to do, but continue the loveliness until you marry and keep it up after that till your dying day. You sure do have my blessing.

There, my dears, all your questions are answered except some that were too silly to be noticed, or were sent to other departments where they belonged and I am sure you are all perfectly satisfied as I am. At least, I am saying so, though maybe I might be mistaken in one or two places. However, here's a Happy Christmas to you and a Merry New Year. By, Cousin Marion.

Aunt Sophronia's Saint

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

hat! Why didn't she wear something old and shabby for an outing?

Oh, dear, how horrid everything was! Lawrence's square back, his fair neck—how could anyone care for rowing. It was so slow! The world was a hateful place, anyway, and no one could expect any peace in it, and it would be so nice to be dead!

"Dear me," thought Katherine, "I wonder if I'm seasick?"

It was so unpleasant to feel as she did, and to be sitting there as if she really were an old maid, and those two going on so.

Pretty soon she felt as though she were going to cry, and that would be worse yet.

Dear, dear, why had this hateful Lawrence come to Aunt Sophronia's at all? She had known that his coming would spoil everything, and it had.

Ugh! Those big shoulders of his, and that smooth neck—it was getting pink now—

"No, Mr. Lane, I don't think Miss Sophronia exaggerated in her praise. Indeed, I don't think she half did you justice."

It was Hilda, leaning forward and showing her dimples.

"And she didn't do you half justice, either," returned Lawrence, smartly. "When she said you were a perfect treasure."

All at once Katherine felt as she had never felt before in her life, and as she never felt afterward. A quick, mad impulse took possession of her, and, without a moment's thought, she gave a great lurch to the light little craft. One of Lawrence's oars shot up in the air and the other seemed to catch in the water. Another minute, and all three were splashing in the lake, and Hilda was screaming at the top of her voice. The lake, nowhere very deep, was not more than up to the girls' necks at that spot, but Hilda in her fright, lost her wits completely, and made no effort to find a footing.

The boat turned bottom upward and floated near by, bobbing about as their splashing stirred the water.

The oars, also, were floating not far off. Lawrence, although the whole affair was a complete surprise to him, did not lose his presence of mind for an instant. He groped for a footing at once, and when he found it, stood up and gave himself a huge shake, which sent the water-drops flying right and left.

"Don't be frightened!" he shouted, lustily, "It isn't very deep!"

Then he glanced about him quickly. Katherine was on her feet, her sunbonnet dangling about her neck, preparing to get ashore. Hilda, a little distance off, was grasping and struggling and making every effort, as it appeared, to drown herself.

Lawrence turned to Katherine.

"Go ahead," he said, "you're all right." Then he plunged through the water to Hilda. Seizing her in his arms, he carried her, a limp bundle of dripping, running streams of blue, to the slimy bank.

In spite of her despair, remorse, envy, hatred, malice and a few other emotions, Katherine could not help noticing that there was now no curl in poor Hilda's hair either, and that when it was wet it was not at all pretty, which is the way with light hair.

When they reached the bank, Lawrence helped Katherine with one hand to scale its slippery side, while with the other he held poor Hilda as easily as though she had been a child. When, at length, they had climbed to the top, all three began shaking themselves and gazing wonderingly at one another.

"How on earth did it happen?" asked Hilda.

"It was all my fault," spoke up Katherine.

"It wasn't anybody's fault," said Lawrence, cheerfully.

"You didn't even try to save me," broke out

Katherine, impetuously, her lip beginning to curl. Lawrence looked down at her brightly, and said:

"Do you remember the story of Talleyrand? It's an awful chestnut: Seated one day between Madame Recamier and Madame de Stael, the latter asked him if she and Madame Recamier were to fall into the water, which one he would save. 'Madame,' returned the diplomat, 'you know everything, you know how to swim. I would save Madame Recamier.'"

That evening about teatime, Lawrence Lane was seated in Aunt Sophronia's big, square hall, reading, when the pitter of dainty footsteps on the oak staircase made him look up.

An apparition was descending. The most graceful, slim-waisted little figure, in a cool, white frock, was before his eyes. The late April sunshine streaming through the window on the stairs outlined the charming figure, making it almost divine, and throwing into radiance the beautifully arranged rippling copper hair. The cool, white frock had half short sleeves, and one pretty white hand and arm lay along the banister rail, while the other gathered back the soft trailing skirts.

There were satin rosettes on the apparition's shoulders, and her bare throat, as seen against the sunlight, was charmingly curved and white. Lawrence got to his feet at once and uttered a short exclamation.

As the white figure neared him he gazed at it piously.

"Miss—Miss Kinney?" he inquired, hesitatingly.

"Yes, Mr. Lane, it is I, clothed in my right mind." And she came down to the last step and stood facing him.

The saint began to show his white teeth.

"I have two confessions to make, Mr. Lane," began Katherine, holding her head on one side and looking down at her little white shoe.

The saint began regarding her earnestly, and this time he did so without a shudder.

"Yes," continued Katherine, "two confessions. In the first place, I'm not homey at all—"

"No!" interrupted the saint. "Aren't you, though, really?"

"No!" promptly. "And it was only because I hated you so and didn't want you to fall in love with me that I dressed myself up in those horrible things of Aunt Sophronia's. I'm not an old maid either."

The young man looked her over from head to toe.

"No," he concluded, "I don't believe you are."

"And what's more," went on Katherine, feeling that she could not be generous enough after the wicked things she had thought and done, "I want to beg your pardon for calling you a cad and a hypocrite."

"Did you call me a cad and a hypocrite?"

"Well, not to anyone but myself. But you see it was just this way: Aunt Sophronia talked so much about your being a saint and all that, that I made up my mind before I saw that you were a cad, and as soon as I saw you that you were a hypocrite, because you see, saints are little, weakened, effeminate, wishy-washy creatures."

Lawrence laughed.

"Then you don't think me a cad and a hypocrite any more?" he asked.

"No, I don't. And now that I see you're not a saint, and don't even want to be, I'm sorry I kept you from falling in love with me."

Katherine blushed up to the waves in her hair, but the words were out, and it was too late to recall them.

"Perhaps it isn't too late yet," suggested the unsainted saint.

Katherine shook her head.

"I'm afraid it is," she returned, "for I intended to tell you the whole truth. I upset the boat today."

"You?" exclaimed Lawrence, starting. "I don't believe it. It was an accident."

"It wasn't an accident. I did it purposely."

"But why?" And he clasped his hands around the banister-post and gazed at her.

"Because you seemed to find Hilda so pretty."

"She isn't half so pretty as you," he blurted out.

"Oh! don't you think so, honestly?" And Katherine forgot her confessions, and clasped her hands around the rail farther up.

"No, not half; and she's a little coward, too."

"Oh, dear!" cried the slimmer, her penitence scattering to the four winds, "I'm so glad I upset it!"

"I say," began the young man, presently, "do you always look like this? for, if so, I'm sure I'll fall in love with you."

"Oh, yes!" answered Katherine, eagerly, "always." Then she recovered herself: "That is, as long as I curl my hair," she added, honestly.

At this moment Aunt Sophronia came out of the library.

"What?" she cried, delightedly, upon seeing them there, "making love at last?"

"Oh, botheration, Cousin Soph!" returned her saint, with a frown. "Get a move on you, please! We're just going to!"

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THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new Comb and Brush Set. The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the SILVERING shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is nine inches long over 2 1/2 inches wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. The Comb is black, seven inches long and one 1/2 inch half inches wide with coarse and fine teeth. A Remarkable Offer: For a club of only two 15-cent members we will send this Set No. 251 Free as a Premium for your work.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful Pillow Tops Given Free

Every person should have a birthday pillow showing the respective month during which they were born. One of the state pillows should also be in the home of every family in honor of the state in which they reside. We have arranged to distribute a number of the pillows on our free plan which will appeal to every lover of good fancy work.

Very Latest Craze — Make Fine Xmas Gifts

These pillows are the very latest craze in pillow tops. They are the newest thing out and are meeting a popular demand for something different in pillow covers. The birthday pillow will be furnished with the name of any month desired stamped with the emblematic flower of the month, and an appropriate verse. The state pillow has the name of the state and the official state flower. These pillows are tinted in natural colors on ecru art cloth size 17x21 inches. What could make a more appropriate Xmas gift? Just the thing to send your friends. Something they will appreciate.

Our Free Offer We will send these two pillow tops free of cost to pay for a two-year subscription to our popular story magazine—The Household. Or you may send 25 cents for a one-year subscription and receive your choice of one of the pillow tops free. Be sure to mention state and month desired when ordering. Renewal subscriptions accepted on this offer. Address

THE HOUSEHOLD
Dept. P. T. 11, Topeka, Kan.



RHEUMATISM

BOOK FREE!

Illustrated with Color Plates
Write for it TODAY!

Tells what every sufferer should know about the nature, origin and causes of this cruel affliction, and tells how to get rid of it without medicine by a simple appliance worn without inconvenience, and for a short time only, on the soles of the feet.

Rheumatism
Treated Through
the Feet

My Drafts have proven successful in so large a percentage of cases that they have already won their way almost all over the civilized world. Men and women are writing me that my Drafts have cured them after 30 and 40 years of pain, even after the most expensive treatments and baths had failed. I don't hesitate to take every risk of failure. I will gladly send you my regular Dollar pair right along with my Free Book, without a cent in advance. Then after trying them, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send me the Dollar. If not, keep your money. You decide, and I take your word. You can see that I couldn't possibly make such an offer year after year if I were not positive that my Drafts are better and surer than anything else you can get for any kind of Rheumatism, no matter where located or how severe. Send today for my Free Book and \$1 Drafts. Send no Money—just the coupon.



FREE \$1 COUPON

FREDERICK DYER, DEPT. 1256, Jackson, Mich.

Dear Sir: Please send me your Dollar Drafts To Try Free, and your Free Illustrated Book, as described above.

Name.....

Address.....

Above goods sent prepaid by return post.

ECZEMA

Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk Crust, Water Poison, Weeping Skin, etc.

I believe eczema can be cured to stay. I mean just what I say. CURE-IT-AND-NOT-MERELY-PATCHED-UP-TO-RETURN-AGAIN. Remember, I make this statement after handling nearly a half million cases of eczema and devoting 12 years of my life to its treatment. I don't care what all you have used nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured, all I ask is just a chance to prove my claims. If you write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment that will surely convince you as it has me. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today I believe you will enjoy more real comfort than you really thought this world held for you. Just try it, and I feel sure you will agree with me.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 1126 Court Block Sedalia, Mo.
References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.
Send this notice to some eczema sufferer.



WATCH RING & FREE
Anyone can own a beautiful watch or agent's watch, hunting and other styles, by sending me \$1.00. When I send you \$1.00 I will send you a FREE watch ring. This is a beautiful, thin model, highly engraved watch, simulated gold finished. Other styles of watches and rings available. Also 3-stone ring and chain free for prompt remittance. **WALSH & CO., Dept. 86 Chicago**

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 1233 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Stylish
Corset
Cover



Given
For One
Subscription

THIS is one of the new style Corset Covers which has been so popular the past summer and which is going to be in even greater demand this winter as it is just what every girl needs to wear under the dainty evening gown. It is made of a strong piece of fine quality long cloth with ribbon as shoulder straps. The graceful floral design may be worked either in solid or outline stitch or solid and eyelet stitch. With this corset cover we also include sufficient embroidery cotton for working it. We are now giving away this attractive corset cover on the terms of the following free offers.

Offer No. 713 A. For only one new 15-month present subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this corset cover free and postpaid.

Offer No. 713 B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), you will receive this corset cover free and postpaid. **Premium No. 713.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Bather, Lawrenceburg, Ind.—A Balkan blouse and circular bloomers are very good for bathing suit, though rather more copious than the usual attire. Still, the Ohio river is more modest, we imagine, than the briny deep. Any color will do so long as it is visible a long way off. (2) We haven't space to tell you what games to play at your party, and how to play them, and we wouldn't tell you if we had because we believe in people making their own parties to suit themselves. Instead of borrowing ideas from other people. Make it to suit yourself and you will have the satisfaction of knowing it was your own party, anyway. But don't have any kissing games. They went out of style forty years ago.

Peggy, Houston, Texas.—It isn't good etiquette, maybe, but it is pretty fair dealing if the bachelor of thirty-five who wants to marry you says he will kill you both if you marry the boy of seventeen and you a widow of twenty-seven. You needn't marry the bachelor unless you want to, but for the love of Mike, don't marry the boy.

Mrs. E. Grant, Okla.—A wife cannot be too particular about accepting attentions from other men than her husband, however good her motives may be. We do not see any harm in your driving to church with the young man living in your house when your husband cannot go with you and you take your little boy along, but we are very sure if you did it very often in the company of other men when your husband isn't with you, both men and women will gossip if you do, no matter how good you are and how willing your husband is to trust you. Such gossip should be killed off, but there is no legal way of doing it and good people must suffer by them until they can be got rid of some way.

Mrs. B. C. Carter, Okla.—Naming the baby has been a problem ever since babies began coming into the world and lots of them have suffered by the names given to them without their consent. Why not let the baby grow up without a name until it is old enough to have a voice in the choice? If not that, give it a family name, like Bruce, or Scott, or Woodrow, or Lloyd, or Courtney, or the name of your town or county, or some pretty Indian name? These will fit either boy or girl, and if you choose names of your own family they will be valuable as a means of identification. Don't give it any of the usual first names given to babies, or any Bible names for they have been worn out long ago. We might suggest the double name Okla Homa, for either boy or girl, and you would have a name for the baby to be proud of. Let us know what you do name it. If it is a girl, why not call it Comfort? That's a fine name for a girl and used to be very popular in Puritan circles.

Cinderella, Waco, Texas.—If you think you would rather marry a widower with six children than to lose him and his three sections of "good, black land," go ahead and marry him, but we think you will be paying a high price for land.

Peggie, Pettigrew, Ark.—Compromise with your older sister who insists upon reading all your letters by insisting that you read one of hers every time she reads one of yours. If she will not agree to that, don't let her read any of yours. If you think, though, if you are young and are receiving letters from young men, you would be wiser and safer to let her see them and advise you. Young girls get very silly in their letters sometimes, and the letters they receive are sillier and sometimes dangerous. (2) You can learn to make hair switches only from a teacher, either in a hair store or elsewhere.

Black-eyed Lass, Hosford, Fla.—Some time when you are talking to the beautiful young man ask him to call on you. This is quite the proper thing to do and when he calls you can find out how much in earnest he is. As you have never been to school we advise that you take up spelling, reading and writing at home of evenings. You need it very much indeed, and you can learn a great deal by your own effort if you will make the effort.

Two Boys, Salmo, Texas.—Go right on, both of you, courting the same girl. Young fellows of your age and experience, a good, sharp girl to teach you some hard sense. She's having fun with you now, because she knows that she will never again meet two quite as mushy as you two are.

Inquirer, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—The host or hostess "breaks up company" at dinner, and never a guest. The guest at table has no more right to make the first move to leave than he would have to make the first move to go into dinner. (2) It is largely a matter of choice whether the man walks between two ladies or at their side, either right or left, as may be, but in formal usage, he oftener walks at their side, and to their right, and on the outside of the sidewalk rather than the inside, unless there is a good reason for taking the inside. These observances are not so strict among friends who are less formal.

Ignorance, Bryan, Texas.—If the young people of your community go autoing or horseback riding without chaperons it is proper for you to do so. In some communities, usually cities or large towns, it is not. (2) We think any young lady should have the nerve to turn down any young man who had the nerve to ask her to let him go home with her from a show to which he had let her go alone and pay her own way. The girl that won't do it deserves just such company.

F. D. Roy, N. M.—The lady may ask the gentleman escorting her home from church for the first time to call on her. She merely says she would be glad to have him call. When the gentleman asks the lady to dance with him she accepts, by a bow and smile and starting into the dance. Etiquette-book rules are not to be followed strictly on such occasions. People should have a chance to be natural sometimes. The lady may use any kind of stationery she wants to pay for. Heavy, plain white is always in good taste.

R. R. Webberville, Mich.—Unmarried pastors always cause more or less trouble among the sisters of their congregations and you are having your share after he has been flirting with you for six or seven months. As he has now grown tired of you and says he will leave you, we don't see that you can do anything else but stop loving him as your supposed sweetheart and love him merely as your pastor. Next time an unmarried pastor comes your way flirting, give him the icy stare at the very beginning. It's the only safe way to treat pastors of that kind. Comfort church members, please make a note of this.

Devoted, Pittsburg, Pa.—First cousins cannot legally marry in Pennsylvania, neither can they in your nearest state, Ohio, but they can in New York and you could go there and be married if both of you are willing to take all the risk of blood-marriage. We do not approve of it, but as long as the law allows it in some states, our disapproval counts for nothing. A happy marriage, even at a risk, we suppose is better than an unhappy marriage without risk, or no marriage at all. So we give you our blessing, though we do so under some protest.

Anonymous, Athens, Texas.—An occasional hug from your father-in-law if his son does not object, we suppose is harmless enough, but don't permit the old gentleman too much liberty that way, even though it is more pleasant to have him hug you than to have him hit you, as is the custom of some fathers-in-law.

Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

Questions and Answers

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

the shells and examining the contents we found a number of small pearls about the size of a grain of mustard seed, some of which were very bright and pretty; also one creamy white, round and very lustrous, measuring about three sixteenths of an inch in diameter. I took the pearls to Birmingham, N. Y., and showed them to two different shellers. One said he did not think them of much value, the other said he knew nothing about pearls, but thought the large pearl might be valuable; the smaller ones he thought were worth hardly anything. It seems to me there must be a sale somewhere for even the smaller ones, as I have seen many very small pearls set in jewelry. I have about 300 hens which devour the clam-meats readily. I think I could utilize the meats and shells at a small profit on the farm, if I could find a market for the pearls. Kindly inform me if you know the name and address of any dealer who buys them.

Mrs. F. A. B. Lawsville Center, Pa.
A.—There is a market for American fresh-water pearls obtained from the fresh-water "clam," as you call it; and it is commonly known by that name, although the scientists classify it as a mussel, designating it as the fresh-water mussel to distinguish it from the marine species. Fresh-water pearls are in less favor than those from the sea, and the market prices of the former range lower than those of the latter; pearls of either class must be up to a certain standard in order to be suitable at all, and then the prices vary largely according to size and quality. Very small pearls are of little if any value. We are informed that J. R. Wood & Sons, 170 Broadway, New York City, and Tiffany & Co., N. Y., deal in fresh-water pearls to some extent, but Eugene A. Kohut, doing business under the name of the American Pearl Headquarters at 65 Nassau St., New York City, makes a specialty of handling American fresh-water pearls and probably pays as liberal prices as any dealer. Write these concerns for further information. Kohut issues a circular on the subject. You speak of using the shells "on the farm." I presume you crush and feed them to your hens. Perhaps you might realize more profit by selling the shells to button manufacturers who pay from eighteen dollars a ton up. Write the Peopple Button Works, Fairport, Iowa, for information as to prices paid for shells. Quite likely fresh-water pearl fishing might be carried on profitably as a side line by farmers favorably situated near rivers or lakes. It is pursued as a business on some parts of the Mississippi river, even especially for the shells used in button making. See our article on Fresh-water Pearls on another page of this issue.

A VENTURE IN CURRENT RAISING.—I am thinking of buying 4,000 two-year-old currant bushes, at a cost of \$600.00, from a nursery concern which guarantees a yield of three to four quarts to the bush in 1916 and 1917 and offers me a written contract to take the entire crop at ten cents a quart for the next five years. What is the average yield of currants? Do they ever fail? Would you advise me to undertake such a venture? I know nothing about currants and desire all the information I can get before taking such a step.
W. T. Scottsburg, Ind.

A.—It would in our opinion be foolish in the extreme to enter into a contract of any sort without being well informed and experienced in fruit raising. The bushes may well produce the amount of fruit mentioned if properly handled, but they may die, or may not bear fruit or the "bugs" may prevent fruiting. Take our advice and buy a dozen bushes and plant and care for them according to directions and instructions you can get in a bulletin to be had for the asking from your state experiment station. Also ask an opinion as to the proposed investment. Let every reader of this paper who is contemplating a step such as this correspondent mentions ask for advice from the state experiment station before investing money.

BLACKLEG IN CATTLE.—Can it be cured or prevented?
E. S. Wis.
A.—Yes. A preventive serum is used for this purpose. The animals are injected with this serum which produces immunity from the disease. It should be applied by a competent veterinarian. It can be obtained from many of our agricultural colleges and also from the United States Department of Agriculture. Consult our veterinary adviser for further information.

SEED CORN GOT WET.—We saved a good lot of seed corn and had it dried in good shape but the roof leaked and it got wet before we knew about it. Will this spoil it for seed?
J. R. Ind.

A.—No, if you dry it out again at once. If not, mold will start to grow and mold soon destroys the germ in seed corn. By all means test this corn before planting. It may be already spoiled if it was wet too long.

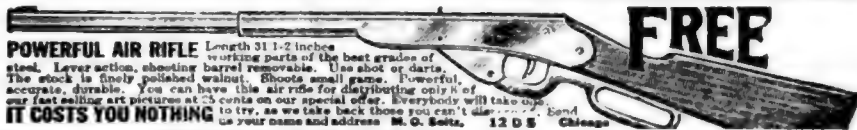
PACKING APPLES.—Will apples keep any longer if wrapped in paper and packed in a box than they will if put away in the barrel?
O. H. Mich.

A.—Yes, they should. Wrapping protects each apple from every other apple. It is an old saying that "one rotten apple spoils the barrel." This is literally true because one apple catches the rot disease from its nearest neighbors. This is prevented in a large measure by wrapping each apple separately.

SKIMMED-MILK FILMS.—The menace of a "film famine" which, because of the European war threatened to hurt the American moving picture industry, has been banished. Moving-picture film is being made out of skimmed-milk. The first roll of practical skimmed-milk film was shown in the exhibit of the Illinois State Food Commissioner at the national dairy show in Chicago.

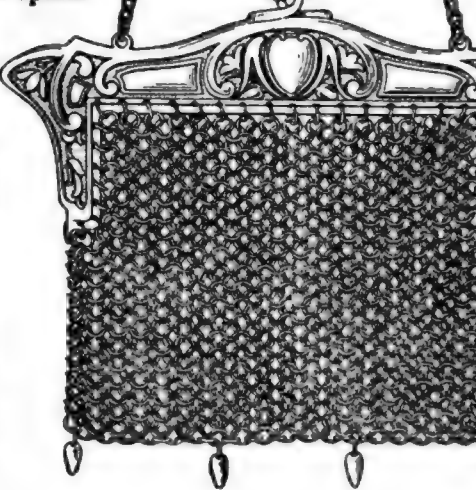
QUICK RELIEF FOR PILES.

Send postal with name and address for FREE sample tube Dr. Pettit's Quick Acting Pile Remedy. Sample will help you. Positive relief, lasting results. HOWARD BROS. CHEMICAL CO., Howard Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.



POWERFUL AIR RIFLE Length 31 1/2 inches working parts of the best grades of steel. Lever action, shooting barrel removable. Use shot or darts. The stock is finely polished walnut. Shoots small game. Wonderful, accurate, durable. You can have this air rifle for distributing only 10¢ of our exclusive art picture. 5¢ extra for special offer. Everybody will take up our challenge and picture. To try, as we take back those you can't use, send us your name and address. M. G. Sells, 12 D S Chicago

A NEW
FALL and
WINTER
BAG
That Is
Very
Popular



STATE PILLOW TOP FREE



We can furnish the name of any state on pillow top showing the state flower tinted in natural colors on Ecru Art (cloth, size 17x21 in. We include a complete course in embroidery with each order.

FREE OFFER Send name of State wanted on pillow with 30¢ for a one-year subscription to our magazine, or 50¢ for two subscriptions and receive pillow top free. **THE HEARTHSTONE, 608 S. Dearborn St., Dept. P24 CHICAGO.**



FREE WATCH RING AND CHAIN
We give beautifully engraved, latest style, this model, ladies' small or girls' ring keeper, guaranteed 5 years, looks and wears like Gold. Also in Diamond Ring and Handsome Chain All FREE. Just order 24 fine Mexican drawn wire handkerchiefs, sell at 10¢ each order today and get extra gift free, many no money. **IDEAL WATCH CO., Box M12 Elmira, N.Y.**

\$150 PER MONTH AND EXPENSES
Salary or Commission—Introduce our King Butter Separator. Produces best grade of butter from cream or milk, sweet or sour, in less than 5 minutes. Details \$150 up. Write for free sample and salary proposition. **Do King Mfg. Co., Dept. 35, Chicago, Ill.**

SILK REMNANTS 10¢
One pound free without one cent cost to you. Largest and most beautiful assortment ever offered. Satisfaction guaranteed. Big Package 10¢. B. A. Ferringer, Dept. F, New Mayville, Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes luxuriant growth. Never fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50¢ and \$1.00 at Druggists.

GOLD FILLED BIRTHSTONE RING FREE. To get acquainted with you we will send this gold filled ring, warranted 3 years, any size, set with Year Birthstone, for 12¢, to help pay advertising. **The Auction Co., Dept. 131, Attleboro, Mass.**

OLD COINS WANTED. \$1 to \$5000 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1854. Send 10 cents for our coin value book, it may mean your fortune. **ROCKWELL & CO., 2266 Archer Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.**

FITS I have cured cases of 20 years standing. Trial package free by mail. **Dr. S. C. PERKY, 602 1880, Los Angeles, Cal.**

Beautiful Xmas Package Given Away

The Christmas season will soon be here. Everybody will be using Christmas cards and package stickers. Just the thing to add holiday cheer to your gifts. Makes them of more value and appreciated by those who receive them. You will need dozens of these stickers, tags, stamps and gift cards. Our big collection is the most complete offered. All beautifully lithographed and embossed in colors. Each package is a complete 32-piece assortment as follows:

- 10 Leaf Stickers
- 5 Stickers (medium)
- 15 Christmas Stamps
- 4 Gift Cards
- 2 Posters (large)
- 4 Gift Tags
- 5 Stickers (large)
- 2 Post Cards

This Entire Collection will be sent you as a FREE gift if you will send us only 10 cents for a 3-months' trial subscription to our big monthly home and story paper. The paper alone is worth many times the price we ask. But to order to introduce it into new homes we will send this complete Christmas Package as a gift with new subscriptions. You want one of these dandy Christmas Assortments just send your full name and address and 10 cents to pay for a trial subscription. Our supply is limited and we will not be able to fill any orders after our supply is exhausted. Send your order at once. Address **THE HOUSEHOLD, DEPT. X12, TOPEKA, KANS.**



German Silver Mesh Bag
Six Inches Wide, Four and One Half Inches Deep, Linked Chain, Engraved Frame, Lined with Soft White Kid.

ALL THE ladies and girls who like to be in style will want one of these beautiful German Silver Mesh Bags to carry this Fall and Winter because they are now the very height of fashion. The bag we offer here is of the very best quality and is guaranteed for five years. The handsomely engraved frame, the 12-inch linked chain, the extra close ring mesh, in fact the whole bag is made of very fine German Silver, and it is lined on the inside with beautiful soft, white kid. It is of such good size, 6 inches wide and 4 1/2 inches deep, that it is of real practical use for all occasions, in fact it is one of the most useful as well as the most beautiful and stylish bags that will be seen this season. The regular retail value of this bag is \$2.50, but we buy direct from the factory at factory prices, therefore are able to offer it as a premium for a very small club of subscriptions. We will make any lady or girl a present of this beautiful German Silver Mesh Bag upon the terms of the following club offer:

Free for a Club of Six!

For a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish German Silver Mesh bag guaranteed to be exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 348.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Wheel Chairs in November 255 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three November wheel chairs go to the following named persons. The figures after the names indicate the number of subscriptions which the friends of the respective recipients have sent in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club.

Miss Bama Leslie, Marshall, Ark., 191; Miss N. M. Hogg, Midland, Texas, 125; George Shaw, Edenville, Mich., 125.

I presume that you who help earn the wheel chairs like to be told something about those who receive them. Miss Leslie is 45 years of age, has fairly good health and is strong in her arms, but has no use of her lower limbs which have been crippled from birth and are drawn badly out of shape. Of course she is sadly in need of the wheel chair and she expects to derive great benefit from possessing it, chiefly because it will enable her to get out and enjoy the open air and sunshine. Can you imagine what it is to be a shut-in crippled from birth?

Miss Hogg is 61 years of age. For 14 years she has suffered severely from rheumatism which has so crippled her hips and knees that she has not walked in eight years; she has only partial use of her hands. She hopes that her wheel chair will bring some relief of her sufferings.

Regarding George Shaw's condition his good mother writes: "George was thrown from a horse when eight years old. The fall injured his back and brought on a spinal trouble which grew worse so that since he was 15 he has been unable to walk. He is now 31 years old and entirely helpless from his body down. His arms are getting stiff so that he can not comb his hair or help himself at all. Yet he never complains, but bears it all patiently and cheerfully."

There are many other equally distressing cases among the wheel-chair applicants on our waiting list. Don't you feel impelled this December, the Christmas month, to do something to help COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club in its good work? Will you not send in at least one subscription this month to help provide a wheel chair for another poor shut-in.

The monthly Roll of Honor and some touching letters of thanks from recent recipients of COMFORT wheel chairs follow.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who desire that they be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Enables Her to Get Out in the Fresh Air After Eleven Years of Confinement

QUIN, ALA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: Words are inadequate to express my gratitude to you and my dear friends who made it possible for me, after eleven years of confinement, to be out in a COMFORT wheel chair and breathe God's fresh air again. None will ever know, unless afflicted in like manner, just how much those small gifts of 20-cent wheel-chair subscriptions merge into great blessings of comfort and happiness. May God reward each one and all with good health and true happiness.

Your grateful friend,

MRS. ERVIN SMITH.

More Than Pleased with Her Fine COMFORT Wheel Chair

BIRNER, CAL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair this morning, and wish to thank you, and all kind friends who so kindly helped me get it. It is a fine chair, and I am more than pleased with it. Very gratefully yours,

MRS. M. MITCHELL.

Real Comfort for Him to Move Himself in COMFORT Wheel Chair

BIG ROCK, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: The wheel chair my father, Pink Robertson, came all right. He and I are much pleased with it. He can wheel himself some in it which is a real comfort to him. I want to thank you and Mr. Gannett and all kind friends who helped to get it for father.

Yours truly,

BETTIE WALKER.

Delighted with His COMFORT Wheel Chair

SALMON, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I want to thank you, Mr. Gannett and all friends who so kindly helped me get my chair. I am delighted with it. It is satisfactory in every way. May God bless you all. Gratefully yours,

J. K. LAMANCE.

Can't Imagine How Much Pleasure She Gets from Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

PLATTSBURG, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair safely, and oh, how thankful I am that I can get out in the fresh air and sunshine after thirteen weary years of confinement. You can't imagine how much pleasure I get from my wheel chair. Thank you and Mr. Gannett and all kind friends who helped me to get the chair. Your afflicted friend,

MINNIE YARBROUGH.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Carrie Damp, Ark., for Bama Leslie, 171; S. J. Varner, N. C., for Tillman Varner, 60; Sara Martin, N. C., for N. M. Hogg, 45; Matty Russell, Okla., for Odessa Reasure, 43; Mrs. Robert Shaw, Mich., for Geo. Shaw, 42; Mrs. Henry Crowley, Okla., for own wheel chair, 21; West Virginia People, for needy person, 20; Meta Chambers, Okla., for Mrs. W. C. Crowley, 20; M. Hawkins, Mo., for general fund, 17; Miss Mary Sanders, Miss., for own wheel chair, 16; Mattie Woodburn, Ohio, for general fund, 14; Miss Willie Buckner, Miss., for Miss Kaye Sanders, 14; Mrs. J. H. Billen, Okla., for Mrs. Henry Crowley, 13; Ruby Timberly, Tex., for Mrs. J. T. Wim. Brily, 13; Miss Minnie Washington, Bradley, Miss., for Kaye Sanders, 11; Mrs. C. M. Clements, Tex., for Mrs. Mae Darnell, 11; Fred Milton Cooper, Cal., for Miss Willie Collier, 11; Mrs. S. P. Hanley, Okla., for Elwin Hale, 11; Elmer Bell, N. Y., for own wheel chair, 10; Hannah Stagner, Kans., for Russell Harrison, 10; Miss Margaret Miller, Miss., for Kaye Sanders, 9; Mrs. Stella Thompson, Mo., 9; Miss Mary McMillan, Conn., 8; J. C. Carter, Tex., for own wheel chair, 6; Carrie Fair, N. C., for Mrs. L. Thompson, 5; Mrs. W. C. Hodges, Tex., for J. C. Carter, 5; M. E. McCane, Cal., for general fund, 5; Grace Beadle, Ind., for Mrs. All Gorman's son, 5; Mrs. Suda Gorman, Ark., for own wheel chair, 5.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

quiring an education. The cure for the ills of democracy lies not in confining and restraining democracy, but in a more abundant and lavish democracy. This country belongs to the people and the people are entitled to anything and everything that is in it, and woe be to any class of men who try to restrict those rights, especially at the ballot box.

GRANDFIELD, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am just fifteen years old. I have gray eyes and dark brown hair and fair complexion. I go to school and am in the sixth grade. There are about seventeen pupils going to school out here. Uncle Charlie, do you like to fish? I do. We go fishing on the creek every summer, and we catch plenty of nice fish, too. My mother takes the COMFORT and we all enjoy reading it, especially the letters. I can cook and wash dishes and sew. How many of the cousins like to read? I do. My father is a farmer. He raises cotton corn, and sweet potatoes also velvet beans. We have plenty of fruit. I would like to hear from some of the cousins. This is my first letter and I hope Billy the Goat will not devour it. With best wishes to Uncle Charlie and the cousins. Your niece, NELLIE CLARK.

Yes, Nellie, I am very fond of fishing, fishing for new ideas, new hopes, new ideals. I never, however, was much of a success as a fisherman. Whenever the fish see me coming, they always fly up into the trees on the banks of the lake, river or creek, wherever it may happen to be, and remain there until I go home. Once however I was very successful at catching fish, broke all the records (I don't mean photograph records, but fish records). I caught twelve fish all at once. How did I do it? Well, a man threw a can of sardines at my head and I caught them on the fly. Ha! Ha! Another way to catch fish is to lie on the bottom of a river with a hook in your hand and make a noise like a worm. Another excellent way is to make a hole in the middle of a stream, put a grasshopper on the edge, lie down by the side of the hole and every time a fish jumps up to catch the grasshopper, grab him by the hind leg. I'm very fond of fish, Nellie, but though I live within a mile or two of the ocean where scores of tons of fish are caught daily, I'm afraid to eat it. The fish trust puts the fish in cold storage, and you have an excellent chance of getting ptomaine poisoning every time you eat it. Everything that would feed the multitude, reduce the cost of living and fill the stomachs of the hungry and poor, is in the hands of commercial shysters who charge twenty-five cents a pound for fish that does not cost a quarter of that price. If I were Mayor of New York I should have a fleet of steam-fishing trawlers owned by the city, and I would keep New York's millions supplied with fresh sea food, distributed from municipal markets scattered all over this huge metropolis. The ocean produces an inexhaustible supply of the finest food, and if we had a government of men instead of boobies sea food could be on every table in the land. But the cities mustn't move neither must the government. The individual pirate must be allowed to rob the people, otherwise we'd be infringing on the rights (rights mind you) of industrial robbers and commercial hold-up men. The private individual must be allowed to have his profit even though humanity in the mass starves to death. What a wonderful people we are, and we actually have the audacity to think we are civilized, when as a matter of fact we are only civilized. Nellie, I am very much interested in the crop your father raises. You say he is a producer of cotton corn and velvet beans. Maybe he has some mercurized tomatoes and some crepe-de-chine cabbage. You see living with a bunch of girls I'm quite an expert in dress goods. Well, if anyone can raise cotton corn, I should think that Alabama would be the place to do it. It's time the South diversified its crops anyway. If the South had only raised a little more corn and a little less cotton this year it would have been better for all concerned. The fact that nobody knew that war was going to break out is quite beside the matter. No one has any right to take chances in this world, for we never can tell what a day may bring forth, and we've no right to put all our eggs in one basket, far better even to carry a few in our shoes. Life is too full of uncertainties to depend on one crop or one thing, and it is why I commend your father for raising cotton corn, for though at a pinch we can go without clothes we cannot go without food. One thing is certain Nellie, Luther Burbank has nothing on your father. By omitting a comma between cotton and corn you have invented a new freak vegetable, confectionary or whatever you call it, that is going to startle the world. It is not often one can grow food and clothing on one stalk, but you have accomplished it, Nellie, and I congratulate you.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was for this purpose that the League of Cousins was founded. COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years, admitted for admittance so parsimoniously that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the right spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "L. O. C." on it. A certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-month subscription at 25 cents and send in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All these League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1298 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal order and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they both him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for December

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

William T. Harrah, Backus, W. Va. Has broken back. Wife dead. Has three little children. No means of support. Very worthy case. They need clothing and fuel. Your aid alone enables them to exist through the winter. Send this afflicted family some cheer. James Allen, South Solon, Ohio. Suffers from tuberculosis of right thigh bone. Unable to do any work. Has wife and family, the latter too young to be of any assistance. James is a worthy soul. Send this little family something that will make their Christmas worth while. John T. Hoyle, Kings Mountain, N. C. Crippled from locomotor ataxia and spinal trouble for sixteen years. Unable to walk. Has no means of support. His is a sad, hopeless case, and his Christmas will be a sorry one unless you send him some cheer. Highly recommended. Mrs. Mary A. Reynolds, Shuff, R. R. 1, Box 36, Va. Poor sick widow, with five children, all too young to be of assistance. She has been bedridden for nearly five years. Do something to brighten this home at Christmas, and help make invalid forget their troubles for one day at least. L. B. Tinsley, 1645 Washington Ave., Huntington, W. Va. Has broken back. Wife and two little boys. His wife does her best to keep the home going, but it is a hard struggle. Remember them in your Christmas giving. Lafayette Swanson, Boomer, N. C. Paralyzed from neck down, caused by being thrown from wagon by runaway team ten years ago. Is absolutely helpless. His wife tries to support the family and also nurse her sick husband, a task utterly beyond her strength. Don't forget them please. James Gilliam, Klondike, Tenn. Helpless invalid for thirty-eight years. His wife is worn out nursing him and trying to keep the home going. Send these poor struggling souls some cheer. Highly recommended. Rosa A. Joyce, Spencer, Va. Invalid for many years. Aged mother her only support. Needs food and medicine. Will someone send her the wherewithal to procure both. Arthur Williams, Tylertown, Miss. Invalid. Send him some cheer. Mrs. Harriet Tira, Concord, Ky. Widow, seventy-eight years of age. No means of support. Send this poor old soul some sunshine. J. A. Wolfe, Bancroft, W. Va. Has broken back, caused by accident while working in coal mine. Has wife and three little boys. They are badly in need of clothes, and a stove to warm their rooms, and fuel. Do something to help them. Junius Thompson, Le Roy, Ill. McLean Co. Little boy, partially paralyzed. Parents very poor. Send him some Christmas cheer, and something that will amuse the little fellow. M. D. Ross, Hallstead, Pa. Paralyzed. Thirty-three years of age. Would like letters and postal cards only. Claud Shiffert, Richmond, Ky. Helpless little boy. Parents poor. Send him some toys to help brighten his Christmas.

Christmas will be a hollow mockery to these poor souls unless you dig down in your pockets and give them that which buys bread and fuel and pays rent. Don't leave all the giving to a few. Do your part. A Merry Christmas to you all. God bless everyone of you. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Drop Uncle Charlie's Poems in That Christmas Stocking and Make Everyone Happy!

If you want a real old-fashioned Christmas, and want to forget European wars and hard times, get a copy of this wonderful volume, Uncle Charlie's Poems. Here is the finest present for young or old in all the world. To deprive the children of this book is a crime. Read "How Father Cared the Turk," "How Pop Played Sandy Claus," and "Just Behind the Battle Mother," and you will have the whole family yelling with delight. For parlor or platform it is the dandiest book in the world. A big 180-page gorgeous volume, beautifully bound in like ribbed silk cloth, gold top, autumn leaf lining, a scream from cover to cover. Autographed by Uncle Charlie's own hand, with heart-touching sketch of his life, and some beautiful half-tone pictures, showing Uncle Charlie dictating his monthly talks to Maria. This exquisite volume free for a club of only four fifteen-month subs. To COMFORT at 25 cents each. Clubs count toward our great cash prize competition. Dandiest Christmas gift in the world. Work for it today.

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You can't have a real Christmas without music in the home, and Uncle Charlie's song folio, a superb collection of entrancingly beautiful songs will set every music lover wild with delight. Songs for all occasions, all tastes and every song a hit. The ideal gift for all music lovers. Cheap at five dollars. Contains full music for voice and piano. Four splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie on the cover. Send two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each and Santa Claus will bring this gorgeous collection of musical masterpieces to your door free of cost. Poems and Song Book free for a club of six. Secure both and a Merry Christmas will be yours. Greatest bargains ever offered. Send for them today.

THE BIBLE.—It is constantly being said that the Bible is losing ground, but reports recently received show that just the reverse is the case, and that its distribution is steadily increasing. Since 1804, the British Bible Society has published 240,000,000 copies of the Bible, and the American Bible Society since 1816, has published 100,000,000 copies. Total publication for past century equals 500,000,000 volumes.

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The letter "A" appears seven times in this square. Draw three straight lines through the square dividing it into seven parts, each containing one letter, and we will send you a prize. A packet of five beautiful postcards lithographed in full colors, one of each letter of the alphabet, and a grand contest for a \$500.00 Automobile. All you have to do is to enclose a two-cent stamp in your letter to pay postage and cost of mailing.

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MAN To Advertise and Solicit for Rogers twenty year Silver. \$52.00 monthly and commission. A. A. CLINE, 809 Rogers Bldg., Philadelphia.

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A Beautiful New Edition of Uncle Charlie's Story Book is now offered as a souvenir of his fifty-first birthday which occurred September 25th. This splendid book of 157 pages printed in good, clear type on fine paper, was gotten up by Uncle Charlie regardless of time and expense as a worthy memorial of his fiftieth birthday a year ago.

Besides six unique stories, a dramatic sketch and personal memoirs and thrilling incidents of his remarkable life, all from his inspired pen, there are chapters by "Billy the Goat" and Maria which throw interesting side lights on his character and let you into the mysteries of his daily life. Illustrated with new pictures of him and Maria and Billy.

The immense popularity of this book has exhausted the previous editions and this new edition has been printed to meet the continued large demand for it. This edition is limited, so this may be your last chance to obtain a copy. Every home should have one.

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In either offer 2-year renewals at 30 cents each will count the same as 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each. This offer holds good while the supply of books holds out.

Probably this is the last edition that will ever be printed. BE QUICK and secure a copy while they last. These are the best and most costly premiums that we give for such size clubs.

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COMFORT wants to give free to your little girl and every little girl this handsome doll family stamped in beautiful colors on strong cloth with full directions so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up in less than ten minutes. We show only one doll in the picture but we actually give you three dolls in all. We have named them "Golden Locks" and her two little twin sisters, "Golden Locks" is almost as big as a real baby, for she stands one and one half feet high and her cute little sisters are over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. They have beautiful golden hair which hangs in the dearest curls you ever saw and fastened with a bright red ribbon bow that cannot get lost or become untied, handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes which smile at you in such a life-like way that you would almost think they were ready to speak and say "Mama." As shown in above illustration they also are dressed in dainty lace-trimmed undergar with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots. The three dolls together make the cutest and prettiest Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lot better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls because they will not break or snarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes. There is no little girl who will not instantly fall in love with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you all three dolls—free by Parcel Post prepaid on the terms of the following special offer.

Offer 463 A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you all three dolls free by parcel post prepaid.
Offer No. 463 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you all three dolls free by Parcel Post prepaid. (Premium No. 463). Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

J. M. L. Hughwit, Okla.—A good many COMFORT readers have asked us about fresh-water pearls, particularly as to their value and to whom to apply to sell them. The fresh-water pearl is nothing like so valuable as the sea pearl and most of those reported to us by readers are hardly worth bothering about. But if anybody has a large, fine one, or a large quantity of smaller ones, we suggest that he write to Tiffany & Co., New York, N. Y., a reliable firm and an authority in all sorts of jewels, for information and possible sale.

A. M. C. Glencoe, Okla.—Old books and other old things about the house that you wish to dispose of, unless they are rare antiques, can much better be got rid of in your own locality than by sending them away. Dealers at a distance must see what they buy, they pay very small prices, and you have the freight to pay. Sell your books to your neighbors at any price you see fit.

Mrs. X. Y. Z., McDonald, Tenn.—Tiffany & Co., New York City are reliable, and any old gold, or silver that you may have to sell can be safely entrusted to them. Write to them asking the price of old gold and tell them what weight of it you have. They can't afford to bother with a few cents' worth. You ought to be able to sell it to a local jeweler. We think old gold is worth about seventy-five cents a pennyweight, anywhere and everywhere.

O. F. C. Waukena, Cal.—Don't attempt a medical course on an eighth grade education. We have too many ignorant doctors already. Some knowledge of Latin should be obligatory. Also correct spelling is a necessity and you lack that very greatly. A doctor who spelled "answer," "ancer," and "Bureau," "Bureau," wouldn't keep many first-class patients, we fancy, even if he ever got one.

Miss L. V. R., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.—If we knew the address of a theater or vaudeville manager we would not give it to you. You know nothing of the stage—if you did you would not be asking us the question—and it is just such girls as you who are ruined by the stage. If you need work, get it where there is less temptation and where your qualifications better fit.

Mrs. C. H. D., Port Huron, Mich.—First off, you must be careful in removing feathers from fowls not to soil them any more than is possible. They may be cleaned by exposing them to the sunshine or placing them in an oven to dry and then beating them to remove the dust. When really dirty they may be cleaned with lime water, or better with a weak solution of ordinary cooking soda in water. After careful washing rinse in clear, cold water and dry as before.

T. W. C. Dawson Springs, Ky.—The hypnotic power, so-called, is very largely a gift and cannot be acquired by most people. Those who have it to a slight degree may improve it by training and practice.

Miss E. M. Hollidayburg, Pa.—It is an excellent idea to have pledges for boys to sign against liquor drinking and it would be a good idea to extend them to cigarette smoking and other bad habits and, while you are about it, pledges for the improvement of girls along various lines might be of benefit to them and the entire community, the same as with the boys. You cannot get ready-made pledges exactly as you want them, so your best plan is to write the pledges exactly as you want them to be and have your local printer print them for you. The cost will be small and you will get just what you want. Other COMFORT readers interested in work of this kind follow suit.

E. A. T. Meridian, Miss.—You don't read your Bible very closely or you would not be asking about the names of Adam and "Eve." However, we may reply that the name Adam means red, or red earth and Eve means life. The characters or characteristics, rather, of the individuals gave them their names. So Cain received his name because he was a blacksmith and Abel, meaning a meadow or grassy place, had his name because he was a farmer or shepherd. Names were given in the beginning to men and women to distinguish one from another and in time these names became part of the individuals, so to say, and were transmitted from father to son. Johnson, Stevenson, and such names ending in "son" being the names of sons of men named John, Steven and so on. "Tom" as the ending of a name, meant of the town. Black, white, gray and these names were originally to indicate some characteristic of color in the person. Smith, Carpenter, Farmer, Taylor, Baker, and that class were given from the occupation of the individual. The derivation of many surnames is not known, but in the majority of cases they are quite apparent, as in those we have given. Take a list of names of people you know and figure them out for yourself. Borrow a cyclopedia from one of your neighbors and read up on names and nomenclature.

J. W. H. Louisburg, N. C.—A very ordinary intelligence should know that a two-year correspondence course in civil engineering, or anything else, is not equal to a complete course in a technical school. You might get a fairly good position after the two-year course and by continued study rise still higher, but a graduate of a technical school, if he has ability, may take an advanced position at the beginning, or as soon as he has got bridle-wise to the practical work. The two-year course will give you a start with the work and study may lead to the top, but it is not an easy climb. The really good things in this life you don't get easy and education is one of the best things. If you expect to be a first-class civil engineer you will have to work for it and work hard. You might try the course by correspondence and see how you progress. As much depends on you as on the course. We like to see our COMFORT boys ambitious, but we want them to understand clearly that they must work for what they get.

Miss B. K., Prattville, Ark.—It is not in the way you boil eggs that the shell is prevented from sticking, but in the way you shell them afterwards. To get the shell off clear, crack the eggshell first and then roll the egg under your hand on a table until the entire shell is broken into small bits. Then you can skin it clean as a hound's tooth. (2) Boil your cabbage in a thoroughly clean enameled vessel and it will not turn red.

Stodious Boy, Hawley, Minn.—Get a list of the books you want from one of your local teachers and also get the address of booksellers in St. Paul and Minneapolis, if anyone can give them to you. If not, write to Rand, McNally & Co., and A. C. McClurg & Co., both of Chicago, stating what you want and get lists and prices.

Miss E. DeB., Midland, Ga.—With no local habitation known it may be difficult to locate in the U. S. persons of any particular name. It might be done through the Census Office. Write to Superintendent U. S. Census, Washington, D. C. for information. Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, about the Duchesses.

D. E. O., San Saba, Texas.—Fowls—but you shouldn't spell it "fowels"—have the sense of smell as is shown by the presence of nasal vents in all of them, and they are not guided entirely by sight and hearing. All living things haven't the sense of smell, but the vast majority of them have—all in fact except the very lowest orders, and even some of them may have. It is not a sense whose existence may be so easily determined as are sight and hearing.

T. B. Richmond, Va.—A very appropriate closing for a letter to any person of any distinction is "Very respectfully," or "Very truly," though if you wish to use the old Virginia style of "I am, sir, or madam,

most respectfully your humble and obedient servant," you may do so. Either that or any of its numerous variations are proper enough, but somewhat archaic, not to say obsolete, in this less polite age. A simple Christmas card will be a sufficient token of appreciation to a person of distinction, not your personal friend, but associated in a semi-literary way.

Mrs. O. H., Creston, Mont.—In every state, we suppose, there are schools which give boys and girls a chance to earn their education and learn some useful trade, but these schools are not listed among the great schools and they are not known far outside of their state boundaries. Any educator in your state could tell you of any such schools in Montana. The Montana State College at Bozeman might answer your purpose. Write to James M. Hamilton, President, for information. (2) We know of no firms employing seamstresses outside of their own immediate localities. It does not pay.

Miss C. G., Hilbert, Wis.—We have not observed the initials you mention on any dimes in our possession, but do not listen to the stories that they are put there by a manufacturing firm in order to give its machine to any person getting the dimes that spell the firm's name. Such lettering by private parties would constitute mutilation of the government coin and is a penitentiary offense. It might be good advertising, but is altogether too dangerous to undertake. COMFORT readers take notice if they hear this dime story.

C. J., Simpsonville, S. C.—Before getting addresses of hospitals where you might wish to enter to become a nurse, find out from one of your local physicians if you have the necessary qualifications to become a nurse. Most persons do not and without these qualifications it is a waste of time to make any effort in that direction. If you want information further write to Chautauque Training School for Nurses, Jamestown, N. Y. Other COMFORT girls who think they want to become nurses, please cut this out and follow its instructions.

Miss M. D. C., Pittville, Cal.—The case you present has no legal status, because a mule that would let itself be kicked to death by a horse, or any other hoofed creature, would have absolutely no value to warrant a suit at law. Now a horse kicked to death by a mule would constitute a fair case of litigation, but never the other way. You must have got the parties reversed.

We have received numerous additional inquiries about spineless cactus of which information was given in November issue. If inquirer will write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for special information shown it may be difficult to locate in the U.

The Battle of The Cows

A Singular Contest That Occurs Each Year in Switzerland During August

THIS extraordinary battle takes place every season with Swiss cattle, which come from all parts, leave the valleys near Arolla in a great herd, to feed on the mountain sides. The object of the conflict is to decide which cow shall be queen.

The fight is usually witnessed by crowds of people, amongst them many tourists. The great herd of cows cover a space fully five hundred yards square, fight fiercely and each cow as soon as vanquished, is led off the field to a place where she can observe the fray.

When evening comes the only occupants of the improvised arena, are about two dozen unconquered cows, which pace the turf proudly.

Then the queen of last year is led into the field. One by one the other cows are permitted to advance against her, and one by one she puts them out of business.

Then the herders come forward and hang about the conquering animal's neck a bell, much more handsome and twice as large as that gracing the neck of any other of the cows—this being the outward and visible sign of queenship.

No sooner has this unique coronation ceremony taken place than all the other cows, which number many hundreds, are escorted forward and grouped about their queen, who with much dignity, leads them off up the mountain path to ward their new feeding place. The herdsman take hardly any part in these fights.

The cows' horns are blunted so they are not able to gore each other, but some of the battles are terrible.

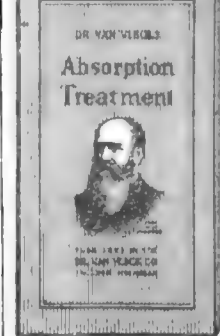
When the herd is unusually large the fighting to decide upon a queen sometimes lasts for a week.

FREAK CALF.—William Wilson, a farmer of Bedford, Ind., is the possessor of a freak calf. The animal, apparently healthy, is unable to walk. Its movements being restricted to a jumping motion. It was born without a tail, the nearest approach to that being a hairy growth, similar in form and size to that displayed by a rabbit. Hundreds of people have been attracted to the Wilson farm by the rabbit-like calf.

CRUEL PILES

Never Self Cured
You Must Act Promptly

Write today for this valuable, illustrated



PILE BOOK FREE

Describes a simple method by which thousands of unfortunate sufferers from this malignant disease have found relief and happiness at little cost.

The information given in this Free Book has saved hundreds from costly operations and years of cruel pain. It is illustrated with color plates and describes in detail a subject little understood by most, yet of untold importance to anyone having any kind of rectal trouble.

Dr. Van Vleck, ex-surgeon U. S. Army, after forty years study, found a method of treatment which brings prompt relief to sufferers from Piles, Fissure, Fistula, Constipation, and all Rectal Troubles, no matter how severe. No knife, no pain, no doctor bills—just a simple home treatment which can be tried by anyone without risking the loss of a penny. The publishers of this little book have received hundreds of letters telling of cures by this remarkably effective system after everything else, including costly and dangerous operations, had failed, even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. The milder cases are usually controlled in a single day. Send the coupon today for this Book and learn about these valuable truths for yourself.

FREE BOOK COUPON

Fill in your address and mail this coupon to Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. 1256, Jackson, Mich.

Name.....
Address.....
Return mail will bring you the illustrated Book free and prepaid, in plain wrapper.

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED

Improve health, prolong your life. Relieve stomach or kidney trouble, hoarseness, headaches, irritability, nervous worry, heart weakness. Avoid blindness! Gain lasting vigor, clear nerves, better memory, clear eyes, superior mental strength. Banish spells of melancholy; avoid collapse. If you chew, dip, smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars, get my interesting free book. Just what you have been looking for. Proved worth weight in gold to others; why not you? Overcome nicotine habit, start now and be genuinely happy. Book mailed free. EDW. J. WOODS, 117, Station E, New York, N.Y.

Cancer Book

Entirely New Book on Cancer. The most comprehensive explanation of cancer and its successful treatment without the knife ever published. The Book is FREE. Send for a copy today and learn the Truth about cancer. O. A. JOHNSON, N. D., Suite 440, 1320 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

"LET ME" read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. S. A. SEARCHES, 2583 8th Ave., New York.

Sister: Read My Free Offer!



I am a woman.
I know a woman's trials.
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my free ten days' trial of a home treatment suited to your needs. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods, catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or general feeling that life is not worth living.

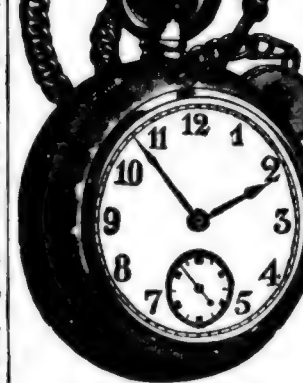
I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. When you are cured, and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for young or old. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. If health is worth asking for, then accept my generous offer and write for the free treatment, including my illustrated booklet, "Women's Own Medical Adviser." I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. Send today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315 - - - NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

Handsone, New Style, Guaranteed Watch

A Warranted Timekeeper—Best American Movement—Stem Wind and Set.



Here is a watch that any man or boy may feel proud to carry, not alone on account of its handsome, refined appearance, but because it is always on the dot—a splendid, dependable timekeeper that will keep as near perfect time as any watch you ever saw no matter what the price. Of course, this is not an expensive watch because it is not in a gold or silver case but for practical every-day use it is just as good as any watch costing from \$30.00 to \$25.00. In fact, we have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee which is just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make—it has a handsome polished nickel case with an unusually thick crystal which will stand all sorts of rough handling without becoming broken; the movement is the best American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures on its face and, as shown in the illustration, it has the hour, minute and second hands all high-priced watches. We have already given away thousands of these watches without having one of them returned to us or receiving a single complaint and this we think is sufficient evidence that it never fails to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these handsome, guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a handsome stylish chain and fob, if you will accept the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only five 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain and fob, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Premium No. 399. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Generous \$2 Bottle Free by Mail

**EPILEPSY
AND
FITS**

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, Spasms or have children that do so, my New Treatment will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a **FREE \$2 Bottle of Dr. May's Formula.** It has relieved permanently the very worst cases, when everything else has failed. Please write and give ME and complete address.


DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl St., New York.

FREE WATCH RING and CHAIN

We positively give free a beautiful, gold-finished, engraved American made, stem-wind, sun set watch, proper size, guaranteed five years. Also a beautiful ring set with three diamond cut brilliants for selling 20 jewelry articles

today. When sold send \$2.
we will send watch, ring, chain
ARLEN WATCH CO. Dept. 39 Chicago

WHY NOT TRY THIS TREATMENT?
Cures when all others fail. If you have
piles, internal, external, blind, bleeding,
itching, etc.—you will be satisfied. Thou-
sands of others are. Price, \$1.00 for full
treatment, sent prepaid. Address,
UNITED DOCTORS LABORATORIES
Dep. 2110, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

 **SILK** For Crasy Patch Work,
Patches, Quilts, Etc. For 10 CENTS we

Send 1 Bill F. Case, Large Pianos, fancy
colored, No. 140 Grand and Baby Grand
Pianos and 1 miniature Silk and
Piano College Bag. 8 lots 25 cents.
You will receive about 1000 of this
GREAT BARGAIN, 1000 MILK THE BEST.
STAR SILK CO., DEPT. 2, CHICAGO.

RUPTURE FREEDOM

FREE TRIAL **No More Steel
or Rubber Bands.**
A feeling of comfort and contentment.
See Stuart's

The Plapao-Medication in the pad is absorbed by the pores of the skin creating a wonderful feeling of relief and at the same time tending to strengthen the weakened muscles. SELF-ADHESIVE, no pad cannot slip, shift out of place or press against the bone and chafe skin. Sores heal faster. Sores heal easy to apply—**inexpensive—no delay from work.** Proved in thousands of cases to be the most comfortable

Native. Awarded Gold Medal, Rome, Grand Prix, Paris. We Prove everything by sending trial of Plaster absolutely free. Write today.

Plapao Laboratories, Box 240 St. Louis, Mo.

You This Blanket

Six feet long and nearly five feet wide, made of good material, well finished and splendid weight. Borders worked in fancy colors on white ground.

SOFT, WARM and COZY

If you will sell Six of our Celebrated **OXEN POROUS PLASTERS** at 25 cents each and send us the money collected, \$1.50 in all, you will receive one of these **heavy weight Blankets**.


Oxen Plasters have been used for over a quarter of a century for Rheumatism, Coughs, Colds, Aches, Pains in Neck, Lumbago, Kidney Troubles, Heart Disturbances, Stomach Disorders, Etc.

Write us you want this Beautiful, Soft, Warm, White Blanket and we will mail you the **Six Oxen 25 Cent Porous Plasters** to sell same day your order arrives.

NY, 41 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

List Of Titles

Re-deloud of the Lakes, by F. R. Burton
Ridgeway of Montana, by Wm. MacLeod Raine
Spendthrift, by Porter Emerson Brown & Edward Marshall
Seth Jones of New Hampshire, by Edward S. Ellis
Sins of Society, by Cecil Raleigh
Step by Step, by Mrs. George Sheldon Downs
Stroutheart, by F. R. Burton
The Mask, by Arthur Hornblow
The Master of the House, by Edward Marshall
The Count of Luxembourg, by Harold Shipston
The Talker, by Arthur Hornblow
The Devil, by A. S. Van Westrum
The End of the Game, by Arthur Hornblow
The Final War, by Louis Tracy
The Girl Question, by John W. Harding
The Jinx, by Allen Sangree
The Kidnapped Millionaire, by Frederick Upham Adams
The King of Honey Island, by Maurice Thompson
The Merry Widow, by Franz Lehar,
The Old Homestead, by Denman Thompson
The Prodigate, by Arthur Hornblow
The Round, by John Murray & M. M. Miller
The Time, Place and the Girl, by John W. Harding
The Wolf, by Eugene Walter
The Vision Splendid, by W. M. Raine
Widow Goldsmith's Daughter, by Julie P. Smith
Warren of Virginia, by George Cary Eggleston
Writing on the Wall, by Edward Marshall
Wyoming, by Wm. MacLeod Raine

 When Ordering Be Sure To Write Titles Wanted Very Plainly

[illegible]

Look
At
Me!I Have
Real
Eye-
Lashes!I Go To
Sleep
Like a
Real
BABY!MY
ARMS
and LEGS
are
JOINTED!

Whose Little Girl Wants

ME? I Am The Cutest
Sweetest Baby DollIn Toyland
And You Can
Have Me **FREE!**

YES, this beautiful, curly-haired doll is free to any little girl and on such liberal terms that we expect to give away thousands of them during the next few months. Don't think she is anywhere near as small as she looks to be in the picture for she stands nearly a foot and a quarter high. She has a real kid body and her beautiful head is almost indestructible because it is made of bisque. You can make her stand up or sit down in a chair, or bend over or assume all sorts of natural positions because her arms are jointed at shoulder and elbow and her legs at hip and knee. When you lie her down she closes her eyes and goes to sleep and when you pick her up she is wide awake again. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in luxuriant curls, her eyes are blue as the sky, she has real eyelashes—not the "make-believe" kind—and taken altogether she is certainly the cutest and sweetest baby doll in all toyland. With exception of her handsome black operatic lace stockings and cunning little slippers with bow and buckle she comes to you undressed so that you can make your own dresses for her and dress and undress her to your heart's content. Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful doll in the picture as she stands smiling with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her, kiss her and put on her gay little dress! Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you free packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.

For Only Six Subscriptions!

FOR A club of only six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll exactly as described by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 466.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE!

This is the same doll which we formerly offered for a club of four. Owing to the scarcity and high prices of dolls brought about by the European War, we are obliged to raise the offer to a club of six. Please bear this fact in mind when ordering the above doll and remember that our former offer has been withdrawn and that from now on we cannot give this doll for a club of less than six 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each.

Great Japanese Rug about Six Feet Long
Given For a Club of Only Four

This unusual offering was gotten of a large importing house who make a specialty in dealing in big quantities of these **Botan or Matting Rugs**. It is closely woven of fine Japanese matting and is thus strong and durable. It has an elaborate Oriental design, which is brought out by the bright colors being interwoven with the finely shaded texture of the matting itself, of which our illustration gives but a faint idea. The colors are of such a blend and are so harmonious in the variegated shades of red, blue and green that it is appropriate to use in any room in the house, especially for the chamber or living-room. It will lay closely to the floor or fit nicely over a defaced carpet. They are of such good size, about 72 inches long and thirty-six inches wide, that two of them make a good covering for the floor of a fair sized room. They are a very serviceable rug to use as they do not easily soil and can be readily cleaned with a damp cloth and the color design thus be kept fresh and bright.

It is granted to give entire satisfaction and if you ever have one of these rugs come into your home you will almost be compelled to get up another club and secure more of them, they are given on such easy terms and are so entirely wearable and give such a fine appearance.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver one of these Rugs by Parcel Post. Prem. No. 420. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Fine Solo
Guitar
And Book
Of Instruc-
tionsGiven For A
Club Of Ten

Premium No. 710

HERE is an offer that will interest our music-loving readers. This handsome, sweet-toned guitar is a professional style model, made of perfect seasoned material and beautifully finished. It has a mahogany stained hard wood body and white spruce top finished in natural color; the neck is made of white wood nicely stained and has a black wood finger-board. It is fitted with genuine German silver frets and strung with six regular steel guitar strings which give the very best tone, keep in tune and last the longest. We guarantee the scale of this instrument to be absolutely true—as true as that of the highest priced guitar made.

We also send you free a book of instructions on "how to hold the guitar," "how to tune the guitar," etc., etc., also a course of lessons and exercises which are so fully and plainly explained that anyone can easily understand them and with a little study and practice soon be able to play any ordinary music such as popular songs, marches, two steps and different kinds of dance music. We will send you this fine guitar with instruction book and lesson course complete if you will accept the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of ten 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or five 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will give you this guitar with instruction book free and send it securely packed by Parcel Post prepaid. (Premium No. 710.) Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Chatelaine Watch

Given for a Club of Eight



THIS beautiful little Chatelaine Watch with Fleur-de-Lis Pin is one of the finest premiums we have to offer. For any woman or girl it is the queen of all gifts. The watch is about the size of illustration, a thin model with a handsome silver finished dust proof case and pure white dial with Arabic numerals. It is a guaranteed timekeeper being fitted with one of the best American movements, stem wind and set. With this dainty little timepiece we also give you the always popular "Fleur-de-Lis" pin with which to fasten the watch to the dress in true chatelaine style and both Watch and pin will come to you in a handsome black leatherette, satin lined case. You can have this chatelaine watch with pin and case complete free by taking advantage of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only eight 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome chatelaine watch with pin and case free by Parcel Post prepaid. (Premium No. 359.) Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

Genuine Weatherproof Garment
Utility Coat for Ladies, Misses and Men

Fashioned after the model of a "Great Coat," it covers the entire person from "Head to Foot," affording complete protection from the weather, be it wind or rain. Made of waterproof rubber sheeting, in two colors, Olive Drab or Tan and Gray with Flaid Lining, every seam is both sewed and cemented, has standing Military Collar, two side pockets and five large buttons.

For walking the coat is none too heavy for riding it is the greatest rain and wind repellent imaginable. Of late the so-called "rain coat" has been all the rage, they have proven more desirable than so-called cravettes, materials being lighter in weight. Every person, especially schoolgirls, should be amply protected from the weather, and this coat provides a garment that covers all the outer clothes, providing warmth and keeping everything dry. Such coats usually sell for \$5.00 but we can give them away free for small subscription clubs as we have bought a quantity at great advantage. Read the offer carefully. Premium No. 530.

Club Offer. Send only 12 subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months for one Coat; same will be sent at our expense. You may select Tan or Gray, and please give size, bust measure, required. Address

COMFORT
Augusta - MaineFREE Four Beautiful Ferns
EVERY ONE GUARANTEED TO GROW

THERE is nothing that will make your home more bright and cheerful especially through the long winter months to come than beautiful charming ferns and the superb collection we offer you here comprises four of the handsomest, most popular varieties ever grown for house culture. They will thrive beautifully in any dwelling room near a window and require almost no attention except a little sprinkling of water now and then. The same growers who have in the past furnished COMFORT's famous rose collections are to supply us with these ferns each one of which is guaranteed to be absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type, and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were fresh from the greenhouse. Owing to lack of space we are able to illustrate here only one variety "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer each one of which we will briefly describe to you as follows, although no description can convey to you any real idea of their rare beauty.

The "Roosevelt"

This is a new variety recently introduced and one of the finest ferns for house decoration. It has a compact growth habit producing in great numbers wide massive fronds of good length beautifully tapered from base to tip and drooping gracefully over the pot hiding it completely from view. The pinnae, or leaves, of this magnificent fern are distinctively undulated giving the whole plant a most beautiful wavy appearance. The "Roosevelt" has without exception proved to be the strongest growing fern ever produced and seems to withstand better than any other variety the most unfavorable conditions, while if it is given ordinary care it quickly develops into a specimen of rare beauty.

The "Asparagus Plumosus"

There is always a place in every home for this magnificent fern for it is one which really adapts itself to all conditions making the most rapid and vigorous growth with the least care and attention. Its bright, rich green fronds are as fine and delicate as the most beautiful lace by reason of which it is sometimes given the name "lace fern." The rapid sturdy growth of this fern combined with its exquisite lace foliage makes a plant of such airy grace and value as to be desired by everyone.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post prepaid the above described collection of four beautiful ferns each one of them a strong, healthy, well rooted plant, ready to pot and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen beauty. Premium No. 611.

The "Whitmani"

This charming creation has caused a real sensation among lovers of plants, each frond being as delicate and finely cut as the most perfect ostrich plume by which name this fern is commonly known. It is a very vigorous grower constantly unfolding new fronds from six to eight inches wide of fine feathery foliage entirely distinct from any other variety quickly growing to a width of from ten to twelve inches and of such good substantial texture that it withstands the abuse to which house plants are sometimes subjected. The "Whitmani" is one of the few feathery foliage ferns which everyone can succeed in growing to a superb finished specimen even under the most unfavorable conditions of soil and treatment.

"The Boston"

This fern is one of the oldest and best known varieties grown and in the long years of its growth has proved well worthy of a place in every home. It is known by some as the "Fountain Fern" which name is derived from its graceful drooping habit of growth and until the recent production of the "Roosevelt Fern" was acknowledged the finest of its type. It is a very rapid grower producing fronds frequently measuring from six to eight feet long and its freedom of growth without special care has made this fern extremely popular with all who admire beautiful house plants.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post prepaid the above described collection of four beautiful ferns each one of them a strong, healthy, well rooted plant, ready to pot and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen beauty. Premium No. 611.

Free For 4 Subscriptions!

Genuine Nottingham
Lace Curtains

Full Width And Nine Feet Long

This is a brand new offer and much more liberal than our previous offers of Lace Curtains because we are now enabled to buy the genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains direct from the mills cheaper than ever before in the history of our business. The curtains we now offer you are full width and three yards long which is large enough for the largest window, and are designed after the latest up-to-date pattern, with handsome wide border and firm well-finished edge. These beautiful curtains are suited to any room in your house whether it be parlor, sitting-room or chamber and there is an air of elegance and refinement about them which will dress up any room in your house no matter how richly furnished it may be. We guarantee that every woman who accepts this offer will be proud of these curtains—proud of their real beauty and value and proud of the fact that she secured them without paying out one cent of money. We are now giving away these curtains free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair of these curtains free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you two pairs for a club of seven 15-month subscriptions, or three pairs for a club of ten. Premium No. 400. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Look Boys!

You Can Get This
DANDY STEVENS RIFLE FREE!

IF you want a real rifle—not a toy or the make-believe kind—then here's your chance to own a Stevens Rifle and best of all it won't cost you one cent of money. Of course, you know what the "Stevens" Rifle is. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best makes in the world manufactured by the famous Stevens Firearms Co. of Massachusetts. The rifle we offer you here is their "Little Scout" model and is the take-down pattern—that is by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps, .22 short, .22 long, or .22 long rifle rimfire cartridges, has an 18-inch round all-steel barrel, case-hardened frame, blued steel butt plate, German silver knife-edge front and open rear sights, polished black walnut stock and weighs 2½ pounds. This rifle is absolutely safe be-

cause it cannot be discharged until the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is positively no danger of back fire. For target practice and to take along on hunting and camping trips this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy wants and should have because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it very easy for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it.

Club Offer. For a club of only twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Stevens Rifle free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 692. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

EBONIZED BRUSH, COMB AND MIRROR SET



THREE ARTICLES IN BOX

Latest Pattern Silverine Shields
for Monogram. Beveled
Mirror and Fitted CaseDelivered Free by Parcel Post Paid
for only Five Subs. to COMFORT.

There does not live a girl whose heart would not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell dull black finished set. A man's heart is pleased, realizing well the beauty of work in the brush with its fine white bristles, the excellent fitted beveled mirror and finely made comb. A woman is still a girl, only grown up, and to think of really owning this set seems in many cases the realization of some fairy's dream.

The brush is nine inches long, 2½ wide, firmly set white bristles, with shield of Silverine Mirror, is eight and one half inches long, 4½ inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely beveled glass set with rich Ebonyoid frame. Comb is seven inches long, 1½ inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. We will guarantee that there is not one person in one hundred who can tell this set from real \$12.00 Ebony, so closely has the rich, black, dull finish been represented. This is a really excellent Premium No. 200.

New Offer: For only five 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this Set Free as a premium by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ostrich Plumes



16 Inches
Long
And
6 Inches
Wide

Positively
Guaranteed
as to Work-
manship,
Quality
and Color

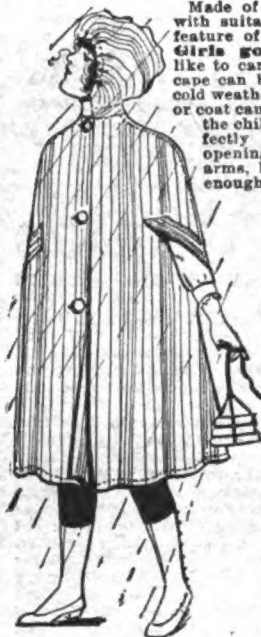
Given For A Club Of Six!

THESE beautiful Ostrich Plumes are of the highest quality and are guaranteed for brilliancy and permanence of color. They are just what every lady wants for the **upright trimmings** now in vogue as they have thick, strong fringes and a large full, graceful, French head with the latest fashionable flat curl. Each plume is a full 16 inches in length and over 6 inches in width and made of the best African male stock, will last for years and always look well. We can furnish these plumes in colors of either Black or White and be sure to mention color wanted when ordering.

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome Ostrich Plumes free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 698.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN



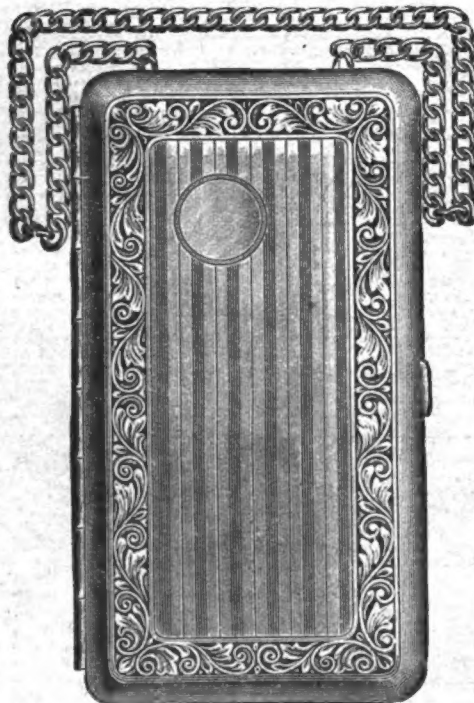
Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. Girls going to school do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much better than a Rain Coat. The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 8 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. Boys can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. Girls like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn such a sensible premium so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

Special Club Offer:

For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. **Premium No. 529.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Latest Vanity Case

Premium No. 711



Given for a Club of Three

EVERY lady and girl should have one of these handsome German silver Vanity Cases because it is the latest style and design having a thin Model case like that of a thin model watch. As shown in illustration the outside of the case is beautifully **embossed** and if you want to you can have your jeweller engrave your **Monogram initials** in the little round panel which is perfectly plain and bright polished. This case is very light, weighing a little over 3 ounces but it is of good size being 4 1/2 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide with a 12-inch chain. On the inside of the case on one side is a place for visiting cards, bills, postage stamps, etc., etc., and on the other side is a powder puff in a little compartment which closes with a hinged cover, a good sized mirror, a compartment for neckties and another one for dimes. This new case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have bought a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one of them if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only three 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Vanity Case free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 711.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold-Filled Ladies' Rings!

WE show here six of the latest styles in ladies' and girls' rings. They are not solid gold rings but they are **genuine gold filled** so that they are just as handsome and will wear just as well as if they were solid gold. They are beautifully made and finished and set with imit. stones so exquisitely cut and mounted that only an expert can distinguish them from the **real gems** which would cost from \$5.00 to \$25.00. Remember that these are not cheap "electro-plated" rings which always look brassy

after you wear them a little while. They are filled with enough **real gold** to give them **genuine wearing qualities**, and being fashioned in style and design to exactly correspond with the latest styles of expensive solid gold rings not one person in a thousand will realize that you are wearing anything but the solid gold article. Please read the following descriptions then you can easily tell which one of these beautiful rings you prefer to have us send you as a gift.



No. 52005



No. 51429



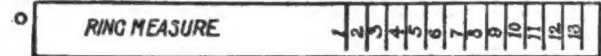
No. 52028

No. 52005. A very elaborate genuine gold-filled chased design set with one beautiful imit. Sapphire and two sparkling Brillants.

No. 51429. Genuine gold filled, set with beautiful imit. Amethyst.

No. 52028. Genuine gold filled, handsomely engraved, set with finest cut imit. Ruby.

BE SURE TO SEND YOUR RING SIZE!



By using the above diagram you can tell exactly what size ring you wear if you will follow these directions: Put a stiff piece of paper around the second joint on your ring finger. Cut the paper off so that when drawn tight around your finger the ends exactly meet. Then lay the paper flat on the diagram, one end at the line 0 and the other end will indicate correct size. By following these instructions your ring will be a perfect fit.

No. 52137. The new popular Cameo ring, genuine gold filled with handsome chased design on either side of mounting.

No. 51726. Genuine gold filled, set with a single brilliant Rhinestone with beautiful scroll design on either side of mounting.

No. 51723. A Round Signet ring gold filled, chased and beautifully engraved.



No. 52137



No. 51726



No. 51723

Free Offer!

By buying a large quantity of these rings direct from the manufacturers we did not have to pay two or three middlemen's profits but secured them at the factory price and this enables us to make a great offer that none of our readers can afford to overlook. Send us only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents and we will send you **FREE AND POSTPAID** your choice of any one ring illustrated and described above. Remember our guarantee that these rings are genuine gold filled and that they will wear indefinitely and give splendid satisfaction. Do not forget to specify by number the ring or rings you want. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Boys! Get This Dandy Rifle Free!



Automatic Repeater
Works Like a "Winchester"
Will Fire 350 Shots Without Reloading

BOYS—here is the Air Rifle you have always wanted—a real repeater which loads automatically just like a Winchester or a Marlin. It is nearly three feet long yet weighs only two pounds, uses BB shot and shoots 350 times without reloading. The barrel and all working parts are made of high grade steel with a gun metal finish, the stock is made of real black walnut handsomely stained and polished. This splendid rifle is just what you need to take with you on your camping and hunting trips because with it you can bag all kinds of small game such as crows, hawks, squirrels, rabbits, etc., and for target practice is just fine. No powder—no danger—yet it will shoot almost as hard and as far as a .22 caliber cartridge rifle. It is the safest and most powerful air rifle ever invented and your parents cannot possibly object to your having one, because it is absolutely safe to handle. You can get this splendid air rifle absolutely free on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this Repeating Air Rifle exactly as described above free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 669.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful Tapestry Table Cover



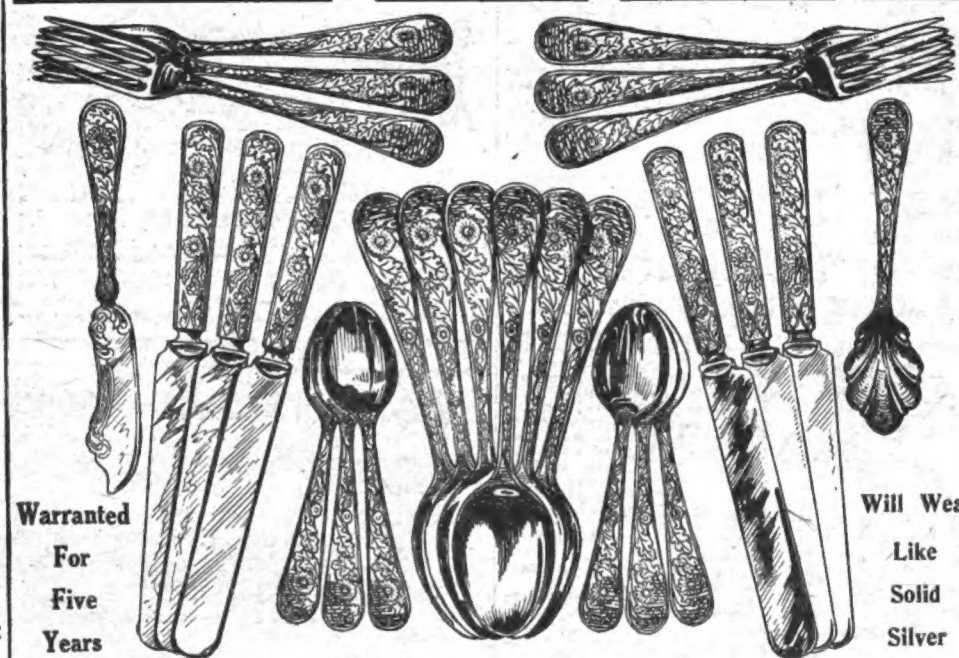
NEARLY ONE
YARD SQUARE

This beautiful, fringed Tapestry Table Cover is nearly one yard square which is a size large enough for any stand or small table and is very elaborately made up in different handsome colors on an interwoven background which is of a color that harmonizes with the fringe which extends entirely around the cover. Add one or more of these beautiful colored covers to the furnishings of any room in your house and it will enliven and cheer up the whole atmosphere of your home. They are just as durable as they are handsome and taken altogether are something any woman should be pleased to own and display. We will send you this large handsome Table Cover, exactly as described if you will accept the following

**Given to You
For 2 Subscriptions**

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this beautiful Tapestry Table Cover free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 664.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Daisy Silver Set



Warranted
For
Five
Years

Will Wear
Like
Solid
Silver

Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Six

WE have in the past made many fine premium offers of silverware to readers of COMFORT, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a **complete silver set** in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think because we are giving away this splendid set on such liberal terms that it is the ordinary cheap silverware which is plated on a brass base and consequently changes color and has that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This set which we offer you here is silver plated on a white metal base therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will never show signs of tarnish or wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, 6 Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated with the beautiful **Daisy design** which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have ever offered, in fact we are so sure that it will please and satisfy all who accept our offer we are going to guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, you will receive this 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 690.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Large Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best
Playmate
A Boy
or Girl
Ever
Had



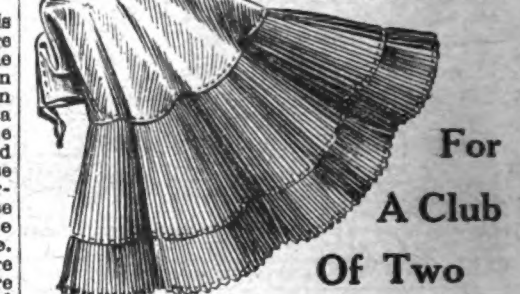
10
Inches
High
And
Full
Joint-
ed

FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a big shaggy fellow, nearly a foot tall, made of rich, handsome brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. Teddy Bears like this one generally cost a good round sum in the stores, but as we have imported a large quantity of them from Germany at a special low price we can well afford to give them away on terms so liberal that there is no reason why every boy and girl should not have one of them at once. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this big shaggy Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 699.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stylish Colored Petticoat



For
A Club
Of Two

Kelley Green, Cerise Or Black

COLORED petticoats modeled along narrow lines that are now the style. Kelley Green, Cerise or "American Beauty" and Black seem to be popular shades as they afford a striking contrast to most any dress. The petticoat offered here is made of handsome sateen or "farmer's satin" of good quality with finished seams and deep flounce and it comes in the popular colors above mentioned. Every woman to be in fashion now needs one or more of these petticoats which fit so nicely and hang so gracefully having not near so much fullness as the old petticoats and yet not of the extreme hobble style. Be sure to specify size and color wanted when ordering. We have them in sizes all the way from 38 to 44 and will send you exact size and the color desired, if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these petticoats free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 612.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Drawnwork Scarf



67
Inches
Long
16
Inches
Wide

Made of
PURE
FLAX
woven in
to a silver
damask
of
superior
quality,
finished
with
heavy
fringed
ends

EVERY woman reader of COMFORT who wants a handsome, serviceable dresser or sideboard scarf should answer this offer at once. We have imported from Germany a large quantity of these large sized, pure linen scarfs, 67 inches long and 16 inches wide, and thanks to the new tariff law secured them at a price so low that we can well afford to give them away for less money in subscriptions than you would have to pay outright for a much inferior scarf in any store. As shown in illustration, the pattern is a large attractive zigzag drawnwork design and both ends of the scarf are finished with a handsome wide combed and knotted fringe. Being made by skilled workmen of pure flax, the texture of this scarf is such that it should last a lifetime and in appearance it is one of the most beautiful dresser or sideboard covers you ever saw. We are giving away this scarf free on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this large handsome, pure linen, imported scarf free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 332.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

European War Stops Importation Of Dolls 31-Piece Princess Violet Dinner Set

No
More
Dolls
After
This
Lot
Is
Gone
!!!!



And Our Stock Is Nearly Exhausted!

Send For YOUR Doll NOW

It Is Your Last
Chance To Get
A Dressed Doll **FREE!**

WE feel that it is our duty to inform all COMFORT readers that owing to the great European conflict there is going to be a doll famine in this country within the next few weeks. No dolls have been imported into the United States since the European War began and no dolls can be imported until the war is over and no one knows when that will be. What few dolls there are in the stores in this country today will be sold for high prices that are beyond the reach of the ordinary wage earner. It is going to be a doll-less Christmas for thousands of little tots this year and realizing this fact we think it best to admit that we have on hand but a limited quantity of the big, beautiful talking and sleeping dolls which we imported from Germany before the war broke out and only those of our readers who send in their club orders at once will make sure of getting one of these dolls before our stock is completely exhausted. This is the same doll which has delighted thousands of little girls in homes where COMFORT goes—a handsome, fully dressed, life size, talking and sleeping doll, nearly a foot and a half tall with a beautiful picture hat of latest style, handsome lace-and-ribbon trimmed gown and complete wardrobe of pretty lace-trimmed underwear, elegant openwork stockings and dainty low shoes with bright, shiny buckles. She says "Papa" and "Mamma" just as plain as can be, closes her blue eyes and goes to sleep when you lay her down and is wide awake again the minute you pick her up. Her cheeks are like red roses, her beautiful golden hair hangs in long clustering curls and she shows her pearly white teeth in one of the prettiest smiles you ever saw. She can be dressed and undressed as often as you wish and is so well made with fine bisque head and strong body that she cannot possibly become broken if you take good care of her. Remember we have only a limited quantity of these dolls on hand—less than three thousand in fact—and that while they last it is going to be a case of first come, first served. If you put off you may have to buy a doll and pay a war price for it; indeed, the stock in the stores may be completely sold out before you get around to it, so to be on the safe side you had better send in your club right away. Following is our free offer. Read it and start getting up your club today.

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year

subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you free by Parcel Post prepaid this beautiful fully dressed, talking and sleeping doll, carefully packed in a strong box so that she positively will not get broken. Premium No. 621.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BEAUTIFUL RIBBONS

Five Inches in Width with Soft Wired Edges
The Latest Conception in Hair Ribbons and Artistic Hat Trimmings. Guaranteed All Silk Taffeta



The edges of this Ribbon are finished to represent a small silk cord through which a soft, pliable wire is run. The most fashionable hats this season are simply trimmed with large stunning bows, and this ribbon enables the home milliner to give her hats that smart touch so difficult with the ordinary ribbons.

For Children's Hair this Ribbon makes Ideal Bows. The silk will not crush and the bow is instantly adjusted after being flattened under the hat.

You have only to send us two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and we will mail you free two yards of this lovely ribbon. We have delicate pink, light and dark blue, black, white, red and green. Premium No. 531.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wonderful New Stereoscope

25 ENTERTAINING
EXCITING VIEWS



Horses, Dogs, Cats And All
Kinds of Animals, Home Scenes,
And Happy Childhood Days

Free For Two Subscriptions

HERE is something as good as a circus for the children the year round. It is not a small toy-like affair but a large, full size, new style Stereoscope made of metal with plush rimmed hood and fitted with powerful magnifying lens and with it we can give you free a big collection of views of all kinds—home scenes, farm scenes, all kinds of animal and domestic pets, happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors. If they have one of these Stereoscopes because it gives them a never-ending joyful entertainment, keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Besides the pleasure which they will derive from the beautiful scenes of home life, the animal views will furnish them with no end of fun and amusement, the horses, dogs, cats and other animals stand out so real and lifelike when looked at through this Scope. There is not a boy or girl either in the country who would not be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of entertaining and exciting views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following

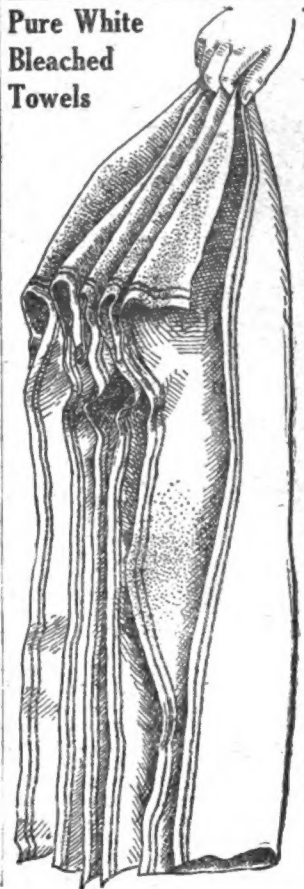
CLUB OFFER. For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this fine Stereoscope with 25 views exactly as described above, free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 557.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TWO YARD LONG SILK MUSLIN SCARF



Pure White
Bleached
Towels

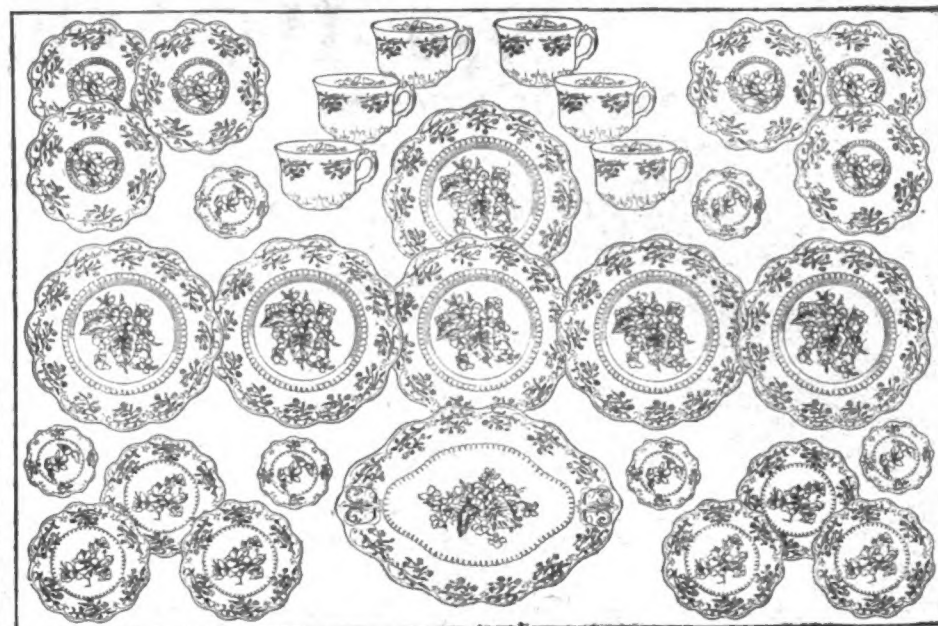


Yard Long
With
Fast Color
Red Border

These four complete ready-to-use towels each a yard long, are given for a club of only three subscribers and is one of the most sensible and satisfactory and thus most popular premium we offer. They are of excellent quality crash each towel one yard long and ready to use for kitchen, office, factory and shop use this is a durable, rough-and-ready towel; will wipe well, wear well and wash well. For dishes and hands this is the best; for many purposes about the house good crash toweling finds its use and the good housekeeper always has a supply. The men and boys will enjoy such towels as these. The pure white color and red line border make them very attractive. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Club Offer: A club of three subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures four of these ready-made Towels. Premium No. 583.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Free And Express Prepaid For A Club Of 12

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of 6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters and large Meat Platter all handsomely decorated with clusters of purple wood violets surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with lovely tracings of gold. Unlike the ordinary dishes that are usually offered as premiums, every piece in this magnificent set is (with the exception of the decorations) snowy white in color, dainty in design, light in weight and finish with a Haviland glaze which gives it that smooth, velvety appearance so much admired by every woman. The decorations will last a lifetime because being burned into the ware and underneath the glaze it positively will not wash, rub or wear off. Our illustration does not give you any idea of the real beauty of these dishes because it fails to show the pleasing color combination of purple, green and gold which is so finely set off by the flawless white of the ware itself. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest

dinner set we have ever offered to COMFORT readers and we are positive that it will more than please every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live, we will ship you this set direct from the pottery in Ohio by express, all charges prepaid and guaranteed against breakage. If you find any piece or pieces cracked or broken when you receive your set, we will send you free and prepaid new pieces in their place so you may feel sure of owning the set complete and best of all without a cent of expense.

OUR FREE OFFER For a club of only twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome 31-Piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, by express all charges prepaid. Premium No. 461.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Nice Warm Sweater

For
MEN,
BOYS
and small
Children



Is The Best
Preventive
of Colds and
Pneumonia!

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," so goes the old saying and this handsome, warm, close-fitting sweater will save doctor's bills for any man, boy or child by warding off those miserable winter colds which so often lead to deadly pneumonia and consumption. It is the best of all fall and winter garments for little children to play in out-of-doors and for boys and girls going to school on cold fall and winter days, or when sliding or skating or engaging in other outdoor winter sports. For men or boys either who are compelled to travel or to work midst sleet, snow and ice, a good warm sweater is nothing short of an absolute necessity. The sweater offered here is just as warm and comfortable as it looks, a perfect-fitting garment closely woven of the best material and beautifully finished and it buttons down the front like a coat so it is very easy to get in or out of. This sweater may be washed as often as desired in the ordinary way and it positively will not shrink or change color. You can have your choice of colors of either brown, blue, cardinal or grey and the sizes run from 34 to 36 for children, 38 to 36 for young boys and girls and 38 to 44 for men and young men. Be sure to send chest measurement when ordering and we will guarantee to send you the exact size desired. Also do not forget to mention color wanted.

Club Offer No. 1. For a club of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you a man's or boy's sweater free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 649.

Club Offer No. 2. For a club of four 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you a child's sweater free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 704.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Big Package Silk and Satin REMNANTS FREE!

Large Piece of Plush and 5 Skeins Embroidery Silk

Remnants of real silk, stamped satin and beautiful plush in all shapes and all colors of the rainbow. For years COMFORT has made this offer to its thousands of friends and subscribers and this year we can do more for you than ever before because the factories have on hand an enormous accumulation of these rich goods and in order to get rid of them are willing to sell them to us for little or nothing. We now have a whole



room full of these beautiful pieces of silk and satin which are of good size and carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." Remember these remnants are not the small, insignificant, worthless pieces that are advertised as "a rare bargain" by irresponsible firms, but large, well-shaped pieces of fresh, new silk and satin in all the beautiful colors which were in style this season and we send you a big package containing from one hundred to two hundred pieces besides a large, elegant piece of plush and 5 skeins handsome embroidery silk. In addition to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch also directions for Kensington painting. Remember you get one big lot of these Silk and Satin Remnants, (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins handsome Embroidery Silk of different colors, one big piece of Plush, and an Instruction Book, all sent to you free by Parcel Post prepaid if you will accept the following special

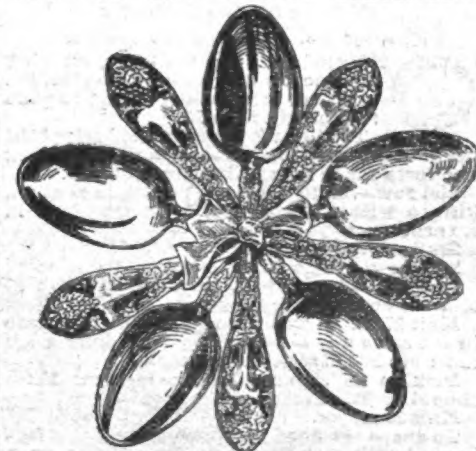
Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one big package of Silk and Satin Remnants, Plush, Embroidery Silk and Instruction Book as described above, free by Parcel Post prepaid. For a club of three we will send you two packages, or five packages for a club of four.

SPECIAL: If you wish you may send in your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for 12 months at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and receive one package of these Remnants free. Premium No. 556.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Rogers' Silver Spoons

Warranted to Wear Ten Years
Given for Club of Four Subscribers



Guaranteed each and every one to be Strictly Pure A1 Brand made by the famous Wm. A. Rogers and every teaspoon is so stamped on back.

This silverware comes in the popular Grape or Vintage Pattern, which is the very latest and prettiest design in Silverware. The picture hardly shows you the great beauty of the dainty, bright, clean clusters of Grape or the finely executed leaves growing on the delicate vine seen on the front and back of every spoon. Rogers' Silverware has a world-wide reputation. We can hardly add more. These A1 Rogers' teaspoons are guaranteed to be full standard extra plate upon the finest quality of 18% nickel silver base, and with ordinary care will last ten years. Some families are using Rogers' ware twice this time.

Everybody loves bright silverware. Nobody ever had too much, especially of Wm. A. Rogers' manufacture, as the expense has always and is now too high, but COMFORT's plan for subscribers makes it possible to not only own these six Rogers' teaspoons free but the entire set of table spoons, dessert spoons, knives and forks, sugar shell and vintage pattern to match, without costing you really a penny.

First send in your four subs to COMFORT at 25c each and receive this set of six Rogers' teaspoons by Parcel Post, then later earn the entire set of Rogers' Silverware to match the spoons. You can do it just as easily for only a few more COMFORT subscriptions as per new plan we will tell you about after you get the 6 spoons. Plan, No. 385. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

